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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Brotherhood and **Day of Absence**—Two plays (the second a revival) by Douglas Turner Ward, presented as the second in this season's series of three offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Chinese and **Dr. Fish**—Two meagre and not very funny sketches by Murray Schisgal, one mostly about sex and the other mostly about life in a Chinese laundry. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Contributions—Three one-acters by the black dramatist Ted Shine. The plays could be better, although they are certainly lively. The performances, under Moses Gunn's direction, are very good indeed. Claudia McNeil is the star. (Tambellini's Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grin and Bare It! and **Postcards**—A pair of plays, the first adapted by Ken McGuire from a 1929 play by Tom Cushing, and the second a two-character curtain-raiser by James Prideaux. Among the principals are David Christmas and Joleen Fodor. Ronny Graham directed. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Harvey—A model revival of a silly but endearing old comedy, starring James Stewart and Helen Hayes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nobody Hears a Broken Drum—A play by Jason Miller. Preview Wednesday, March 18. Opens officially on Thursday, March 19, at 7. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in "Abie's Irish Rose," only without Rose. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sam Shepard's **operation sidewinder** is a noisy play about good guys and bad guys, ingeniously produced and with songs by the Holy Modal Rounders. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald's helter-skelter comedy about a mythical Himalayan kingdom that has the misfortune to be noticed by Washington. With a splendid cast headed by David Burns and Martin Gabel. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Two Times One—A double bill: "The Last Straw," a two-character play by Charles Dizenzo, with Oliver Clark and Val Bisoglio, and "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton, with Herb Edelman as its single character. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 11.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of

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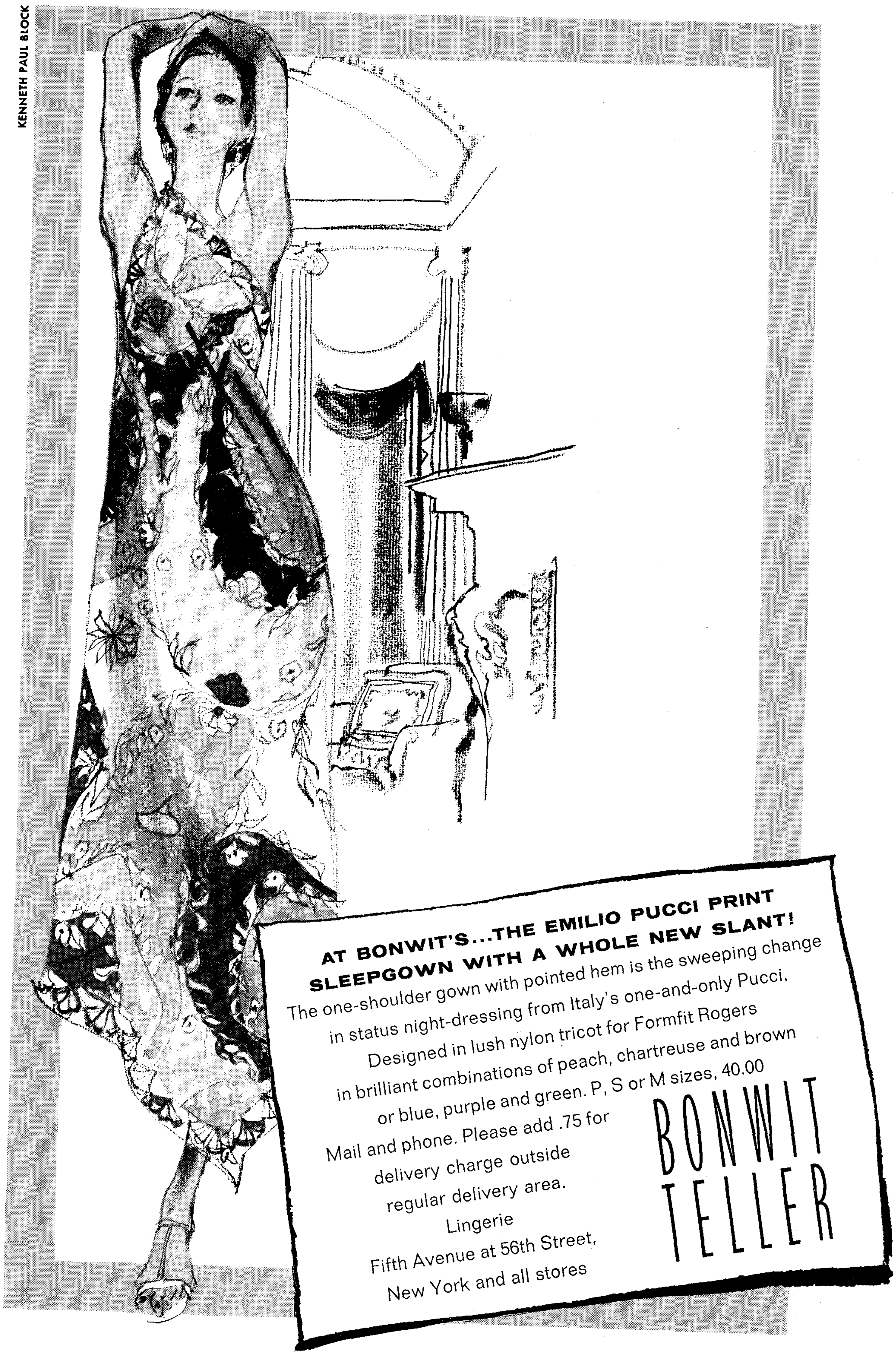

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ADAPTATION and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BILLY NONAME—A musical that deals with the black man's life and struggle in this country over the past thirty years. In spite of the seriousness of the theme, there is much gaiety in the show, and there are a lot of attractive performances. Johnny Brandon wrote the good songs. With Donny Burks, Alan Weeks, and Hattie Winston. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BLOOD RED ROSES—Jeanie Carson, Philip Bruns, and Jess Richards in a musical with book and lyrics by John Lewin and music by Michael Valenti. Alan Schneider directed. Previews through Saturday, March 21. Opens officially on Sunday, March 22, at 7. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

COCO—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HOUSE OF LEATHER—An antebellum rock musical by Frederick Gaines and Dale F. Menten. Opens Wednesday, March 18. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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LYLE—Steve Harmon and Joey Faye in a musical with a libretto by Sidney Miller and Toby Garson, music by Janet Gari, and lyrics by Mrs. Garson. Previews through Thursday, March 19. Opens Friday, March 20, at 7:15. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MINNIE'S BOYS—Shelley Winters in a musical based on the lives of the Marx Brothers. The book is by Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher, Larry Grossman is the composer, and Hal Hackady wrote the lyrics. Directed by Stanley Prager. Previews through Monday, March 23. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 24. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PURLIE—A musical taken from Ossie Davis's play "Purlie Victorious." Gary Geld did the music; Peter Udell turned out the lyrics; the book is jointly by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose, and Mr. Udell; and the cast includes Cleavon Little, Melba Moore, and John Heffernan. Directed by Mr. Rose. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

SHOW ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE—A musical and very loose adaptation of Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," set on the lower East Side, in the early years of this century. The imitation old-time songs, by Kenneth Jacobson and Rhoda Roberts, are lively enough, but the script and many of the performances are Catskill-sleazy. The good exceptions among the performances are those of Cathryn Damon, Christopher Hewett, and Michael Berkson. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

STOMP—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians, and in spite of appropriately belted-out renditions of some good old songs. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

UNFAIR TO GOLIATH—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 25, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another, O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman will be Dolly, starting with preview performances Thursday and Friday evenings, March 26-27, and Saturday matinée, March 28, and opening officially on Saturday evening, March 28.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knock-in you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Somegoro Ichikawa plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

BALLET

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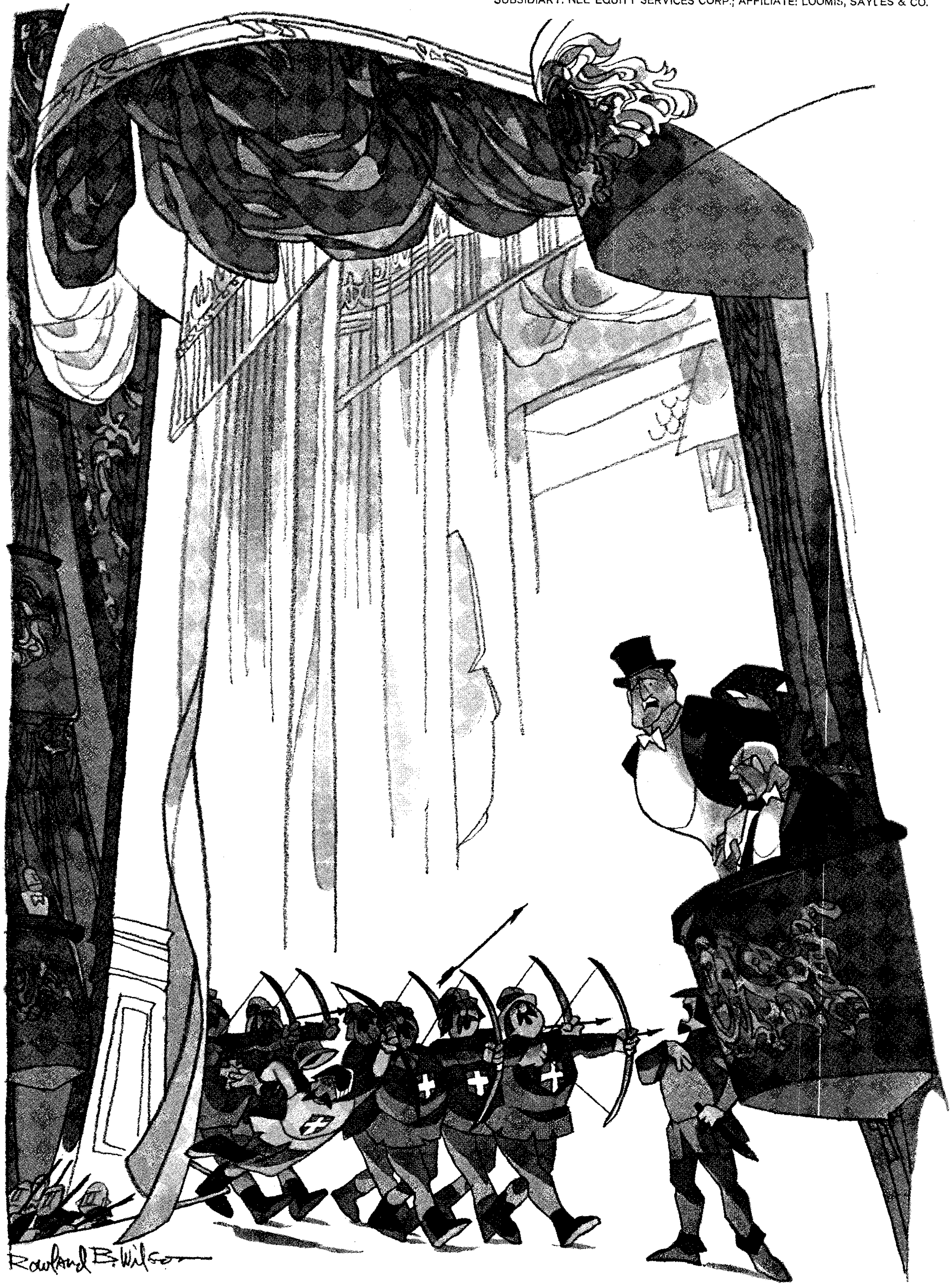

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, March 19, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Animus," "Confetti," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," "William Tell Variations," and "The Three-Cornered Hat." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 22, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Solarwind," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 22, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 8:30: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Confetti," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 8:30: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Confetti," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Poppet," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," "Confetti," and "The Three-Cornered Hat." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8:30: "The Poppet," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 5.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Hurry, hurry, hurry. Step right up. Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey are throwing a hundredth birthday party. Benefit preview Monday, March 23, at 7:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 24, and will run through Sunday, May 10. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, March 24, and Friday, March 27, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturday, March 28, at 10:30, 3, and 8. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "Wrought Irony," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

Hasty Pudding Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "The Boy Who Cried Beowulf," this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, March 28, at 6 and 9. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folks, both long- and short-haired, sit on wooden benches and sip coffee. Ten Wheel Drive will rock through Monday, March 23. Starting Thursday, March 26, pop singer Dion will perform. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, subdued jazz comes from electric piano and bass guitar. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Zoot Sims quartet, a repository of jazz sounds from the past fifteen years or so, plays nightly. On Tuesday, March 24, Roy Eldridge will come in to lead a quartet. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

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Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-0200)—Call it the World's Greatest Jazz Band (as does its owner) or call it Generation Gap; either way, it's heady work on behalf of tradition. The players: Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Gus Johnson, Jr., Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, and Kai Winding. When they fall silent, Bobby Hackett leads Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dave McKenna, and Cliff Leeman onstage. Except on Sundays and Mondays, the music goes from seven to two and so does the dancing. Dinner and supper to the fullest extent.

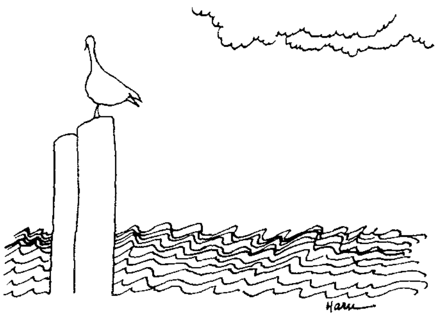
Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Elvin Jones group. On Tuesday, March 24, the Hank Mobley and Jimmy Heath quintet will move in. On Mondays, the place is turned over to Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—The Bobby Hackett quintet, featuring Vic Dickenson on trombone, will play a six-to-nine session on Sunday, March 22, under the auspices of the New York Hot Jazz Society. Wednesdays through Saturdays, a rock band plays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Junior Mance trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, there will be a rhythm-and-blues soul revue, including the Midnight Movers, the Charmells, and Robin Kenyatta. Starting Tuesday, March 24, Ian and Sylvia, supplemented by the Great Speckled Bird, will bring a fundamental folk sound to the room. Shows from ten-forty-five Tuesdays through Thursdays, from ten Fridays and Sundays, and from nine-thirty Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Singer Dakota Staton and the Norman Simmons trio are on the stage. Beginning Tuesday, March 24, the Freddie Hubbard quintet will move in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in general, but it runs from five to midnight on Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Tiny and ornate. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The clientele looks satisfied. Dancing to records from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. An outfit called 6ix will perform through Sunday, March 22. On Wednesday, March 25, Asylum will arrive. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Windows look out on the Park, a mirrored ball strews light-flecks on the floor, and the tables look like animals. A lot of energetic dancing to records, from ten until three or four each night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from loud recorded music, some from a six-man group known as the Victorians. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Whisper does. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Not *all* the perfumes of Arabia, but enough of them, and of the indigenous architecture, to make the latest restoration of the once imperial palace a pleasurable one. Lester Lanin's varsity is on the bandstand from about nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He is in evidence two or three times an evening, except on Sundays. Nourishment at all hours.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Brevity is not the soul of Shelley Berman's wit; in its stead there is a skill with words that leads at careful pace to wonderful dénouements, and that ranks him with Nichols & May, Lenny Bruce, and Ronny Graham. Mondays through Thursdays at ten and twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play wily Oriental instruments that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so—half the time in words of pretty good wisdom. The cast is B-minus. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out—that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Not altogether a fit night for man or beast when Jack Carter breaks into his barrel of uncomfortable words in the middle of dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The dance music is made by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an organization perfect at minding its p's and cues, to say nothing of the proprieties. Closes Saturday, March 21, for reventilation.

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CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—To the roster of classic lyric sopranos in the Romance languages may now be added the wholly Spanish, wholly feminine, wholly enriching Nati Mistral, on her first visit to America. Flamencans, too, onstage, but entirely overshadowed by this Presence. Her final night is Wednesday, March 25. Next evening, a new wave of flamencans, piloted by a female known as La Morucha. Twice a night, always, is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Pepe Preiego and the voice of Antonio Maya. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Don Rickles, whose career so far has been built on trading punches (only verbal, up to now) with his ringside constituency, is finishing up his booking here (on Wednesday, March 18) by roughing it up with everyone in the house. Hal Frazier, the bobbing and weaving hothouse singer who is the antipasto of the Rickles dinner and supper sets, is an improvement on the main dish. Next evening, both hands will be replaced by Stevie Wonder, a singer who is a power in his own right. Two deals every night, time without end. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

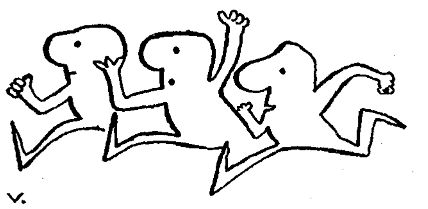
DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Into the steak-house circuit comes Anita O'Day, whose astounding architectural feats with the songs in hand mock all the laws of gravity. A whole bunch of other music as well, but not quite like this, though Monty Alexander's threesome, almost overwhelmed by its own joyousness, is something to hear, too. No dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the sort of life we'd all like to become accustomed to, Florence Henderson is singing and the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are playing. She's on at ten-fifteen on Wednesday, March 18, and during both dinner and supper thenceforward. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the Tokyo Happy Coats are playing, with all-girl and girlish glee, for spectator sportsmen and women. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork, too. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The regal eagle's nest is the platform on which Alberto Rochi, a graduate of Los Chavales de España, turns tenor during the dinner and supper hours. The Grill is open every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a useful new band led by Hal Turner) except for certain interludes of song. Gino Tonetti, a Roman declaimer of playboy arias, winds up his tour of duty on Wednesday, March 18. Jeanne Steel moves in next evening. The singing happens Tuesdays through Thursdays at dinner and Fridays and Saturdays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, during dinner and supper, there is Liberace, or What the Ostentatiously Dressed Pianist Will Wear. He and an overwrought Trinidad steel band are spelled by the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, which never blows its cool. This operation shuts down on Saturday, March 21, for a breather.



SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, in perfect harmony with Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his stalwart sidemen, is making hey-nonny-nonny while the moon shines on this pleasure garden. The life about which he sings is high, and so is his calorie count. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. The place shuts down for a week on Sunday, March 22. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is

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(The perfume with a language all its own.)

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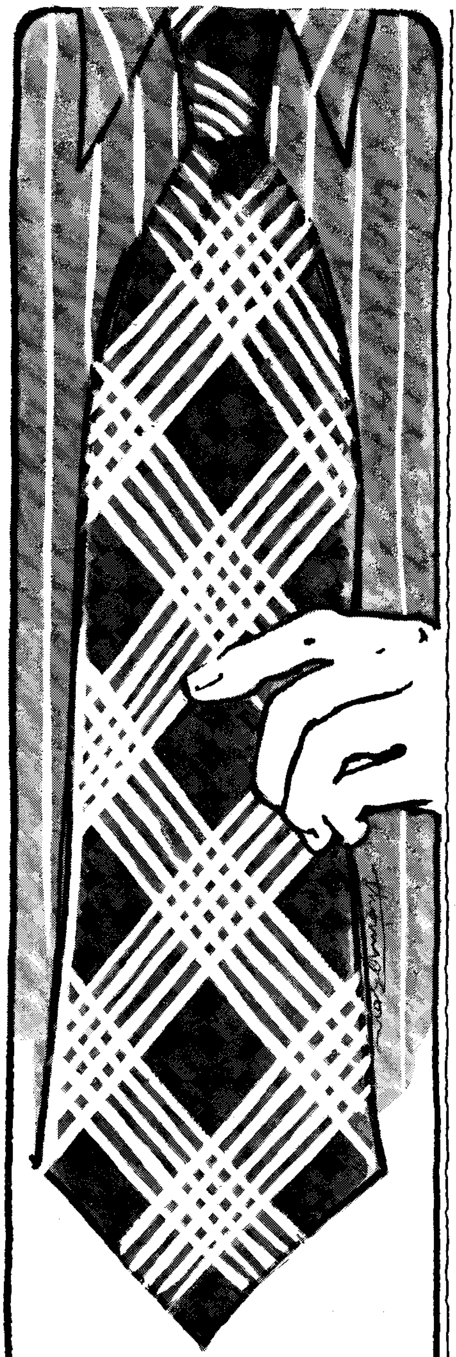

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from six-thirty to eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is George Feyer, reliving the days of the Hapsburgs and making them seem not bad at all. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band (Elemer Horvath's) that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and ten every night but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARMAN—The artist's assemblages of paint tubes and other art supplies embedded in plastic; through Wednesday, March 25. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Bright vertical stripes on huge canvases; through April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Oils done between 1940 and 1955; through Saturday, March 28. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BUTTON—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes; through April 2. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—"Man and Machine," a show of fifty-six photographs taken all over the world; through April 4. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

DADO—Colorful monsters by a Yugoslav Surrealist; through April 11. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings and drawings done between 1965 and 1970, including three mammoth oils; through April 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Gigantic paintings consisting of vertical stripes; through Thursday, March 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—A show of oils, watercolors, and drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney; through Saturday, March 28. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1894-1941)—Paintings done between 1908 and 1921 by the prominent New York eccentric; through April 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JEAN FAUTRIER (1898-1964)—Oils, gouaches, drawings, and sculptures by a leading French Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, March 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL FEELEY (1910-66)—Color paintings in simple patterns; through Saturday, March 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—White-on-white canvases with the appearance of collage; through April 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—More than sixty drawings and watercolors from the Berlin Period, 1913-31; starting Tuesday, March 24. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

H. N. HAN—Seemingly all-white paintings, in which colors come to light; through April 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

AL HELD—Large geometric paintings in black and white; through April 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN HURTIG—Superimposed planes of color; through Saturday, March 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER HUTCHINSON—Photographs recording the artist's project on a volcano in Mexico; through March 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—More of this artist's luminous veils of color; through Saturday, March 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ALFRED JENSEN—Emblematic abstractions in thick pigments; through April 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER KAMYS—Abstractions; through April 2. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

EARL KERKAM (1891-1965)—Drawings and watercolors done in Paris in the fifties by an artist known for his self-portraits; through Saturday, March 28. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

GUSTAV KLIMT (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; starting Saturday, March 21. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL (1861-1944)—Sixty-two bronzes, plus pastels and drawings; through April 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN MANNING—Representational oils and watercolors; through April 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—Paintings and drawings of the New York scene; through Saturday, March 28. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Large canvases, based on photographs, of parts of the human figure; through Thursday, March 26. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—A comprehensive collection of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs; through Saturday, March 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.). . . ¶ Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; starting Tuesday, March 24. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BART PERRY—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

AD REINHARDT (1913-67)—Square all-black paintings by the artist famous for this format; through Saturday, March 28. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL RESIKA—Figures in landscapes, and landscapes; through April 4. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON—American landscapes; through April 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERALD SCARFE—Drawings and sculptures by a leading British caricaturist; through Saturday, March 28. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

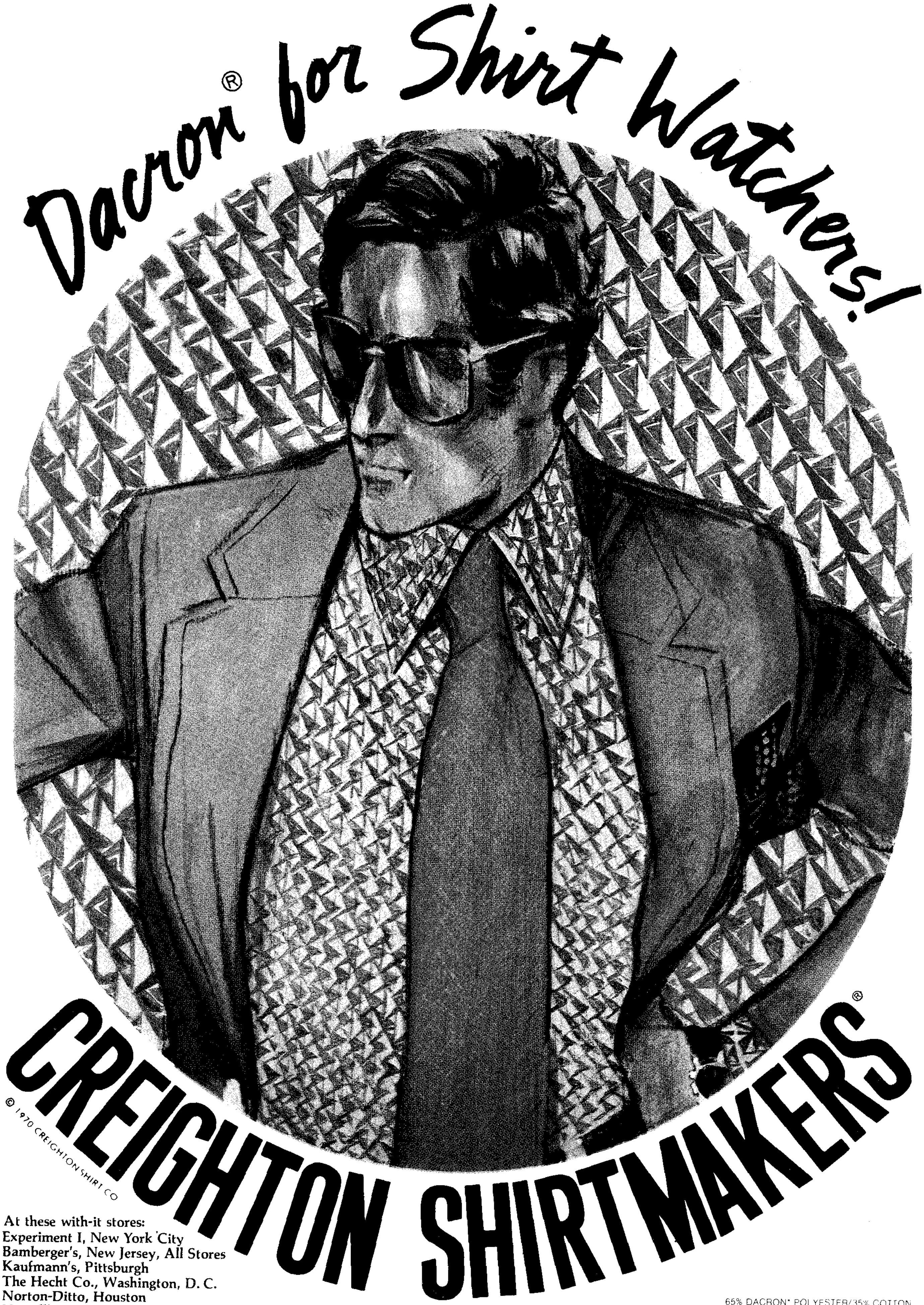
SHALOM OF SAFED—Biblical paintings by a widely circulated Israeli primitive; starting Tuesday, March 24. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

THOMAS SILLS—Expressionist paintings and drawings, mostly large; through Saturday, March 28. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH SNELSON—Constructions of stainless-steel cylinders suspended on tense cables; through April 2. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KEITH SONNIER—Pieces by a "materials" artist; through Saturday, March 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

ALBERT STADLER—Abstract paintings; through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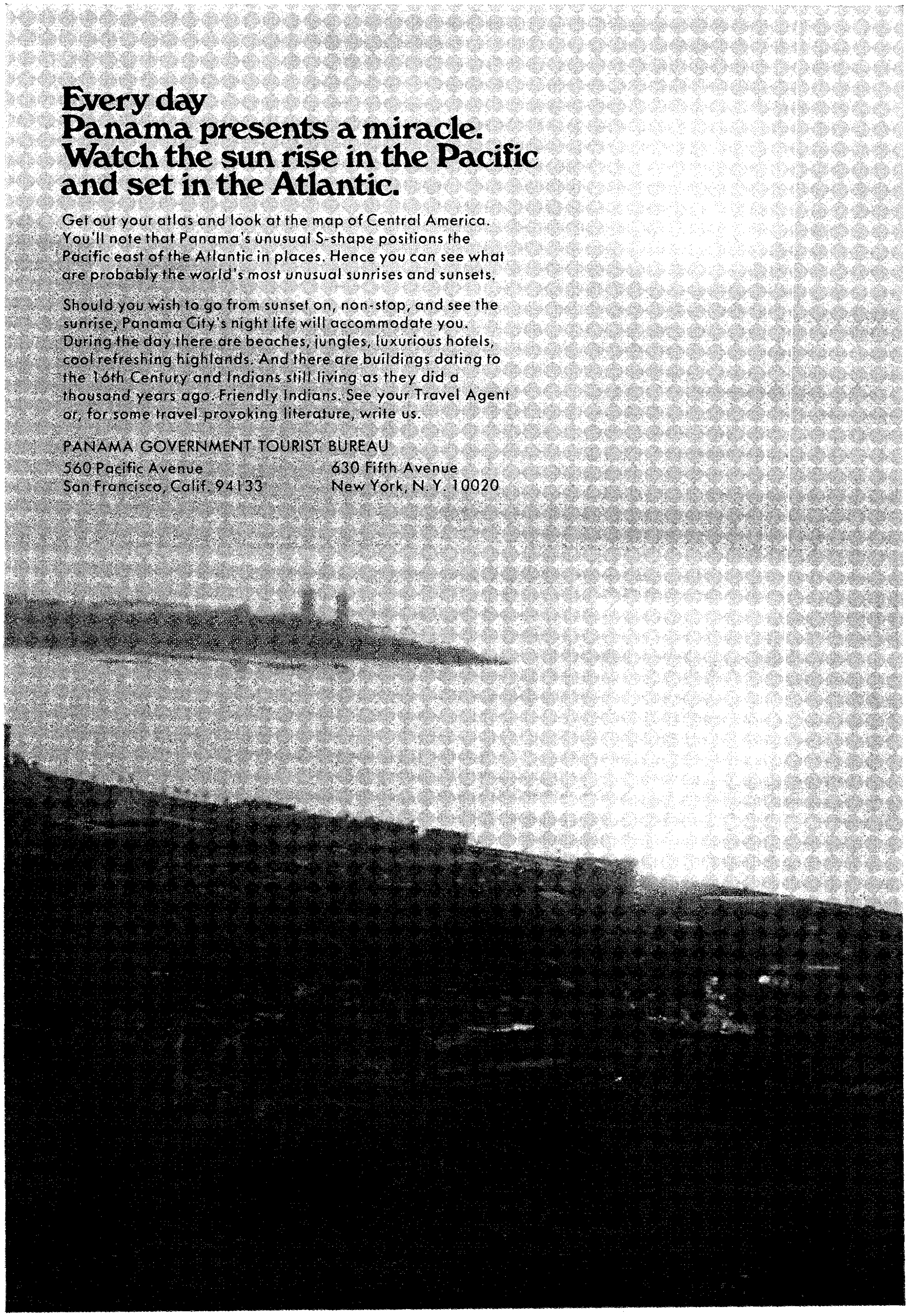

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday, March 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Stroud—Color paintings by a British artist; through April 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Lenore Tawney—Symbolic juxtapositions in box assemblages and wall pieces; through April 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles White—Paintings and drawings of themes taken from the history of the blacks in America; through April 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Worthington Whittredge (1820-1919)—Landscapes by a member of the Hudson River School; through March 31. (Kennedy Americana Galleries, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Zimmerman—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by twentieth-century Americans—Prendergast, Benton, Stuart Davis, Kuhn, Shahn, and Walkowitz (to mention several); through Saturday, March 21. . . . **AUTOMATION HOUSE**, 49 E. 68th St.: An exhibit of eight monumental, electrically complex environments by as many artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Boyd Mefferd, Robert Whitman, and Stanley Landsman; through April 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Beckmann, Dix, Kirchner, and Marcks are a few of the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century German drawings; through Thursday, March 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Drawings by Robert Gwathmey, Stefano Cusumano, and Alan Cober; through Saturday, March 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty examples of Tantric art; starting Tuesday, March 24. . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 305 Bowery, at 1st St.: Conventional still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by four young artists; starting Friday, March 20. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Budd, Baer, Müller, O'Keeffe, and others; through March 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MUSEUM**, 729 Broadway, at Waverly Pl.: Works in a wide range of mediums and styles by an assortment of talents; through Saturday, March 21. (Daily, 2 to 7.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings by, among others, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Giacometti, Pollock, and Léger; through Saturday, March 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Europeans and Americans as Afro, Beckmann, Glasco, Lanyon, and Tchelitchew; through April 11. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Croubach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; through March 31. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through April 26. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through April 19. A good complement to this exhibit is his show at the Sonnabend Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. . . . ¶ Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; through March 29. . . . ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; starting Tuesday, March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of music for piano by John Cage, Earle Brown, Morton Feldman, and Christian Wolff. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, March 18.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; through March 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A survey of more than three hundred and fifty towers in the form of skyscrapers, water tanks, drilling rigs, NASA rocket gantries, signs, tombs, and crows' nests, presented through architectural models, photographs, plans, and slides; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and sculptures by four young New York artists concerned with "beauty;" through April 26. . . . ¶ Fifty examples of Indian Tantric mystical diagrams; through April 26. . . . ¶ Works that incorporate words and images; through April 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens; starting Monday, March 23. . . . ¶ William Blake's drawings for the "Book of Job;" starting Monday, March 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs depicting Soviet life from the 1917 October Revolution to the present, together with sculptures, folk-art products, and recorded music; through April 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 18: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 19: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Ivo Vinco. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 20:

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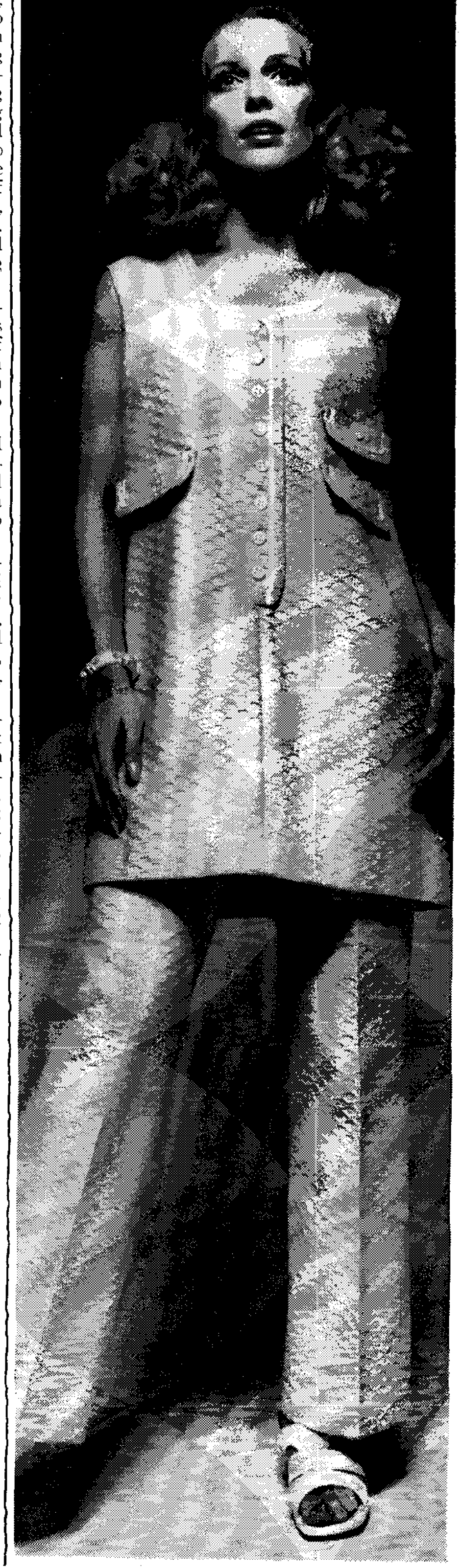

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, William Dooley, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 21: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Don Carlo," with *Marion Lippert, Fiorenza* Cossotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 23: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Ivo Vinco. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 24: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 25: "Don Carlo," with Marion Lippert, Fiorenza Cossotto, Sándor Kónya, *Mario Sereni*, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 26: "La Traviata," with Jeannette Pilou, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 28: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, William Dooley, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 28: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Raymond Michalski, and Clifford Harvuot. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 18, at 7:45: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Robert Puleo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and *Dominic* Cossa. . . . ¶ *Friday*, March 20, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Richard Mundt, Ion Piso, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 22, at 1:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 22, at 7:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 8:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 7:45: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with *Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Enrico* DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, George Szell conducting—Thursday, March 19, at 8:30; Friday, March 20, at 2; Saturday, March 21, at 8:30; and Monday, March 23, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin); and Thursday, March 26, at 8:30; Friday, March 27, at 2; Saturday, March 28, at 8:30; and Monday, March 30, at 7:30 (all with Edith Peinemann, violin).

Baltimore Symphony—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell directing Acts I and III of Wagner's "Parsifal" as a staged oratorio, with Ticho Parly, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; *Malcolm Smith, bass-baritone; and the University* of Maryland Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Reynold Giovaninetti directing a performance of Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba" in concert form, with Teresa Kubiak, soprano; Alpha Floyd, mezzo-soprano; Arley Reese, tenor; and Wolfgang Anheiser, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 8:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8:30, a benefit concert, with Leonard Rose, cello.)

American Symphony—Igor Markevitch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 3, and Monday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Mozart's "Magic Flute" in concert form. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing Berlioz's oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano, and other soloists, as well as a chorus. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, March 22, at 2:30.

Luther College Concert Band—Weston H. Noble conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing, with two other choruses, soloists, and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby direct*ing a program of fifteenth- to seventeenth-*century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Chorus and Chamber Orchestra—Robert Hickok directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—A concert with Montserrat Caballé, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, March 20, at 8:30: Charles Treger, Yoko Matsuda, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Uri Mayer, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Jeanne-Marie Darre, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 9: An all-Fauré program, performed by the Misses Robison and Darré and the Messrs. Treger, Mayer, Parnas, and Wadsworth.

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 20, at 8:30, the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Alexander Schneider, violin, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, March 22, at 2 and 8.)

Bruce Hungerford—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 22, at 2:30.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 3. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512.

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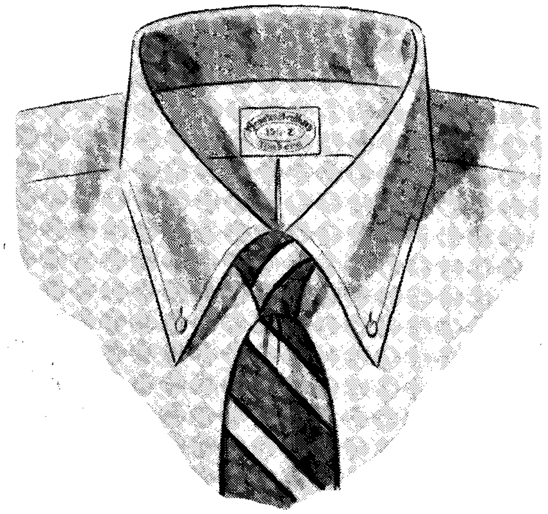

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30, with the Festival Winds.)

William Warfield—Bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam—Violin and piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Moody Blues, Lee Michaels, and Argent—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, Brian Auger and the Trinity, and Stone the Crows—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 18, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. *Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.* (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 20, at 8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 22, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Westchester, Saturday, March 28.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Arthur Fiedler conducting the Washington National Symphony, with Hiro Imamura, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 28, at 3.)

Phakavali—A dance troupe from Thailand presenting the classic Thai dance-dramas, accompanied by the Pi-Phat Orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 21. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sunday, March 22, and Saturday, March 28. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Martin Luther King, Jr.," Thursday, March 19. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Friday, March 20. . . . ¶ "Don Quixote," Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30, Sundays at 2, and Friday, March 27, at 10.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Mother Goose Go-Go." (Edison Theatre, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Friday, March 27, at 1 and 3:30, and Saturday, March 28, at 10 and noon.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets." (Wednesday through Friday, March 18-20, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Wednesday, March 23-25, at 2 and 3:30; Thursday, March 26, at 1, 2, and 3:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have

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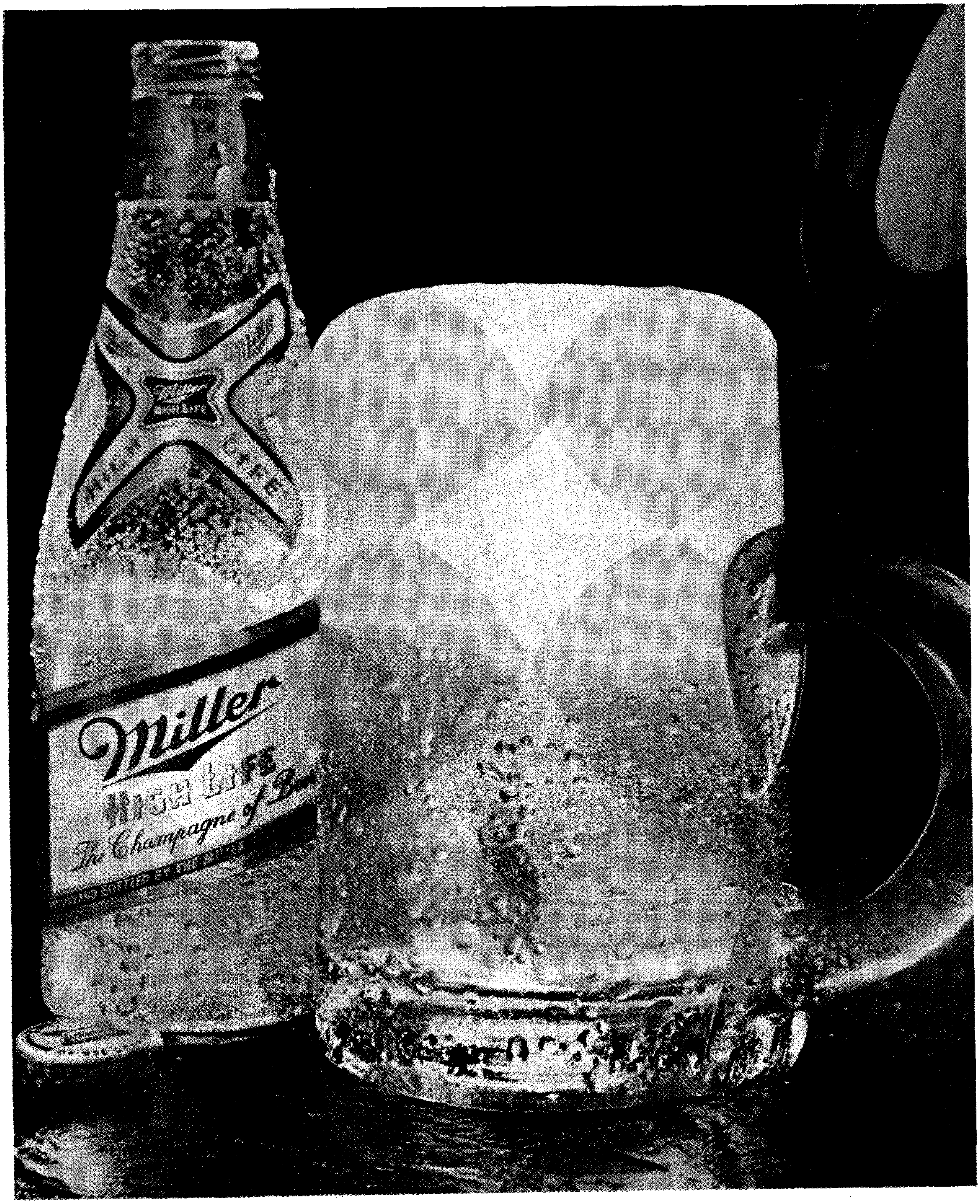
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ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

PROSE READINGS—Lawrence Durrell reading from his new novel, "Nunquam." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 23, at 8:30.)

BRITISH ANTIQUES FAIR—Thirty British dealers will display furniture, china, silver, and objets d'art, all pre-dating 1860, together with paintings and prints done before 1890. (Royal Manhattan Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 45th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, March 22, from 1 to 11.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show of spring flowers in the main conservatory, with the traditional cross of lilies and a Dutch-bulb exhibit, featuring a Dutch village street and a windmill. (Sunday, March 22, through Sunday, April 5. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 18, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and decorative prints, among them works by Currier & Ives and Audubon; from many collections. . . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 10:15 and 2: English silver, including an Elizabeth I silver-gilt cup and cover, a set of four candlesticks by Paul de Lamerie, and a pair of George III wine coolers; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2: Continental and other furniture, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 24, at 2: Books, autograph letters, and manuscripts; from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 2: Nineteenth-century paintings, a number of them of the Barbizon School; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 2: Italian and German Renaissance bronzes, eighteenth-century sculptures, a set of Elizabethan painted trenchers, and other works of art; from several collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 21.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs (tentative schedule) in a series of Hal Roach films: March 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Turnabout" (1940); March 20 at 2 and 5:30, "A Chump at Oxford" (1940) and "Taxi Mister" (1943); March 21 at 3 and 5:30, "Of Mice and Men" (1939); March 22 at 2 and 5:30, "One Million B.C." (1940) and "Get Out and Get Under" (1920); March 23 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8, "Towed in a Hole" (1933), "Tit for Tat" (1935) and "Sailor Made Man" (1921); March 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Zenobia" (1939) and "Going Bye-Bye" (1934). . . . ¶ March 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man I Killed" (1932), with Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ March 21 at 11:30: "Faust" (1926), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ March 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Line of Destiny" (1956), a Ceylonese film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—A program of Soviet films. (Tuesdays through Sundays at 1, 2, 3, and 4.) . . . **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

ALFIE (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 25.)

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tear-jerker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID—The great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screen play. With Katharine Ross. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through March 24.)

THE DAMNED—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 25.)

DAVID AND LISA (1962)—Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin play the mentally sick teen-agers who help each other. Directed by Frank Perry. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 19.)

DOWNHILL RACER—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising début. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 24.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. This was made before Irving Thalberg got hold of them, and so it's uncorrupted by sentimentality and vocalizing lovers. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. Directed by Leo McCarey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 19-25.)

EASY RIDER—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through March 24.)

FELLINI SATYRICON—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

LA FEMME INFIDÈLE—Although the material isn't exciting—sensuality, adultery, and crimes of passion being the oldest French movie staples—Claude Chabrol must have polished this new super-civilized thriller until he ran out of spit. With Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 22.)

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuff boxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 19-25.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK (1960)—A cynical and raucous satire about the welfare state and union and management practices. As a beady-eyed, earnest shop steward, Peter Sellers gives a classic stuffed-shirt performance. With Terry-Thomas, Ian Carmichael, Dennis Price, Margaret Rutherford, and Malcolm Muggeridge—as himself, of course. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20-21.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting March 26.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 19.)

LORD LOVE A DUCK (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of present-day teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 18.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 25.)

LOVING—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that, because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1951)—Alec Guinness, as a quirky idealist who invents a fabric that will stay clean and last forever, and guileful Joan Greenwood in Alexander Mackendrick's deft comedy about capital, science, and labor. With Cecil Parker and Ernest Thesiger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 24-25.)

MASCULINE FEMININE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 19-25.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Fine performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; through March 24.)

THE MILKY WAY—Luis Buñuel takes a playful look at some of the irrationalities within Catholicism. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 22. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 23.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own light, dry slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22-23.)

MOUCHETTE—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 18.)

MY UNCLE (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle, intermittently inventive satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22-23.)

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S (1968)—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 18.)

OLIVER! (1968)—Dickens provided a good story, and the director, Carol Reed, supplies a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting March 25.)

PATTON—This movie, with George C. Scott in the role, is designed to satisfy both war-lovers and pacifists, and may even get away with it. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE (1969)—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through March 22.)

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian

Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20-21.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 25.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 19-25.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 25.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America *is a brutal, racist nation.* Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 24.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through March 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting March 25.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—The only amusing famine in movie history is the whiskey famine on the mythical Scottish island of Todday. A ship bound for the United States with fifty thousand cases of Scotch is wrecked on the shore and the parched islanders take on the sweet task of salvage. Alexander Mackendrick directed. With Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 24-25.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 18.)

Tropic of Cancer—Henry Miller's expatriates in Paris, updated by Joseph Strick but still funny. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting March 26.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. First showing at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

The Wild Bunch—Sam Peckinpah's very good, terse Western, set in 1913, with Robert Ryan, who is quietly one of the natural classic actors in the country. William Holden and Ernest Borgnine play members of the wild bunch—gunslingers of the Old West in a New West where the gleanings are thinner and the personal heroics changed. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through March 23.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Note—On Tuesday, March 24, at 8, there will be a benefit showing of "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis" instead of the regular feature at the following theatres: Greenwich, Kips Bay, Murray Hill, Sutton, Coronet, Cinema I, Tower East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Loew's Ciné, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Cinema 57 Rendezvous, and Paris.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 24: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From March 25: **THE DAMNED.**
Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 21: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
From March 22: "The Most Beautiful Age," a Czechoslovakian film.
Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 24: **DOWNHILL RACER**; and "The Italian Job," Michael Caine, Noël Coward.
From March 25: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN**; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 24: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.
From March 25: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 21: "The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.
From March 22: "Dionysus in 69," a filmed performance of the Off Broadway play.
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 24: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From March 25: "The Adventurers," Charles Aznavour, Alan Badel.
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Lawyer," Barry Newman.
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 23: **THE WILD BUNCH.**
March 24-25: Theatre closed.
From March 26: "Woodstock," a documentary film on the 1969 pop festival.
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 24: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From March 25: "Women in Love," Alan Bates, Oliver Reed.
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
ZABRISKIE POINT.
Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Liberation of L. B. Jones," Lee J. Cobb, Anthony Zerbe.
Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Slogan" (in French).
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 22: **THE MILKY WAY** (in French).
From March 23: "My Night at Maud's (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Boys in the Band," Frederick Combs.
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 22: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).
From March 23: "Bamse" (in Swedish).
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
FOOTLIGHT PARADE; and **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.**
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 24: **EASY RIDER.**
From March 25: "The Adventurers," Charles Aznavour, Alan Badel.
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
LOVING.
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 24: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.
From March 25: "Pussycat, Pussycat, I Love You," Ian McShane, Anna Calder Marshall.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 25: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
From March 26: "Mandabi" (in Wolof).
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
FOOTLIGHT PARADE; and **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.**
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 22: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French).
From March 23: **THE MILKY WAY** (in French).
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Me" (in French).
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 18: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and **LORD LOVE A DUCK.**
March 19-25: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** and **MASCULINE FEMININE** (both in French).
From March 26: **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**; and **TWENTIETH CENTURY.**
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 24: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.
From March 25: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 24: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**
From March 25: **OLIVER!**
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.
Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at noon and 2: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "Romance and Reality" and "Man—The Measure of All Things."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through March 22: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From March 23: "Bamse" (in Swedish).
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
TROPIC OF CANCER.
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
FOOTLIGHT PARADE; and **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.**
Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave., at 69th. (535-5350)
March 18-20, showings at 7:30 and 9:30: "Sympathy for the Devil," a Jean-Luc Godard film.
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 18: **MOUCHETTE** (in French).
March 19-25: **HAMLET**; and **DUCK SOUP.**
From March 26: To be announced.
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 24: "The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.
From March 25: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **ALFIE.**
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 18: **THE TRIAL**; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.
March 19: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and **DAVID AND LISA.**
March 20-21: **THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING**; and **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**
March 22-23: **MY UNCLE** and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (both in French).
March 24-25: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
March 26: **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**; and **GREAT EXPECTATIONS.**
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 24: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From March 25: **THE DAMNED.**

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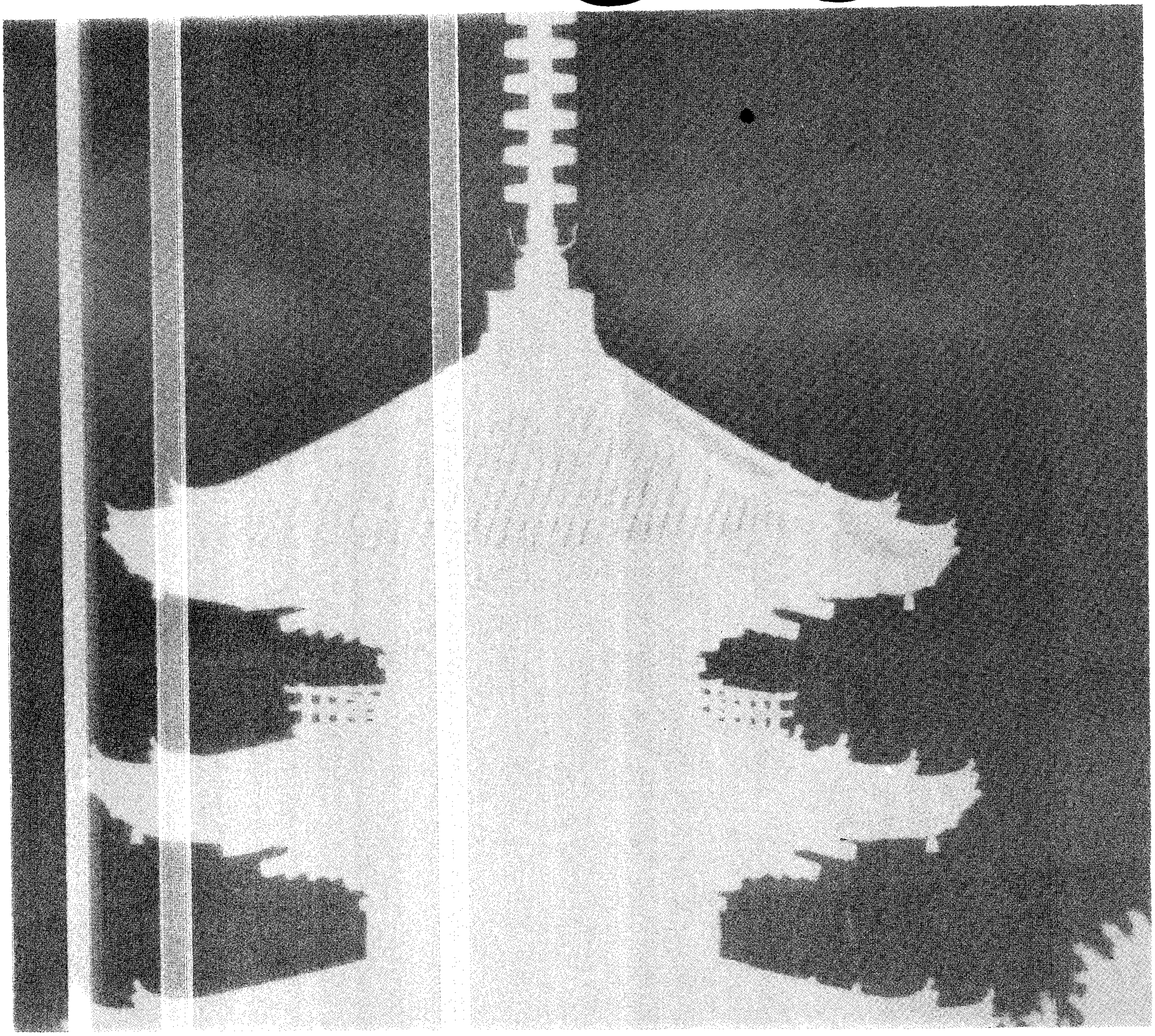
expo '70 Orient



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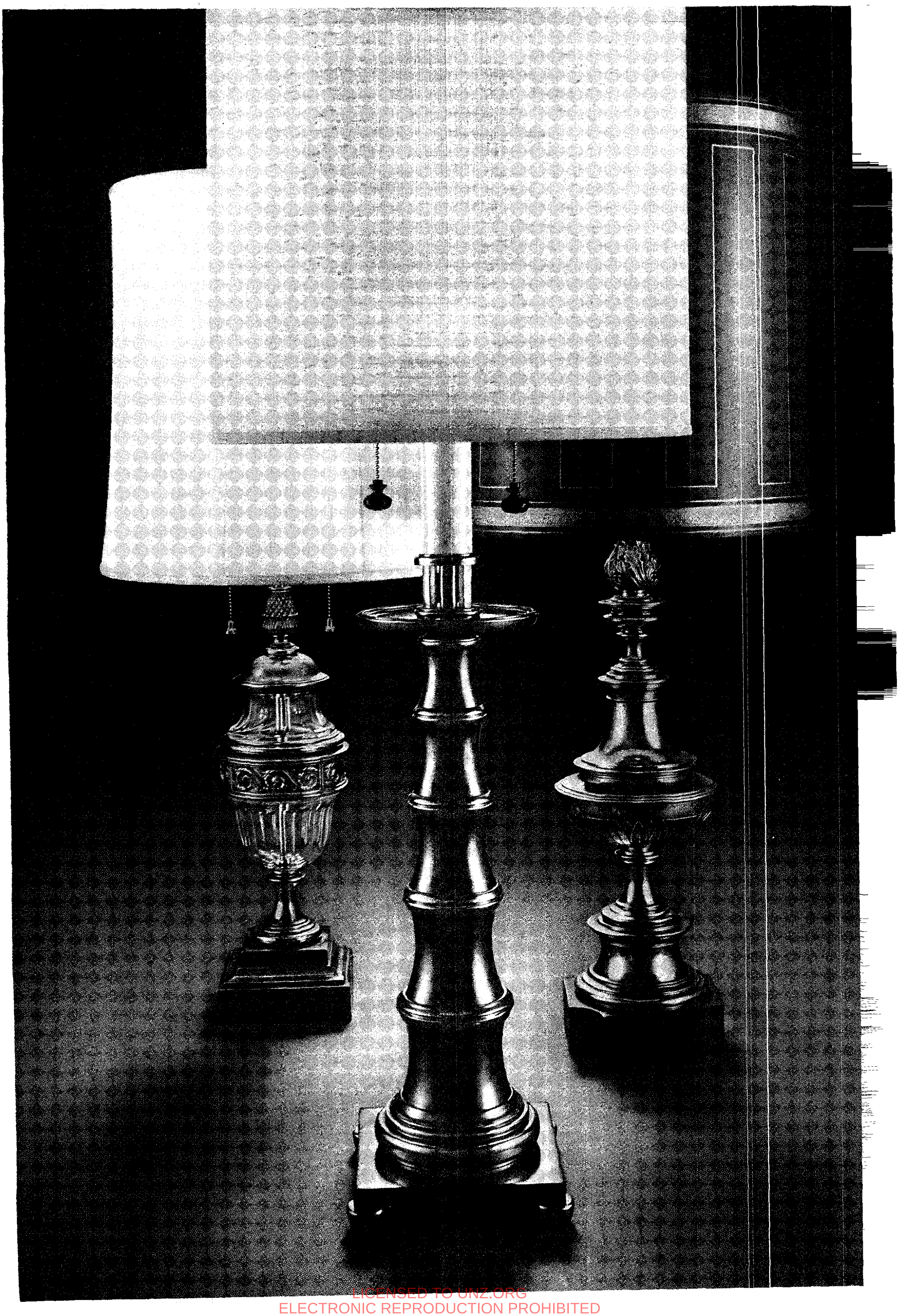

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Because our designers don't spend most of their time trying to shatter precedents.

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And, while it may sound a bit conservative, this dedication to tradition has both virtue and purpose. For because it is rooted in the past, Stiffel design has staying power. After three years you won't find yourself suffering from the "ye-gods-why-did-I-ever-buy-that?" syndrome.

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Now Stiffel once again marches resolutely forward, into the past, to bring you the three stately lamps on the facing page.

At left, a design with strong Regency influence. The crystal portions are blown, hand-cut and hand-polished in Europe. The price is about $145.

In the center, a tapered and turned shaft which reminds one of an antique candle holder, spiced with echos of the Orient. About $110.

At right, a classic foliated Georgian urn with a warm, antiqued brass finish. About $99.50.

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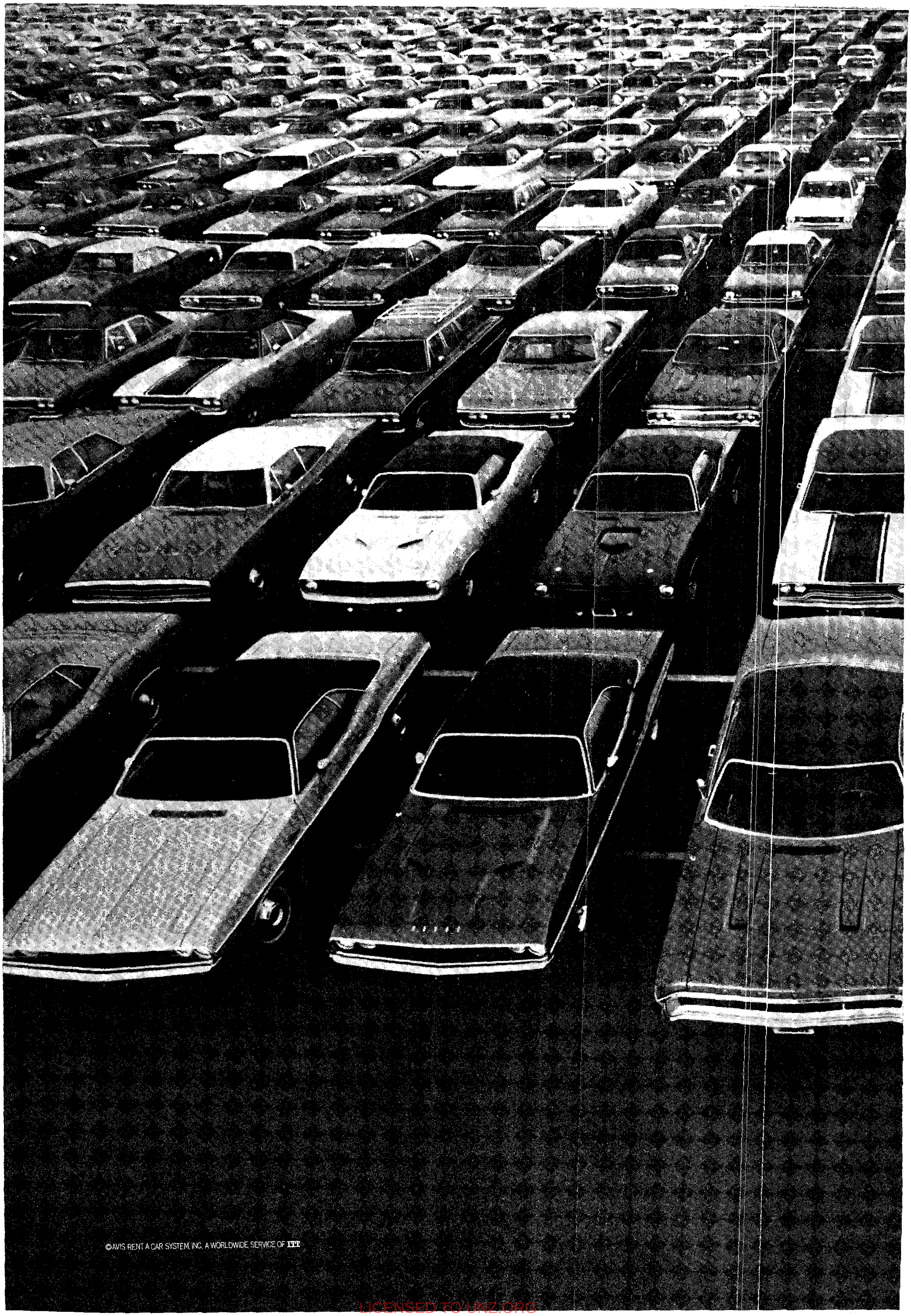
STIFFEL



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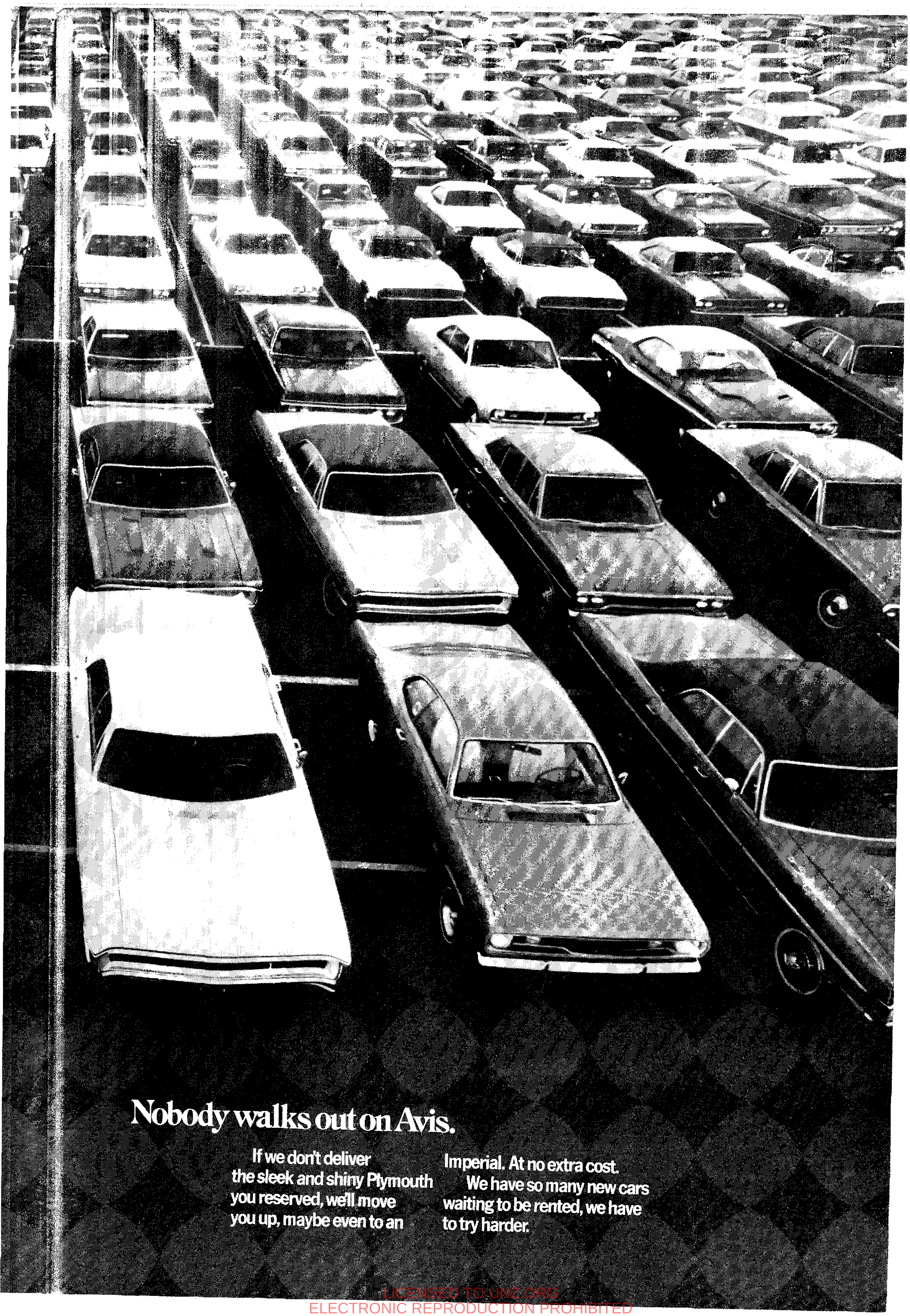

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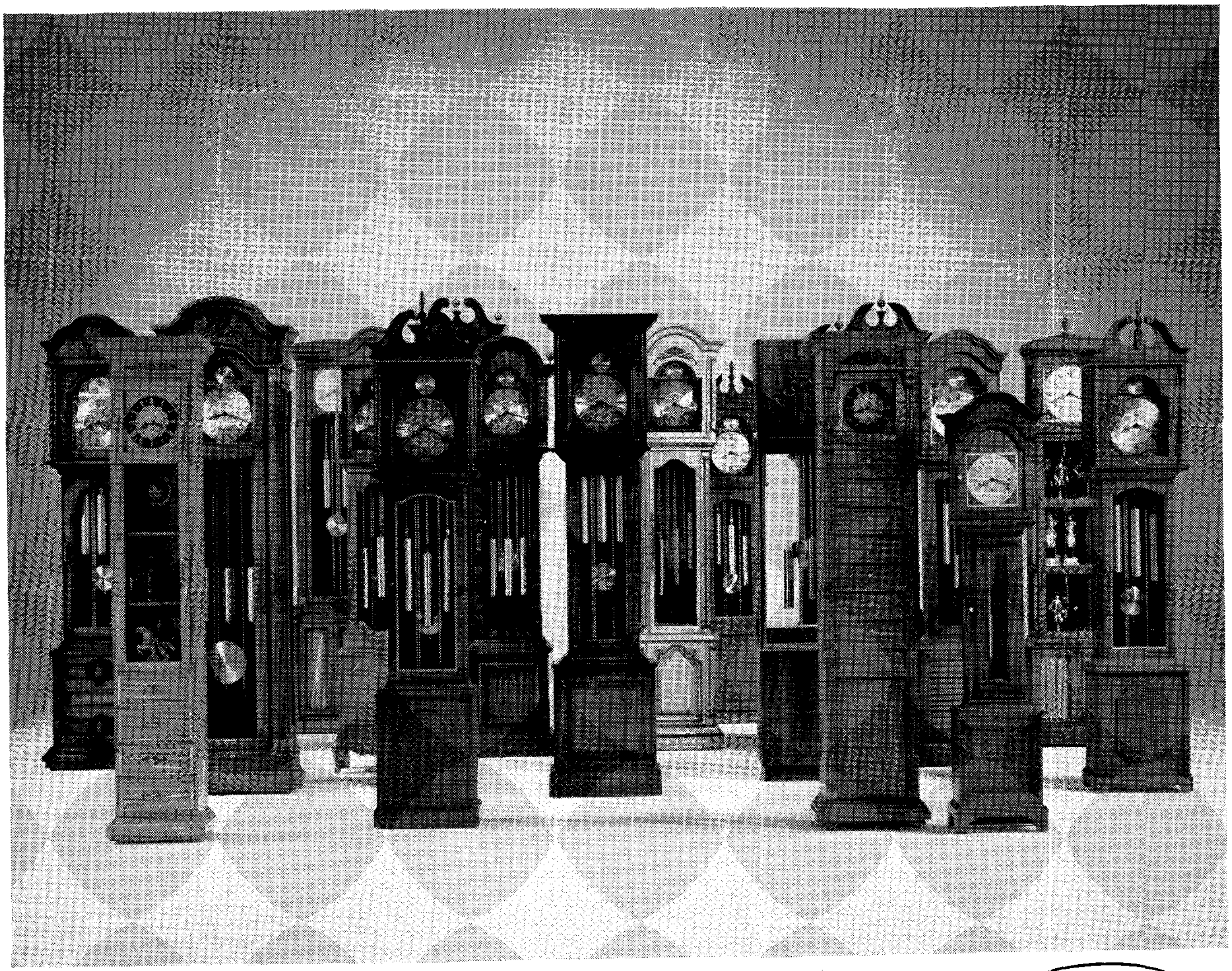

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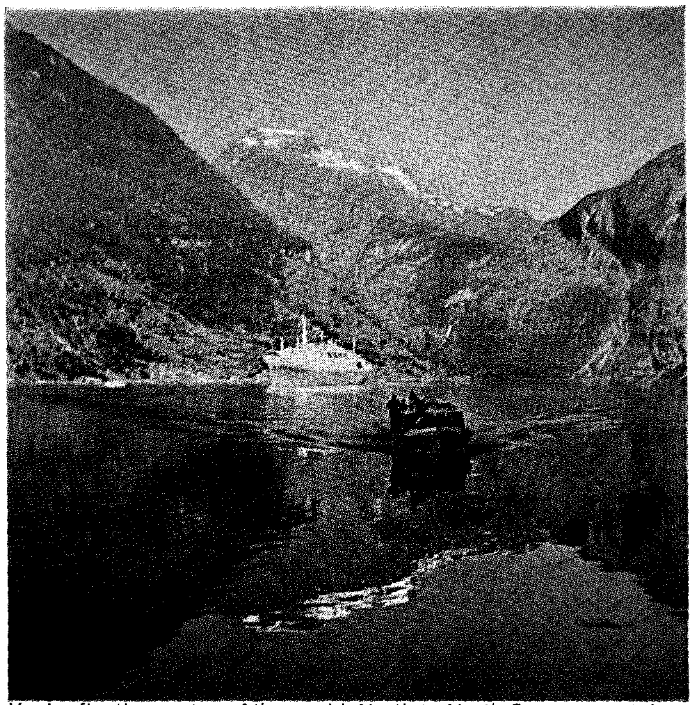
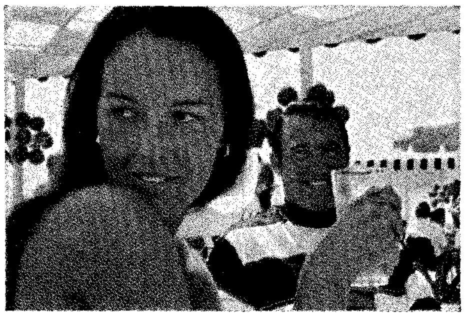
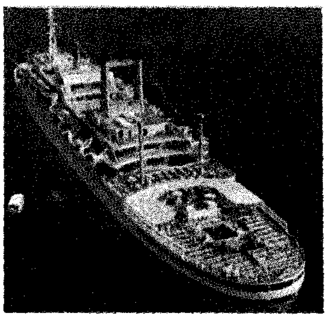
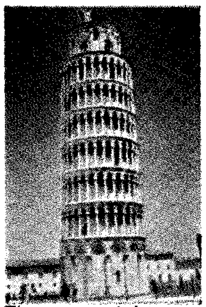

You're floating on top of the world. North to North Cape, mountains, fjords, and other Scandinavian spectaculars.


Let us show you a perfect place to spend an afternoon.


Your dream hotel at sea.

You'll run into many a fine, feathered friend.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North Cape Cruise, July 20 from New York. s.s. Statendam, 37 days, 13 ports include Reykjavik, Leningrad, Copenhagen, Helsinki. From $1675.

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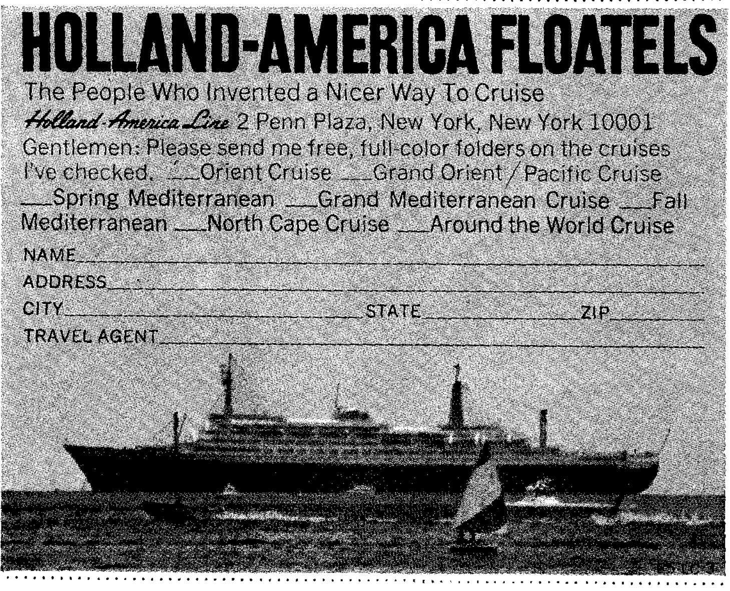

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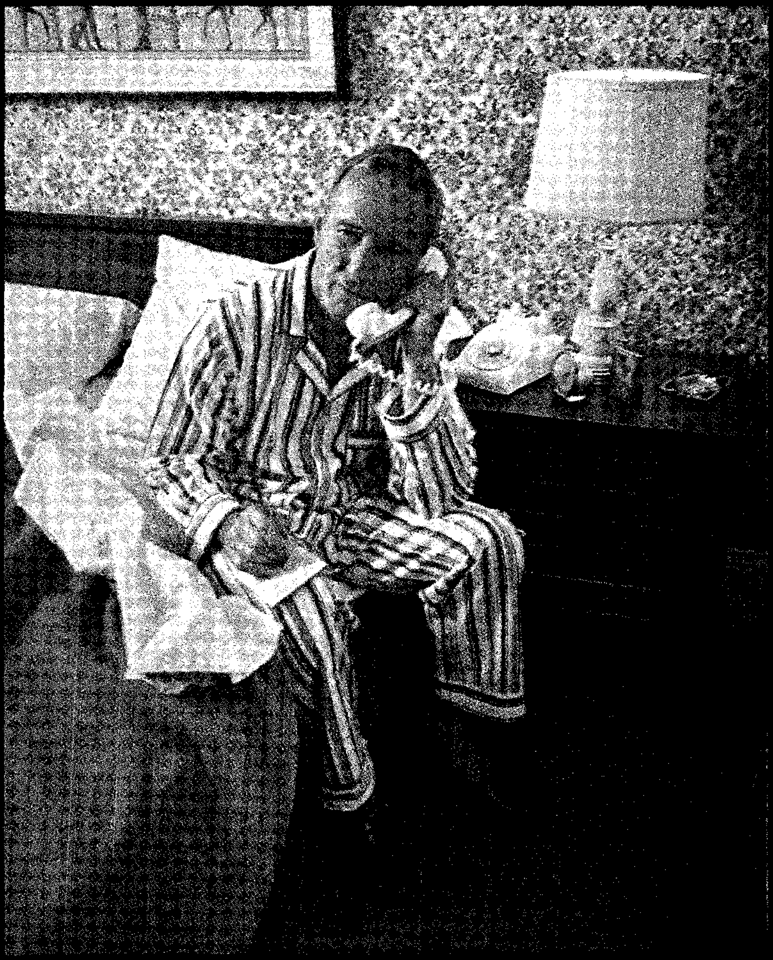

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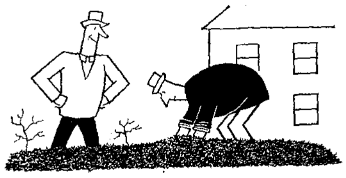
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

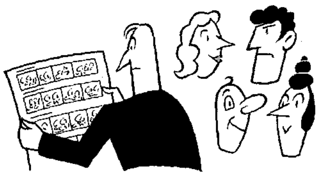
OUR Subscription Department has sent us a Xerox copy of a letter from a former subscriber, noting with a rubber stamp at the top, "All Subscription matters in this letter have been attended to." It is the non-Subscription matters we have been unable to get out of our mind. "In an attempt to live more sanely with our environment," writes this left-handed organic gardener, "we are attempting to eliminate as much as possible any materials coming into our home which cannot be used to enrich the land by composting. Since the pages of your magazine are not useful as a mulch, we will not purchase it and will urge others not to do so. We have heard of a paper-products company that is now producing materials suitable for composting, and we would hope you would look into the possibility of doing business with a company like this." Initially, we were piqued by the idea that this magazine, printed on 8 7/16″ x 11½″ coated stock, cannot enrich the land, but after thinking about it we do not agree that, properly treated, it could not be useful as a mulch. A mulch, after all, is simply a kind of quilt to protect wintering plants against the harshness of *their* environment. We believe we could furnish as much warmth as the next mulch. However, we admit we are not very suitable for composting. Although we have not yet looked into the possibility of doing business with a company that produces compostable stock, we understand our reader's concern. Composting is an exciting way of changing otherwise worthless leaves, grass cuttings, coffee grounds, and other organic stuff (but nothing mailable second-class) into a heady chocolate-colored mold that drives whatever it touches into a frenzy of growth. As a matter of fact, we know a gardener in Larchmont who is so enthusiastic about his compost heap that he will take guests out to it in the middle of winter and invite them to feel the heat of its ferment by sinking their arms in it up to the elbow—a reportedly ineffable sensation. It is not hard, therefore, to imagine what a really great service it would be to our environment, both physical and spiritual, if most of what is written were printed on materials suitable for reduction to humus. The contents of an urban mailbox: grocery flyers, contest offers, department-store catalogues, letters from congressmen, unsolicited credit cards—compost! Materials coming into the office: newsletters, publicity releases, vanity publications, review copies, Xerox copies, copies of copies, interoffice memos—mulch! The printed records of controversy—literary, philosophical, scientific, and religious—for a start, and then most newspapers, most magazines, perhaps most books, nearly all second- and third-class mail, and probably most first-class not only might be suitable for composting but might self-destruct after a given time, disintegrating into a clean organic powder to enrich the roots of zinnias or cabbages, or to be recycled by nourishing the seedlings of trees from which paper is made. Publish *and* perish could be the motto of the seventies for ecology-minded literati. True, this fantasy is not likely to be realized soon. We know a lot of writers who would not comfortably consign their words to any materials with a half-life of less than five hundred years. But we promise that from now on we will attempt to live—more sanely—with this question about anything we read: Ought this to enrich the land by composting, or is it something we want to keep around?



"Friday Foster"

THE new comic strip "Friday Foster," which has been appearing locally in the *News* since January 18th, is about a pretty black girl making her way in the white world. In the first story, which will run for sixteen weeks, she starts out as a photographer in a Harlem night club, but she doesn't stay there long. In a few weeks, the chance to become an assistant to a high-fashion photographer comes her way, and this involves her in a good deal of intrigue in the magazine-publishing world. Subsequent stories, which will last from eight to ten weeks apiece—the standard length these days for any episode in a comic strip with a story line—will deal with this theme and introduce her to several new ones.

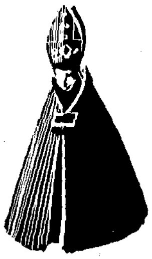
We found all this out when we had a talk with Jim Lawrence, the man responsible for "Friday Foster," at his home, near Summit, New Jersey. Mr. Lawrence told us that the idea for a strip with a black heroine had come to him one day two years ago when he picked up a copy of the Newark *Evening News* and turned to the funnies page. "I was running my eye down the page," he said, "and I suddenly said to myself, 'God, here's a page full of nothing but white faces! And Newark's a town that's well over half black!' It struck me as very wrong." Lawrence decided to do something about it. A few days later, he saw the model Donyale Luna on a TV show



and was impressed by what she had to say about her life. "She's from Detroit, and I am, too," he told us, in partial explanation. That gave him the idea of doing a strip about a gorgeous, hip black chick, and eventually it produced "Friday Foster." Lawrence worked on the idea in his spare time, because he was then—and still is—the writer of another strip—"James Bond," which appears in the London *Daily Express*—and of children's books; his latest, "Binky Brothers and the Fearless Four," will be out this spring. He now also writes "Captain Easy," which appears in the New York *Column*.

Lawrence got a Spaniard named Jorge Longarón, who lives in Barcelona, to draw "Friday Foster." "There's quite a comic-book operation on the Continent that we never see over here," Lawrence said. "Many of the artists are Italian or Spanish. Longarón's one of the best. He has a very distinctive style. Most American artists came up through the mill—working on comic books, assisting other artists. It tends to make their work bland and blended."

When Lawrence had "Friday Foster" worked out to his own and Longarón's satisfaction, he took it to the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate. This was a year ago. It turned out that the Syndicate had been looking for an integrated strip for some time. It had just started running a gag strip (the comic-strip equivalent of a one-liner: no story, and a different joke every day) based on "Laugh-In" and using black characters, and now it was in the market for a continuity strip (the kind of comic strip that does tell a story) featuring blacks. The Syndicate people liked "Friday Foster," and they worked on it for a while.



We talked with a man at the Syndicate the other day, who told us, "We showed it to a cross-section of black people, and most of them liked it. We found out some interesting things, too. For instance, black people do not refer to women as 'gals.' They call them 'girls.' "

Eventually, the Syndicate lined up some twenty-five papers that wanted to run "Friday Foster," including three papers in the South: the Nashville *Banner;* the Charlotte, North Carolina, *News;* and the Shreveport, Louisiana, *Journal*.

Lawrence and Longarón keep about twenty weeks ahead of the publication schedule. This is necessary because Longarón works through an agent in London, so each episode has to go from Summit to London to Barcelona and back to London and across the ocean again. The second story will begin in the papers on Sunday, May 10th. Lawrence says he doesn't want to give away the plot.

Milking a Cow at the Flower Show

WE spent a joyful hour at the International Flower Show last week in the company of a friend of ours, a girl named Monique, who loves flowers and knows all about them. Monique's husband, whose name is Sam, was also along, and the show was at the Coliseum. "I want everybody to look for the herb lady," Monique said when we got inside. "She's very important. If anyone gets lost, we'll meet at the herb lady's." Sam noticed a sign that advertised the Garden View Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge, and said that if he got lost he'd meet everybody there. "He wants to get lost, of course, poor boy," Monique said to us. "He always does. Come on."

We came on, abandoning Sam, and Monique explained that the Coliseum was a very logical building, so if we wanted to see the show efficiently, we would have to proceed in a logical fashion. She suggested that we circle the periphery and then tackle the center. The periphery took us past the booth of the American Rhododendron Society, and Monique waved at the man on duty. The man smiled a little but did not wave back. "He didn't wave back last year, either," said Monique. "But a smile is an important first step." Nearby was a lilies-of-the-valley exhibit, where we stopped. A sign said that the lilies of the valley on display had been "grown by amateurs," and Monique was delighted. "All they really like to do in life is grow," she said. "Lilies of the valley, that is—not amateurs."

Monique passed up the stand of the African Violet Society of Greater New York, which had drawn a crowd. "Such an unrewarding plant," she said. "Just the opposite of lilies of the valley. African violets have never really learned to enjoy growing. You will note that all those women have worried looks." We looked, and she was right. She hurried on, and came to a stop before an exhibit prepared by the New York City Housing Authority. The Authority, we learned, will give any group of from three to ten of its tenants twenty-five dollars for flower seeds and up to three hundred square feet of earth in which to plant them. Richard Zatorski, of the Housing Authority, and Monique quickly struck up an acquaintance, and he told her that every year, in August, there is a competition to see who has grown the best garden. Last year, he said, three hundred and twenty-five gardens were grown, in a hundred and five projects, by more than four thousand people, who ranged in age from three to ninety-seven. He also said that a lot of people had hoarded seeds from last year to get a jump on this year's competition.

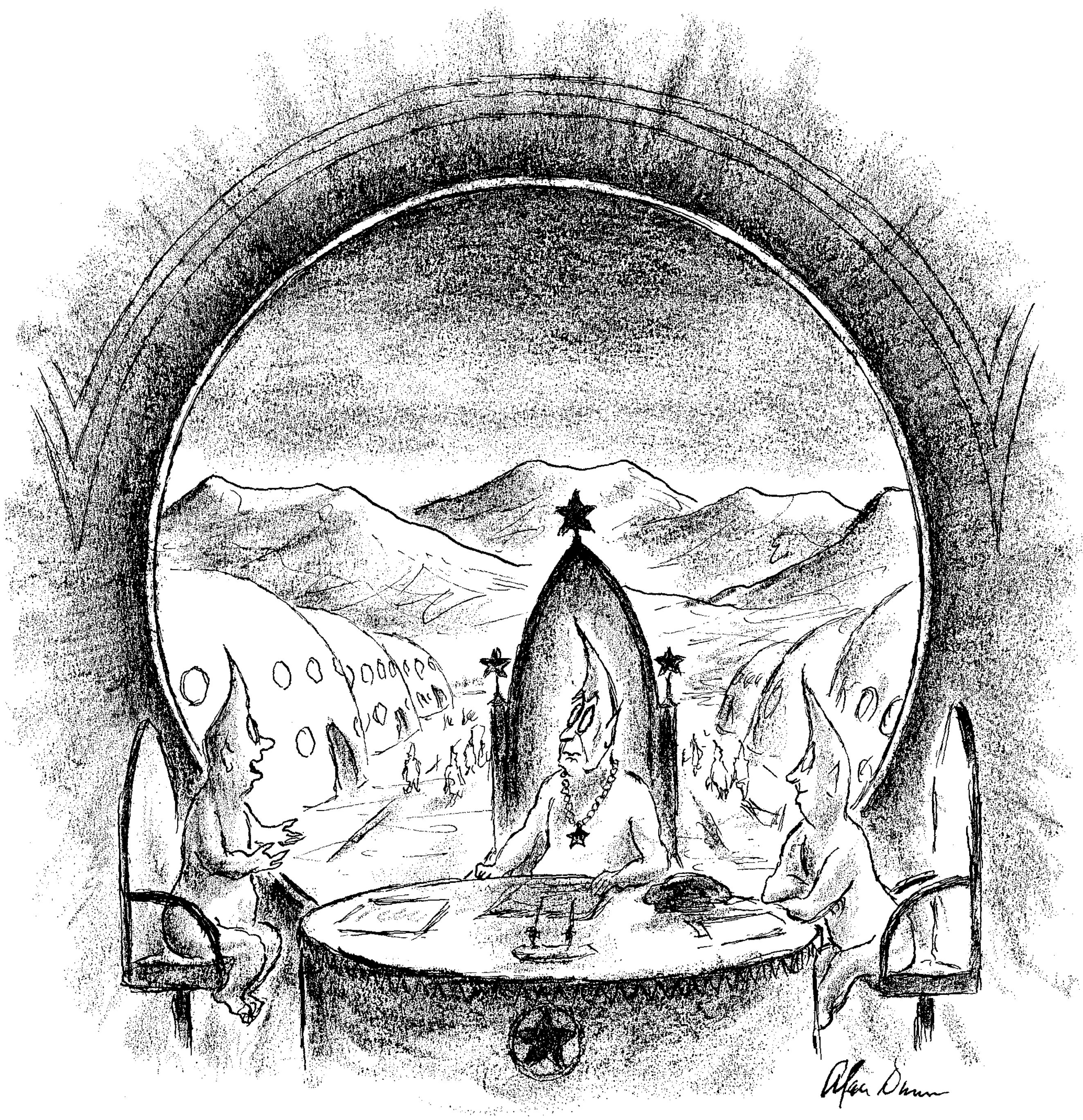
No one seemed to know where the herb lady was, but finally a motherly woman who represented the American Begonia Society pointed us in the right direction.

Sam was not at the herb lady's. Instead, he was in the middle of the floor looking at an exhibit that consisted of a cow, a calf, two sheep, and three lambs, all of them surrounded by a floral border. The cow's name was Milky, and when Monique saw Milky she said, "That cow needs milking." We looked, and she was right. We climbed through the floral border and over a small fence. We found a blue pail in a little shed and squatted down beside Milky and went to work. We were a little rusty, because we hadn't milked a cow for a number of years, but old skills come back quickly when they are needed, and in a couple of minutes we had the rhythm. Milky was obviously delighted. We dipped our finger in the bucket for a taste. There is no taste in the world like warm new milk.

Draft Repeal

THIS week is Anti-Draft Week, and last week we had a chance to sit down and talk with Mr. James Bristol, the organizer of the National Council to Repeal the Draft, who was in town for the day from Washington, where the Council has its headquarters. Mr. Bristol is a cheerful, quiet, and forceful man in his fifties, and we asked him to tell us something about his work and about himself.

"The Council is just over a year old, and it is our purpose to repeal the draft by the end of June, 1971," he said. "We use the word 'repeal,' rather than 'end,' because we want not only to stop the drafting of young men but to dismantle the machinery that makes it possible to draft young men. In 1947, the Selective Service Act was allowed to expire but the machinery



"How about our delivering a State of the Solar System Message before Nixon gets to thinking he's everybody?"

• •

remained intact. That meant that as soon as a new Selective Service Act was passed, as it was the following year, the induction system was reactivated very easily. June, '71, is our deadline, because that's when the current act will expire. I think there were two considerations that impelled a group of some thirty of us, from various peace, religious, and student organizations, to band together and set up the National Council, in January, 1969. The first consideration was our feeling that it was just tragic that all any of us had ever done whenever Selective Service came up for extension was lobby for retention of the right to conscientious objection. We would always preface our testimony with the statement that we were opposed to all military conscription, but we would always go on to say, 'But as long as it exists, we support alternative service for C.O.s.' In using that word 'but,' we finally realized, we were really just supporting conscription. The second strand in our thinking was a realization that if the draft no longer existed, we would no longer have to devote all our energies to draft counselling and draft resistance. When a resister refuses to coöperate with the draft, he is, in effect, repealing the draft for himself. But it still exists for everyone else."

After a short pause, Mr. Bristol went on, "We decided to take no stand on what, if anything, should replace the draft. We are simply an ad-hoc group working for repeal, and if we're going to acquire the political clout we need, we have to try to embrace everyone who, for one reason or another, is opposed to the draft. Our list of sponsors now includes an Episcopal bishop, George Wald, a retired rear admiral, Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., Dr. Spock, and a former speech writer for Senator Goldwater. We see three stages to our work in the coming months. Late next month, the Senate Armed Services Committee will hold hearings on the draft, and the first stage of our work will be directed toward these hearings. Later this year, we will work to elect senators and congressmen sympathetic to draft repeal. And then, early next year, we will lobby the new Congress to repeal the Selective Service Act. At the moment, we are giving qualified support to a bill already before Congress that was introduced by Senator Hatfield and co-sponsored by Senator Goldwater and Senator McGovern, among others. This bill would establish a volunteer Army and suspend the draft. Eighteen-year-olds would still be required to register, but the process of induction could be reactivated only by action of the Congress. We've come to realize what an important instrument of foreign policy the draft is. The draft makes escalation possible simply by executive decision, because the President has almost limitless manpower resources at his disposal. We're supporting the bill because you must have a piece of legislation either to support or to oppose. The provisions of the Hatfield bill, by the way, are essentially the same as the recommendations of the President's Commission on an All-Volunteer Armed Force—the so-called Gates Commission."

After another pause, Mr. Bristol said, "I am a Quaker myself, and a worker for peace. I was brought up as a Lutheran, and I went to a Lutheran college and then on to a Lutheran seminary. In 1935, I was ordained as a Lutheran minister, and at that time I was a very conventional young man, and certainly not a pacifist. I was sent to what was then called a slum parish in Camden, New Jersey, and there, in the early years of my ministry, I became pro-poor-people, pro-racial-justice, and pro-interreligious-understanding, and also became a pacifist. I often think about my unfortunate parishioners, who had to live through my growing pains. In 1941, I refused to sign my draft papers, and went to jail. If I had signed them, I would have been automatically exempt as a clergyman. I had kept my congregation informed about what I was up to, and the day I was arrested I submitted my resignation. I was overwhelmingly moved when they told me they weren't going to accept it. So for the fifteen months I was in jail I was still technically their pastor. I tried to go back to the Church after I came out, but that didn't work, so I left the ministry and joined the peace movement and, later, with my wife and children, the Society of Friends."

Cooking Lesson

WE were ten minutes late for our noon-to-one-thirty all-male group-session Learn Your Lunch lesson at the Helen Worth Cooking School, which occupies a brownstone on East Thirty-first Street, and where, in a sizable kitchen-dining room overlooking a wintry garden, five men, two of whom had discarded their jackets, were sitting in small chairs facing Mrs. Worth. Each had a clipboard, bearing the day's typewritten menu—wine consommé, chafing-dish chicken livers, medley of vegetables, and burnt pears in cream—with ingredients and instructions.

"This is an Italian wine—Lambrusco," Mrs. Worth was saying as we entered, and she held up a bottle of red wine. "Named after the grape. Should it be chilled or not?"

"Not," said one of the pupils, a big man who was wearing a lapelled waistcoat.

"Well, the label says to serve it slightly chilled," Mrs. W. said. "Does anyone want to chill it?"

"No," said the big man.

"Well, I think it's good enough to serve as it is," Mrs. W. said.

She handed us a clipboard, and we sat down with the rest of the class.

She held up two other bottles, of slightly different shapes.

"Which is the Burgundy and which is the Bordeaux?" she asked. "You can tell by the shape."

Several people answered this question correctly.

"What's good about a French olive oil?" she asked.

No one replied, and she said, "Its delicate flavor—sometimes. We're using it, and some wine vinegar, in the vegetables. If you have red wine that has soured, you can keep adding it to the vinegar bottle. I'm sorry to say I never have any wine left over."

On a marble-topped work table in front of her she indicated a bowl containing frozen cauliflower and artichoke hearts, and a tray that held a couple of cans of Campbell's beef broth, a can of Blanchaud dried mushrooms, a clove of garlic, a bottle of minced instant onion, a bottle of Brown-Quick, and some bay leaves, tarragon leaves, and peppercorns.

"These mushrooms are absolutely incredible," she said. "Campbell's beef stock is wonderful. They call it bouillon, but it's actually consommé. Should herbs be bought powdered or whole-leaf?"

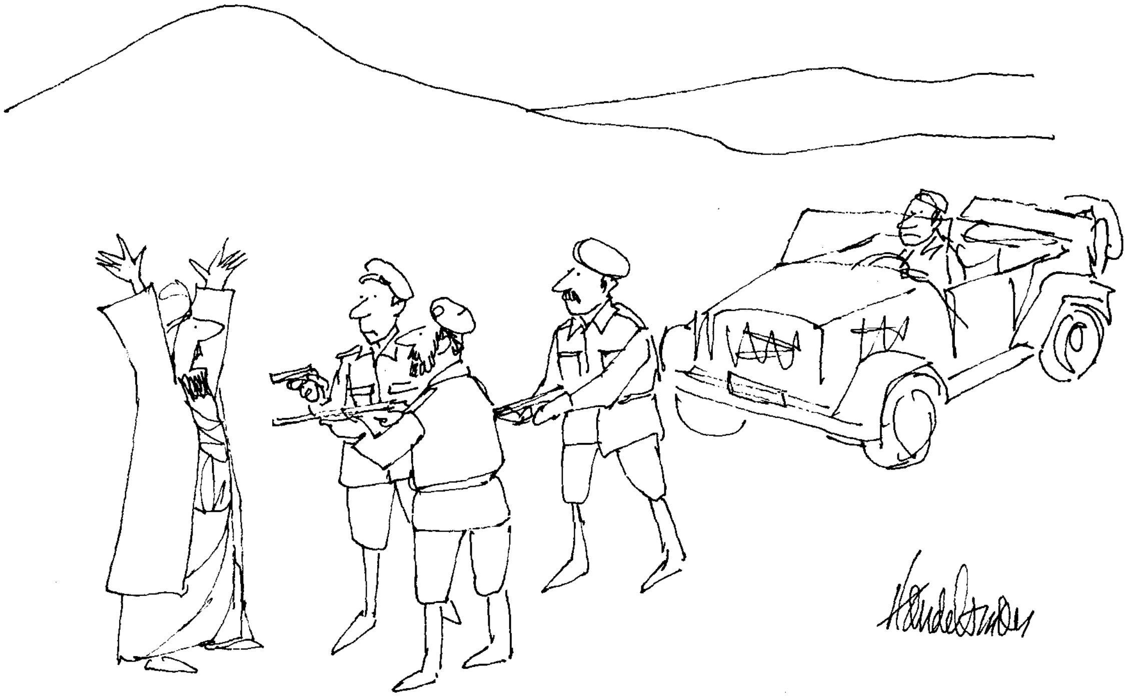
"Leaf," said the man in the lapelled vest.

"Smell these bay leaves," Mrs. W. said, passing them around.

Everyone sniffed.

"Bay leaf comes from laurel," Mrs. W. said. "What does tarragon taste like?"

No one answered.



"I am from the Nile Hilton. I bring greetings to the Tel Aviv Hilton."

"Licorice," said Teacher. "Anise-flavored. You can use any herb with anything if you like the herb. My favorite is savory. It's a cousin of mint. Get summer savory, not winter."

She uncovered a glass dish of cut pears. "Burnt pears," she said. "From a can—and aren't they beautiful? Save the juice if you want it for gelatin. I got these vegetables out at eight o'clock this morning, and they haven't thawed. What'll I do? What'll I *do*? I'll put them in the microwave oven for one minute." She did. "Frozen vegetables are divine raw, most of them. Now I'm going to make the wine soup."

She proceeded to do so, in a pot over an alcohol burner, and she also began to cook the medley of vegetables. "Always use cold water for cooking," she said. "Hot water stays in the pipes and isn't fresh. Oil should be stored in the refrigerator, or it gets rancid. Do any of you know about frozen turbot from Greenland? The supermarkets have it, and it's good. The important part of learning how to cook is to season perfectly. You taste as you go along, but you are allowed only three tastes. After that, you have palate fatigue, and have to wait fifteen minutes."

Presently, after their quota of tastes, all hands sat down at a dining-room table for the soup, which was excellent, while Mrs. Worth sautéed the chicken livers. Several helpings were prepared in the chafing dish, some by the class. Next, the burnt pears, dotted with butter and sprinkled with brown sugar. "Brown sugar hardens, and should be stored in a glass jar in plastic wrap," Mrs. W. said. "It should be dark to be authoritative. Light-brown sugar is anemic."

Lambrusco flowed throughout the meal, which ended with coffee and Rumona, a liqueur blended from Jamaican rum. A young man who had been introduced to us as Edgar suggested mixing Rumona with brandy, and Mrs. Worth produced a bottle of Hennessy. "Edgar is connected with Schieffelin, which distributes Hennessy," she said to us.

The class disbanded, but we lingered for a chat with the man in the distinguished-looking vest, who had been introduced to us as Sidney.

"I'm a veteran of this school," he said. "I used to work for Time Inc., and after that I wrote a whole series of novels, none of which got published. I look after my finances, and play the heavy father. I'm president of the Salivation Army. We go to a wonderful Chinese restaurant on Mott Street. I've taken Helen there."

He handed us an engraved card that read, "Sidney Hughes, Jiggadier Brindle, Salivation Army," and we left.

Film Orgy

LAST week was a busy one. We also attended a film orgy. The orgy, which took place at the Fillmore East, began at seven-thirty in the evening and continued until two in the morning. It was billed simply as "Film Orgy." We got there about eight, and stayed right through to the end, and from nine right through to the end we viewed the proceedings from the front of the balcony, where Jon Davison and Joe Dante, the organizers of the orgy, had set up two sixteen-millimetre movie projectors. Davison ran one of the projectors, Dante the other. Davison showed whole reels of bad movies from the forties and fifties. Dante interrupted him with short takes from *his* reels, which were a potpourri of incredible things: Second World War W.A.C. training films, forties serials, newsreels, commercials, and a complete set of Frankenstein trailers. Dante and Davison really know how to put on a film orgy. They cut from one projector to the other with a good sense of timing and juxtaposition. "Hey!" Dante said to Davison at one point. "We cut from 'Hercules' to 'Ulysses' and nobody noticed." They told us they considered their material very funny. "At least," Davison said, "it's very funny to people who grew up in the fifties in front of a television set, and fortunately there are a lot of us."

We liked particularly a classic sequence from Abbott and Costello involving a search for the Susquehanna Hat Company; a Dristan commercial in French; one of Alf Landon's campaign films, which showed him going to church with his great-aunt; and a nice speech by Ann-Margret supporting President Johnson's Vietnam policy. We liked best a newsreel from the early fifties. First came a nationwide atomic alert with President Eisenhower (and Cabinet) scurrying for shelter. Next came a Miss Photog contest. Then a report on Pivotal Egypt, Guardian of the Suez Canal. Finally, there was fashion news from Don Loper in Hollywood.

We asked Davison and Dante what *they* liked particularly. They were proudest, they said, of an editing job they had done on a sentimental film about a boy who loses his dog. They had reduced the running time from two hours to two minutes. What remained in the edited film was the credits, one shot of despondent boy without dog, one shot of jubilant boy with newly returned dog, and "The End."

THREE LIKELY LADS OF LIMBO

Every schoolboy knows the Virgilian parallel to the first of these lines [from "Lycidas"]:

ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocabant.*

—*"More Literary Essays," David Daiches, University of Chicago Press, 1968.*

*Thee, Tityrus, the very pines, the very fountains, the very trees sighed for.

NO, Mr. Daiches, not *every* schoolboy knows the Virgilian parallel. Not here in America, at any rate. In my part of America (or Amerika, as the underground papers have it), parallels tend to collide and explode, sometimes with extraordinary consequences. Tityrium, I think, is that new drug just around the corner, promising a ten-hour, no-hangover high filled with erotic imagery and bird song. Ipsi Fontes—or Ipsy, as he is called locally—is an unemployed rock singer well known to me, and Arbusta Vocabant is his latest girl friend. Ipsy is institutionalized right now, with a shaved head, and I will present his story, or case, here, among some others I know. By way of explanation, I ought to say at once that as a sometime friend to half the freaks in the Sixth Precinct (or so it seems at times) I have been privileged to witness some odd scenes, frequently under the guidance of a young drug dealer known as the Wide Screen Kid—Wisk to his friends. For obvious reasons, all these names are false. All the cases, however, are true.

I WAS led, stoned (it was one of the conditions), down East Tenth Street to Second Avenue, north on Second Avenue to Twelfth Street, then east on Twelfth past a brilliantly painted blue-and-orange tenement, through a bike shop, down a flight of stairs, up a flight of stairs, through a courtyard to a tumbledown carriage house, up more stairs, and finally into a small, dim, Raskolnikovian pad, reeking of cat reek. Three bearded seamen lounged on a broken-down sofa, smoking; a black cat with large yellow eyes sat on a shelf, staring at them transfixed. I had previously been informed that the seamen had stolen a fishing boat in Maine and were on their way to the Caribbean and the happy life. They were cooling it now before the last leg of the journey.

I was introduced to the housekeeper-cook, Jan, a quiet, pleasant young man in sole charge of the five resident cats as well as the human cargo. A carrot-top stew simmered on the greasy stove, jiggling merrily now and then as a woman in the next apartment beat upon the wall, screaming curses in Spanish. Then I was led into the inner chamber to meet Dismo.

Dismo sat on the floor, wrapped in a shawl, staring at a candle. He offered me a long, loose hand to shake and a joint, and indicated with batlike squeaks and fluttering gestures that I should make myself comfortable—not easy to do in a packing-box-sized room filled with records, a bed, a record-player, Dismo, a candle, and Wisk. And myself, of course—a large fellow, though not a kosmos. Also two or three cats.

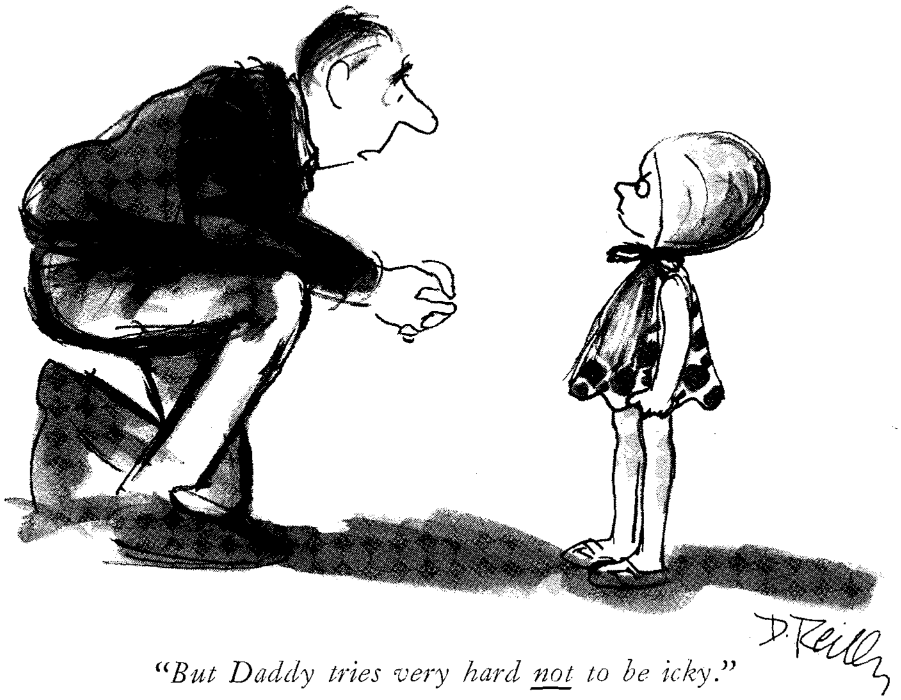
The music was faint—scratchy and chickenlike—but what interested me most was the dexterity with which Dismo handled the records, plucking them like a blind man out of huge stacks lost in the darkness—a cut here, a cut there—shuffling them on and off the turntable with amazing speed. Then it all suddenly ended and we sat there in silence, looking at the candle. It was a tremendous candle—the built-up waxy drip, I mean—with a tiny flame, against which Dismo appeared as a spectral saint with a wispy beard and long, flowing locks. He had been sitting and smoking, staring at the candle, for two years—so I was told.

A few weeks later, I met Wisk on the street and he said that a strange thing had happened to Dismo. He had met a Playboy bunny (he didn't say how) and under the spell of love had given up smoking for a day. On that day, a Sunday, he had decked himself out in his wide-striped, green-and-white bells and a frock coat, and had taken his girl to the Bronx Zoo. There he saw a kangaroo, and the sight so terrified him ("spooked him," Wisk said) that he ran screaming from the park and, eventually, all the way down to Brooklyn. There, according to Wisk, he fell at last into the arms of the renowned (and kindly) Inspector Frink, who had been patiently looking for him. Inspector Frink returned him to the pad in a squad car, fixed him a bowl of chicken soup, and put him to bed. In a few days, Dismo recovered and returned to the candle and the grass. I see him now in the distant sky-future (and also close at hand) as a great Candle wrapped in a shawl of wax, a *tiny flame growing out of his head*; he is changing records with celestial speed, surrounded by cats.

EAST TENTH STREET (Jackhammer Street of late to the locals) between University and Broadway is a constant focus for firemen's nets, squad cars, raving maniacs, freakos of all sizes and shapes. Part of this is due to nearby hotels—once respectable hostelries now rendezvous for rock groups and groupies from all corners of the land. Part of it is due to the Hotel Brittany, at the east end, now, a dormitory for male N.Y.U. students, *who project huge* blown-up images of nudes through the windows and onto the walls of the co-op across the street, causing great consternation among the upper middle classes. The general Tenth Street freakiness stems from the constant ragtag flow of traffic between the East Village and the West—an extraordinary parade of the displaced, the dissociated, and the downright beat. Add to this the nightly Con Ed guerrilla raids and the daily garbage grind, and you have a music and a play that are hard to match.

A couple of years ago when a recording studio moved in next door, we were much afraid that everything would collapse under the added weight of noise. "A twelve-track studio!" said Wisk excitedly. "A hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment!" But nothing collapsed, and in time we grew used to the hard-rock beat that seeped through the walls; the only difficulty was that the recording sessions generally began around midnight and ended at dawn. Even so, it was soothing compared with the Con Ed jackhammers and the air compressors. And there was new color on the street when the Flypaper, Dry Mustard, the Mungs, and hundreds of other hastily assembled rock groups moved in to make their demos, each group with its own groupie, who did all the work. One rainy night, passing the studio, I saw a skinny little blonde slipping and sliding around on the wet walk as she hustled band gear into a tattered station wagon while the Dry Mustards lounged in the doorway, out of the rain, dragging on the weed of inspiration. When she had finished the job, one of them said, "Everything tight, baby?," and they threw her in among the amps and drums in the back of the wagon, climbed in the front, and went spiralling off up the street and into oblivion.

Last spring, something bad hap-



“But Daddy tries very hard not to be icky.”

pened. A young man appeared on the roof of the studio building one morning painted like an eagle, pasted all over with feathers. Flapping his arms, he leaped—five flights—to a conclusion on the roof of a junk shop in the rear. In my apartment, I heard shouts, then a long buzzer sound in the lower hall. A huge cowboy rushed in, wanting to know if there was a way out through the rear (there wasn't), and then rushed out again. I gathered that someone had jumped and I went to the window to look at the street.

It was all too familiar—first the screaming squad cars, then the police ambulance, then the firemen with ladders. The slow coagulation of the gawkers on the opposite walk looking at the sky, the Good Humor man rushing in. It was evident at once that it was going to be a difficult rescue, or recovery, and I turned away from the window, not wanting to watch the watchers. That sort of thing gives me the jimjams.

A year earlier, the same thing had happened on the opposite side of the house at one o'clock in the morning. On that occasion, there were searchlights, nets, a young man standing on a window ledge throwing knives at the police, and a young girl in the middle of the street crying, “Adam! Adam! Don't jump! Don't jump! I love you, Adam! Think of your mother!” He didn't jump, as it happened, but he died nevertheless. The police broke in and shot him, one policeman also shooting another, a father of twelve,* in the leg during the melee. The apartment was filled with sabres, knives, bolos, and machetes—a veritable Hoffritz.

As for the Eagle, I pieced the story together later from the tenants, who got it from the hairdresser at the House of Kuan Yin and the proprietor of the House of Chien, two side-by-side establishments on the ground floor of my brownstone. Actually, there was no story except as related above—the warpaint, the feathers, the leap. One lady said, “He must have been taking *something*.” No doubt.

On the other hand, there *is* a story, because the Eagle was seen on crutches three days later, buzzing around, apparently none the worse for the five-flight plunge. Running into Wisk in the deli, I told him the news, and his eyes lit up. “Man, somebody's gonna do it someday,” he said. “Somebody's gonna fly! The Messiah!”

“They'll shoot him down,” I said. “And bury him on Hart's Island.”

He gave me a hard look—it was anti-acid talk I was handing him—and shuffled off with his YooHoo and hero.

IPSY'S tale, true or untrue, is a gruesome one and should be skipped by the queasy. It begins like this: Having purchased a pair of red velvet bells for thirty dollars and finding them not to his liking after wearing them for a day (wrong size, wrong color), he returned to Sekhmet, on St. Marks Place, to make an exchange. The manager flatly refused to consider the matter, and after a brief hassle Ipsy left in a rage. Ipsy is half Italian and half Irish, and he rages easily. He also has red hair—long, *long* curls—which may have something to do with the matter. So he raged around the block and came to a store with baby chicks in the window. This gave him an idea. He bought one. Then, at another store, he bought a pair of scissors. *Then* he returned to Sekhmet, went up to the stack of bells, cut off the chick's head with the scissors, let the blood squirt around, and stalked out, leaving the manager fainting behind him. This, at least, is the story he told Dismo, Wisk, and others—it may have been fantasy. However, it *could* be the truth.

About a week after this, I received a postcard with a picture of the Saarinen arch and the message “St. Louis” in tall, shaky-spooky letters, in pencil. Ipsy was next seen in Los Angeles, looking wild, and then his father, growing more and more frantic, finally tracked him down somewhere and threw him into a nuthouse in Pennsylvania. Maybe he was finally trapped in Pennsylvania, I don't know. In any case, when his parents visited him for the first time, he threw an ashtray at them, and for this act of savagery his head was shaved. Nothing worse could have happened to him—it was even worse than the thing he did in Sekhmet.

“The doctors say it will take ten years,” said Wisk with a gleam in his eye.

But it only took a couple of months. Ipsy is out on weekend passes now, and has been seen, like the Eagle, buzzing around. “I never knew what his head was like before,” says Wisk. “It's *big*—it's like an egg.”

THESE are the figures in *my* classical landscape, Mr. Daiches—the Wide Screen Kid, Dismo, Ipsy, even the Eagle, though I don't know him. There are others, too—random travellers, loners, rice eaters, the walking dead, the much alive. Among them is a painter, poet, and bicycle maniac by the name of Luis Montana. Whenever he finishes a painting or a poem, he leaps on his bicycle and brings it to me for my inspection, usually around 4:30 A.M. I told him the stories related here, and a few days later he presented me with the following:

three likely lads of limbo
while tripping out one day
beheld a monstrous bimbo
whose hair was flaming, *hey!*
her eyes were filled with fire
her smile insanely sparked
and when she spoke, she babbled
and when she sang, she barked:
limbo! limbo!
don't jump out dat window!

He's no Virgil, but I want to dedicate this little essay to him. And to *you*, Mr. Daiches.

—ELI WALDRON

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*The *News*.

THE MENTOR

WHEN I arrived in Israel in 1955, I met two kinds of acquaintances: those I hadn't seen since 1935, when I left Warsaw for the United States, and those I hadn't seen since 1922, when I left Jadow for Warsaw. Those from Warsaw had known me as a young author, a member of the writers' association and of the Yiddish section of the P.E.N. club; those from Jadow remembered me as an adolescent who tutored Hebrew, sent poems to magazines that were immediately rejected, believed himself deeply in love with a sixteen-year-old girl, and indulged in all sorts of bohemian activities. The Warsaw people called me by my literary pen name; the Jadower called me Motele, or Motele the Rabbi's, because I was the Rabbi's grandson.

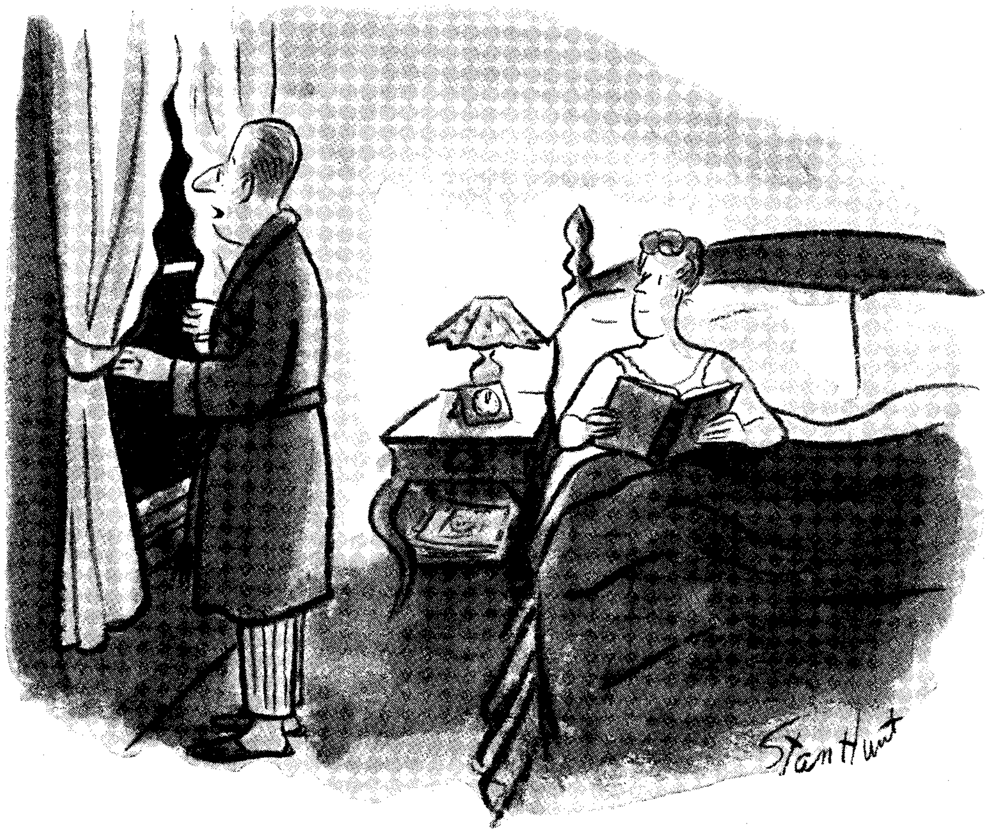
In Tel Aviv, the Yiddish writers held a reception for me and made speeches. They swore that I had changed little. The Jadower all asked the same question—"What happened to your red hair?" They gathered in the house of a *landsman* who had become rich from his business in leather. There I had a strange experience: former servant girls and coachmen spoke to me in fluent Hebrew. Some of those who spoke Yiddish spoke with a Russian or Lithuanian accent, because they had fled from Poland during the Second World War and spent years in Vilna, Bialystok, Jambul, or Tashkent. Girls I had kissed on the sly and who used to call me *Moreh*—Teacher—told me about their married children and even of their grandchildren. Faces and figures had changed beyond recognition.

Slowly I began to orient myself. Several of the Jadow women confided that they had never forgotten me. My boyhood companions reminded me of the wild pranks I played, the fantastic stories I told, and even of my jokes about the old townspeople. Many of the Jadower were missing. They had perished in the ghettos and concentration camps or had died in Russia of hunger, typhoid fever, and scurvy. Some of the Jadower had lost children in the war against the Arabs in 1948. My *landsleit* both laughed and sighed. They prepared a banquet for me, and a memorial evening for those who had not survived.

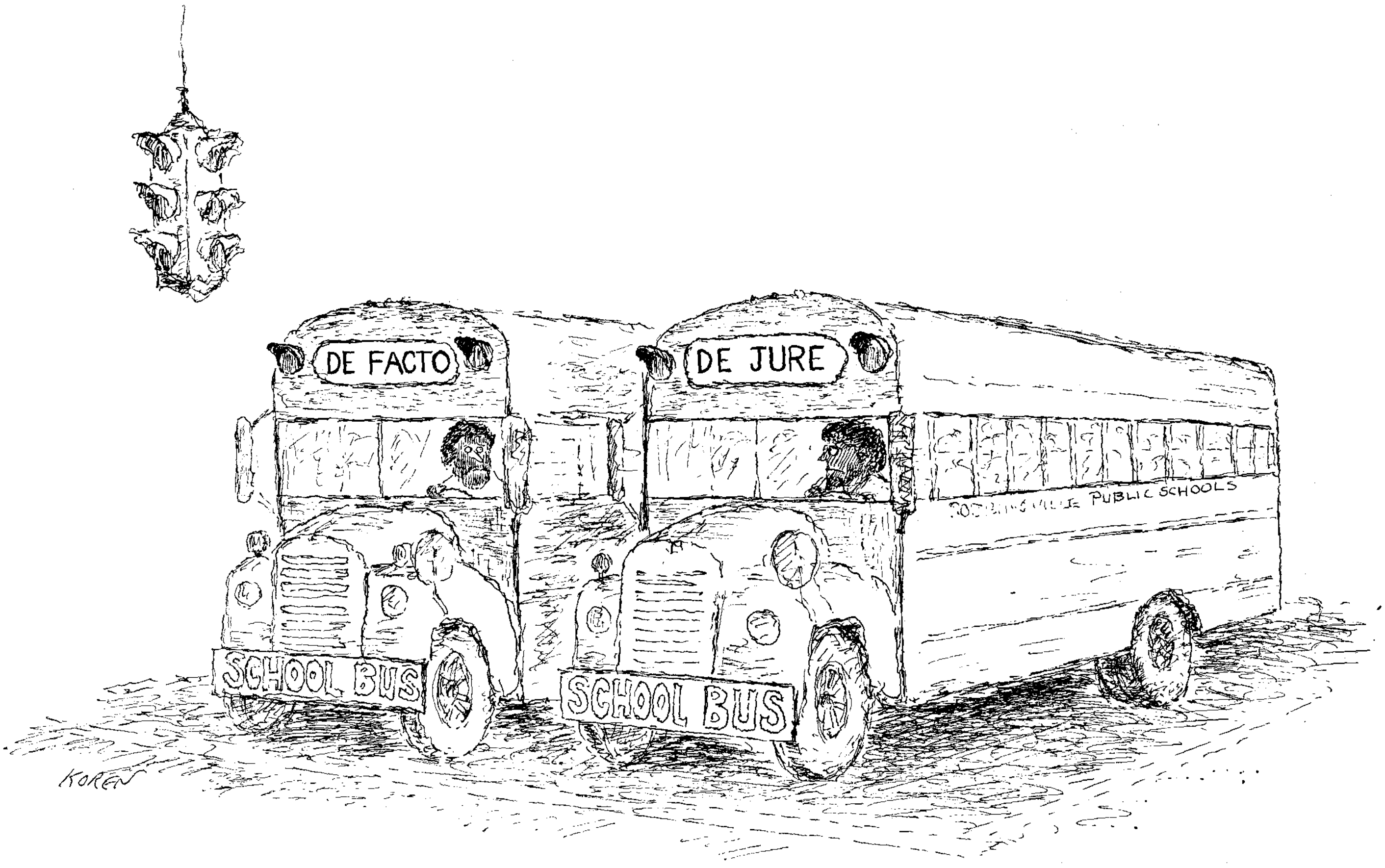
Since they called me Motele and spoke familiarly, I felt young in this crowd. I began to babble again, telling all kinds of jokes about Berl, the village idiot, and Reb Mordecai Meyer, the Jadower preacher of morality. I spoke to these middle-aged men and women as if they were still boys and girls. I even tried to renew my old romances. Good-naturedly, the Jadower made fun of me and said, "Really, Motele, you are still the same!"

Among the Jadower who came to meet me was Freidl, a former pupil of mine who was now a doctor. She was about nine years younger than I. When I was seventeen, she was eight. Her father, Avigdor Rosenbach, was one of the enlightened, a rich lumber dealer. In Israel, Freidl had Hebraized her name and was called Ditza. Before she left Jadow, Freidl was already known for her sharp mind. She spoke Yiddish and Polish, studied French with one teacher and piano with another. She quickly mastered the Hebrew I taught her. She was a pretty little girl, with black hair, a white skin, and green eyes. She plagued me with all sorts of questions that I could not answer. In her childish way she flirted with me, and after every lesson I had to kiss her. She promised to marry me when she grew up. Later, in Warsaw, I learned that Freidl had finished *Gymnasium* with honors and studied medicine at the Sorbonne. Somebody told me that she knew eight languages. One day, I heard the strange news that she had married a Jadower boy, Tobias Stein. Tobias was a youth of my age; his ideal was to be a chalutz in Palestine. Although his father was a wealthy merchant, he learned carpentry in order to become a builder in the settlements. He was dark, with laughing black eyes and a head of curly black hair. He wore a blouse with a sash, and a white-and-blue cap embroidered with the Star of David to express his Zionistic fervor. Besides carpentry, he learned to shoot a rifle so he could become a guard in Palestine and protect the colonies from Arab attack. He knew the geography of Palestine better than any of us, sang all the Zionist songs, and declaimed Bialik's poems. Sometime after I left Warsaw, Tobias received a certificate to enter Palestine, but it seems that he returned to Europe long enough to marry Freidl. I didn't know the details; neither did I care to know them.

Years after the Second World War, I learned that Freidl had a daughter with Tobias and that the two had separated. Freidl had made a career in Israel; she was a neurologist and had written a book, which was translated into other languages. She was said to have had all kinds of affairs—among



"There's a mist off the moors tonight, Agatha, and a hound is baying on the heath. I fear the Long Island Rail Road has given up the ghost."



others, with a high officer of the English Army. Tobias lived in a remote kibbutz. He was still in love with Freidl. Their daughter had remained with him.

Freidl's entrance that evening into the home of the rich leather dealer created a sensation among the Jadower. She had avoided all their gatherings, and they considered her a snob. The woman who came into the room would have been over forty but looked much younger: a little taller than medium height, slender, with closely cropped black hair, her skin still white, her eyes green. I recognized the Freidl of long ago—only her nose had become that of a grown-up, serious person. Although she did not wear glasses, there were marks on the skin, as if she had just removed her pince-nez. She wore a suit of English tweed, with a woman's tie; her purse resembled an attaché case. On a finger sat a large emerald ring. Worldliness, energy, and resolution emanated from her. She looked at me in perplexity. Then she called out, "*Moreh!*" and we kissed. I imagined that the smell of all the men with whom she had had affairs still clung to her. After the first sentences, she spoke to me in Yiddish. I was embarrassed—I, who had taught her the Hebrew alphabet, could not keep up with her Hebrew, which she spoke rapidly, in a strong voice, and with the modern Sephardic accent. She told me that she was connected with the university in Jerusalem. She also had contacts with universities abroad—even in the United States. The Jadower became silent. They listened to our talk with awe.

I asked, "May I still call you Freidl?"

And she answered, "For you, I will always be Freidl."

AFTER the reception, a number of the Jadower wanted to accompany me to the hotel, but Freidl announced that she had her car and would drive me, and no one dared to contradict her. In the car, Freidl said to me, "Are you in a hurry? It's a beautiful night. Let's go for a ride."

"Yes, with pleasure."

We drove through the city. How strange it was to be in a Jewish country, to read shop signs in the latest created Hebrew, to pass streets with the names of rabbis, Zionist leaders, writers. The day had been a hot one—actually, a chamsin, though not the worst kind. I saw women covering their faces with kerchiefs to keep from breathing in the fine desert sand that the wind carried. The sun had set—large, red, not round as usual but pointed toward the bottom, like a fruit with a stem. Usually in Tel Aviv it cools off after dark, but on this night the hot breeze continued. Gasoline fumes mixed with the smell of softening asphalt and with the freshness that drifted in from the fields, the hills, the valleys. From the sea came the stench of dead fish and the city's refuse. The moon stood low, dark red, half erased, and I had a feeling that it might be falling to earth in a cosmic catastrophe. The stars shook like little lamps suspended from unseen wires. We took the road toward Jaffa. On my right the sea sparkled silvery. Green shadows passed across its surface. Freidl said, "On nights like this I cannot sleep anyhow. I walk around and smoke cigarettes."

I wanted to ask her why she had left Tobias, but I knew that the question should be put in other terms: Why had she married him? However, I waited till she would begin to talk. We passed Arabic houses with many cupolas, like the breasts of mythical beasts. Some of the houses had beaded curtains instead of doors. Freidl pointed out a mosque and a minaret from which the muezzins call the faithful five times a day. After a while, she began.

"It was crazy, the whole business. I remembered him from the time I was still a child, and I was left with a romantic illusion. I belong to the type of woman who is attracted to older men—you know how they call it in Freudian jargon. The truth is I also had a crush on you, but I heard that you were married. I realized early that

HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING

I

You don't ask one who is dying
the name of his hour
or how he recommends it.
You don't ask him to breathe deeply
first in and then out—
he knows what he's doing.
He knows that the tides are forced to follow
forever
the moon's repetitious route,
and that he is not.
He will tell you how, at noon,
the waves arrived like crazed teams.
How, by five-fifteen,
they'd won what they wanted and withdrew.
For the record—
that's when his attention began to drag,
like a stylus, against the
unbreakable silence.

II

At five-thirty, he began to complain:
How at birth the bridges were blown up behind him.
How the streets were blinded at their ends.
How the animals would not eat what he offered,
would not let him pet them.
(They knew better than he did
what they wanted him to be.)
Like a god, he complained that it was a FOUND WORLD,
which he did not savor.
Would rather have labored for it,
Rather have saved up and planned for it
and done without the LUCK.

III

What time is it now?
Spring must be a long way off.
But he would want us to plant at once
the four-week-old body of a Dutch bulb,
smelling of dynamite.
He would want us to care for his car
that coughs like a foundling
he dared not destroy,
and for his silk purse that pricked up
at the sounds of our squealing.
He would want us to drag his gold, unconscious,
from its bed.

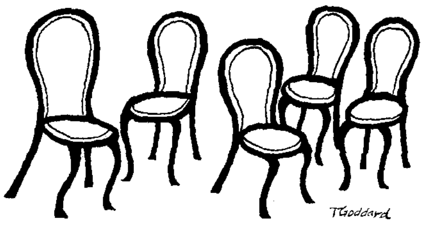
IV

But we're getting ahead of him a little
with our hopsack knapsacks,
with our diamonds shifting on false bottoms.
A hundred of us, ahead of him each day,
and none erased to furnish a place
for the next hundred to rest.
No wonder his shadow is showing less profit.
No wonder his spirit is sprawling like water,
having learned nothing
from its years of containment.
He's trying to rise, but
you don't ask one who is dying
to restrain himself,
he knows what he's doing.
He's seen from birth how the earth
mills about in its skies,
grinding down what grows thereon.
And he's guessed, all along,
that it's in order not to become too big,
perhaps.

—LOIS MOYLES

• •

we Jews had no future in the Diaspora. Not only Hitler—the whole world was ready to tear us to pieces. You were right when you wrote that modern Jews are suicidal. The modern Jew can't live without anti-Semitism. If it's not there, he's driven to create it. He has to bleed for humanity—battle the reactionaries, worry about the Chinese, the Manchurians, the Russians, the untouchables in India, the Negroes in America. He preaches revolution and at the same time he wants all the privileges of capitalism for himself. He tries to destroy nationalism in others but prides himself on belonging to the Chosen People. How can a tribe like this exist among strangers? I wanted to settle here, with my so-called brothers and sisters, and there was Tobias—an idealist, a pioneer. I had visited here, and I imagined that I loved him. Even as I stood with him under the canopy, I knew I'd made a mistake. I'd convinced myself that he was a hero, but I soon saw that he was a schlemiel, softheaded, as sentimental as an old maid. In the beginning, his Hebrew dazzled me, but when I listened closely I realized that banalities poured from his mouth. He parroted all the brochures, all the editorials in the newspapers. He sang cheap songs with gusto. He fell in love with me in a sick way, and that love completely crushed me. There isn't a greater pain than to be loved by a fool. He makes you frigid and ashamed of your sex. Near him I became cruel and bitchy. I immediately wanted to end it, but then our Rina came. A child is a child. She took after our family, not his. But he keeps her as a pawn. He has set her against me until she has become my adversary in every way. I am disappointed in the kibbutz, too. It has the faults of Communism along with those of capitalism. What kind of person can she become there? A half-educated peasant. Do you smoke?"



"No."

"I hear you don't eat meat, either."

"No."

"What's the sense of it? Nature knows no compassion. As far as nature is concerned, we are like worms. You taught me the Bible, and my father stuffed me with the miracles that God performed for the Jews. But after what happened to them one must be absolutely stupid and insensitive to believe in God and all that drivel. What's more, to believe in a compassionate God is the worst betrayal of the victims. A rabbi from America visited here, and he preached that all the six million Jews sit in Paradise, gorge themselves on the meat of the Leviathan, and study the Torah with angels. You don't need to be a psychologist to figure out what that kind of belief compensates for. There's a group that dabbles in psychic research. I became involved a little—I even attended their séances. It's all fake. If they don't

"Pardon us, gentlemen, but how would you like to be in a film about life in America today?"

• •

swindle others, they deceive themselves. Without a functioning brain, there is no thought. If a hereafter really existed, it would be the greatest cruelty. Why should a soul remember all the pettiness of its existence? What would be so wonderful if my father's soul continued to live and recall how his partner stole from him, how his house burned down, how my sister Mirele died in childbirth, and then the ghettos, the camps, and the Nazi ovens. If there is one iota of justice in nature, it is the obliteration of the spirit when the body decays. I don't understand how one can think differently."

"If one thinks that way, there is no reason one should not be a Nazi."

"What? It's not a question of should or should not. Nazis are enemies of the human race, and people must be allowed to exterminate them like bedbugs."

"How about the weak ones? What rights do they have?"

"They have the right to unite and become strong."

"Why not enjoy all the privileges and injustices meanwhile?" I asked.

"We do enjoy them. The fact that at this moment we find ourselves riding in a car, instead of pulling somebody in a rickshaw or standing in a rice field up to our knees in water and working for six piastres a day is already a privilege and even an injustice. Let's end this talk. It leads nowhere. You yourself believe in nothing."

"Somebody takes charge of this world."

"Who? Nonsense. Sheer nonsense!"

"What about the stars?"

Freidl lifted her head for a second. "The stars are stars."

We became silent. The road ran through fields and orchards—or perhaps they were orange groves; it was too dark to see. From time to time a light flickered in the distance. I did not ask where we were going. I had already crossed the land in its length and breadth and my curiosity was quenched. We had travelled for half an hour without encountering a single car. A midnight silence hovered over the earth. The wind had stopped. The noise of the motor was overlaid by the chirping of crickets, the croaking of frogs, and the rustle of myriads of insects that lived in this Holy Land, searched for food, protection, mates.

Freidl said, "If you are sleepy, I will turn back. For me, there is no greater pleasure than such a trip in the night."

I WANTED to ask Freidl about her affairs, but I restrained myself. I knew that most people like to confess but can't stand having someone force the truth from them with open curiosity. I don't remember how it came about, but Freidl began to talk again.

"What was there to restrain me?" she said. "I didn't love him, and even if I did I would have wanted to taste others. I had men before him, with him, and after him. I had somebody on our what you call honeymoon. There are monogamous women and even men, but I don't belong to them. I feel like de Maupassant: two lovers are better than one, and three are better than two. Naturally, I had to turn away some, but never out of moral motives. I share Mme. Kollontai's opinion that my body is my private property. Exactly what love is I don't know and probably never will know. Everyone understands it in his own way. I've heard countless stories from my patients. But there isn't any explanation for human behavior—there are only patterns. Lately, I have become a disciple of Gestalt psychology, because it doesn't try to find motivations. A cat catches mice. A bee makes honey. Stalin craved power. Modern Jews also crave power—not directly but only through working behind the scenes. In that sense they are like women. The Jew is a born critic. He has to tear things down. Here he cannot belittle everything, and this makes him mad. I am, as you see, a complete hedonist. But there are inhibitions that don't allow one to enjoy things. You won't believe it, but my daughter is the main disturbance in my life. A hundred times a day I tell myself that a child is nothing more than an accidentally fertilized egg and that all the love and loyalty one feels toward it are only blind instinct—or call it what you will. But it bothers me just the same. Her hatred, her complaints make me miserable. It grows worse from day to day. I literally hear how she talks back to me, scolds me, and tries to revenge the wrongs I am supposed to have done her father. I wanted to send her abroad to study, but she refuses to take anything from me. She doesn't answer my letters. When I telephone her—and in a kibbutz it's not an easy thing to get a connection—she hangs up on me. There would be one remedy—to go back to live with Tobias—but the very thought of it makes me vomit. How he managed to implant such hatred is a riddle to me. This has actually become the essence of his life. He appears to be saccharine sweet, but inside he is bitter and malicious. The things he says are baffling in their stupidity, and yet they frighten me, too. There is some mysterious strength in fools. They are deeply rooted in the primeval chaos. You are the only man in the world I have confided this to. I have lost my brothers, and to me you are like an older brother. Thirty-three years is a long time, but somehow I remembered you. Many times I wanted to write to you. However, for me writing a letter is an impossible task. Aren't you sleepy?"

"No."

"Why not? It's late."

"The history in this land doesn't let me sleep."

"Who? Father Abraham?"

"The prophets."

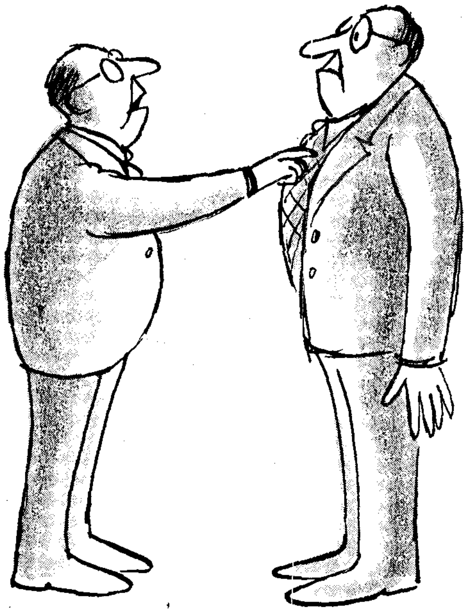
"The first time, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to go to the toilet in Jerusalem, it was so holy, but you get accustomed to it. Are you ready to ride with me the whole night?"

"Yes, but where?"

"Don't laugh at me. I want to take you to my daughter's kibbutz. I stopped visiting her. I've taken an oath—a secular oath; by what can we swear?—that I will never visit her. Every time I go there, she shows her hostility. She is simply possessed by her hatred for me. She refuses to sit with me in the dining hall. She has spit in my face. The reason I want to take you is this. Tobias will be happy to see you. You and he were supposed to be bosom friends. He reads you faithfully. Rina also knows of you. She boasts that you are her father's friend. Here a writer still commands some respect. In that sense, Israel is like Jadow. I can't rest in bed anyhow, and I don't take tranquillizers anymore. I'd like to go and have a look at her. Then we will drive back and you will be in the hotel by ten o'clock. I have to be at the clinic, but since you have no work here, you can close the shutters and sleep as long as you wish."

"All right, I agree."

"I am exploiting you, eh? I know I am being weak, but there is some weakness even in the strong. We will be in the kibbutz at daybreak. They have a high school there, and Rina is in the senior class. She works there, too. She has chosen the stable, just to spite me. She milks the cows and cleans away the dung. There is one sphere in which everyone is a genius, and that is in being spiteful."



"You are a pompous, conceited, bombastic, pretentious old windbag."

• •

"What kind of a kibbutz is it?"

Freidl mentioned a name.

"Isn't that a leftist kibbutz?"

"Yes, they are leftists. He, as well as his daughter. Their god is Borokhov. They went there to spread the Torah of revolution directly from Zion. The others have cooled off somewhat, but for the two of them Lenin is still Moses. It's all personal. Just because I make fun of it. She is good-looking, an absolute beauty—clever also. In America, Hollywood would have snapped her up, but here she became a stablemaid."

"Does she go out with boys?"

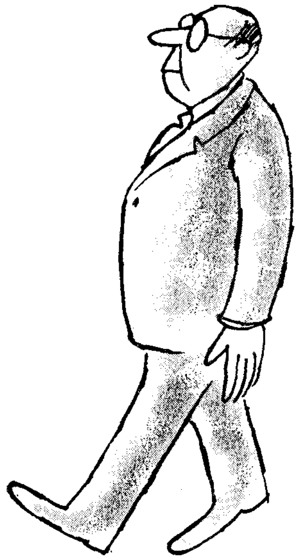
"Yes, but not seriously. She'll marry some boor, and that will be it."

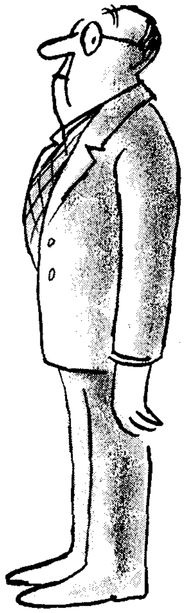
"She will give you grandchildren."

"For this I have no feeling at all."

"Who is your present lover?"

Freidl was silent for a while. "Oh, there is one. A lawyer, an *orech-din*. He has a wife and children. When I want him he's here, and when I don't want him he's off. Tobias wouldn't divorce me anyhow. I am past forty, and the great desire is over. Once, I had a passion for my work; now even this isn't what it used to be. I would like to write a novel, but no one is waiting for my fiction. Besides, I am actually left without a language. Hebrew is not my mother tongue. To write in Yiddish here makes no sense. I know French fluently, but I haven't used it in years.





My English is quite good, but not good enough for writing. Anyhow, I'm not going to become your competitor. Lean back and try to sleep."

"I assure you, I'm not sleepy."

"If you had come a few years sooner, I might have started something with you, but for some time now I've had the feeling that it's late for everything. Perhaps this is the beginning of my menopause, or a presage of death. This daughter has robbed me of all my joy."

"Really, you should be psychoanalyzed."

"What? I don't believe in it. It wouldn't help. All my life I've had one main neurosis and a lot of little ones I called the 'candidates.' When one stepped out, another rose to take its place. They kept on changing, like a clique of politicians. One became the leader for a few years, and then he handed over power to the next. In a few cases, something like a court revolution occurred. This with my daughter is relatively new, but not so new. It grew like a cancer, and I felt it growing."

"What is it that you want of her?"

"That she should love me."

"And what will this bring you?"

"I'm asking you."

I leaned back and began to doze.

I WAS neither awake nor asleep. I dreamed, and in the middle of my dreams I opened one eye and saw that the moon had vanished. The black night lay heavily over the earth, and it reminded me of the darkness in the beginning of creation before God said, "Let there be light!" The insects had become silent. Freidl drove quickly, and I had the uncanny feeling that we were sliding downhill into an abyss. The glowing tip of her cigarette shook upward, downward, sidewise. She seemed to be signalling to someone in a fiery code. You never know who is going to be your angel of death, I thought. It's Freidl from Jadow. I slept again and saw craggy mountains and shadowy giants. They tried to lay a bridge from summit to summit. They spoke an ancient tongue in booming voices and reached out long arms to the edge of the horizon. Below, waters were raging, foaming, throwing up boulders. "Can this be the river Sambation?" I asked myself. "In that case, it's not just a legend. . . ." I opened my eyes, and from behind a hill the sun emerged, bathed and Biblical, casting a light that was neither night nor day. In my half sleep, this scene was somehow connected with the priests' blessing of the Jews, which one is not permitted to look upon lest one become blind. I dozed again.

Freidl woke me. We had arrived at the kibbutz. In the twilight of dawn I saw cactus trees gleaming with dew, beds of flowers, and huts with open doors from which half-dressed men and women came out. They were all sunburned, almost black. Some carried towels, cakes of soap, toothbrushes. Freidl said to me, "You slept like a god."

She took my arm and led me on a narrow path overgrown with wet grass. She knocked at a door, and when no one responded she knocked louder. I heard a hoarse voice, and Freidl answered. The door opened and out came a man with dishevelled black hair streaked with white, barefoot, in an unbuttoned shirt that exposed a hairy chest. One side of his face was more wrinkled than the other—raw and red as from a rash. He held up his pants with one hand. "Can this be Tobias?" I asked myself. He had broad shoulders, a thick nose, and a heavily veined neck.

Freidl said to him, "Forgive me for waking you. I brought you a guest."

I was beginning to find some resemblance between this elderly person and Tobias from Jadow. But he blinked sleepily and did not recognize me.

Freidl smiled. "It's Motele the Rabbi's, from Jadow."

"Motele," Tobias repeated and stood there confused, quiet, with his hand on his unbuttoned pants. After a while, he embraced me with his free hand. We kissed, and his beard pricked me like a potato grater.

Freidl said, "I want to see Rina. I will just take a look at her. We have to go straight back."

"Rina isn't home," Tobias answered hesitantly, in a flat voice.

Freidl became tense. "Where is she?"

"Not home."

"Where?"

"With a girl friend."

"Who? You're lying."

Husband and wife began to bicker in Hebrew. I heard Tobias say, "She is with her mentor."

"With her mentor? In the middle of the night?"

"With her mentor," Tobias repeated.

"Are you crazy, or do you think that I am?"

"She sleeps there." Tobias spoke as if to himself.

Although the sun threw purple flecks on Freidl's face, I saw that she paled. Her lips trembled. Her expression became angry, aggrieved. She said, “A girl of sixteen goes to sleep at a boy’s? You shame me before Motele.”

“She learned it from her mother.” Tobias’s eyes beneath his bushy brows were piercing and cold. I saw in them even an expression of mockery. I stepped back. Tobias made a sign with his hand that I should wait. He smiled, and for the first time I really recognized the Tobias from Jadow. He went inside.

Freidl called a name after him. She turned to me. “He’s mad. A mad degenerate.”

We stood still, apart from one another. Tobias was not in a hurry to come out. Freidl’s face seemed set and older. “It’s all malice. To spite me, he’s making a whore of his daughter. Well, I have no more daughter.”

“Perhaps it isn’t true.”

“Come, let’s see.”

Freidl walked in front of me, and I followed. My pants and socks became wet with dew. We passed a truck into which men with bare chests were loading crates of live chickens. They clucked in their sleep. We approached a building that looked halfway between a hayloft and a watchtower. There was a weathercock on its cone roof. This was where the mentor lived. A ladder led up to the entrance. Freidl called, “Rina!” Her voice sounded shrill, with a tremor of crying. She called many times, but no one looked out from the open window. Freidl gave me a sidewise glance, as if to ask, “Should I climb up?”

I felt cold; my knees were shaky. It all seemed without substance—one of those nightmares that vanish as soon as one wakens. I wanted to tell Freidl there was no purpose in standing here, it would be best to go back, but at that moment the face of a girl appeared. It passed like a shadow. Freidl must have seen it also. She stood openmouthed. This was no longer the doctor who had spoken those clever words this night but a shocked Jewish mother. It seemed that she wanted to cry out, but she was silent. It was now full day, and a mist drifted from somewhere. I said, “Come, Freidl, it makes no sense.”

“Yes, you are right.”

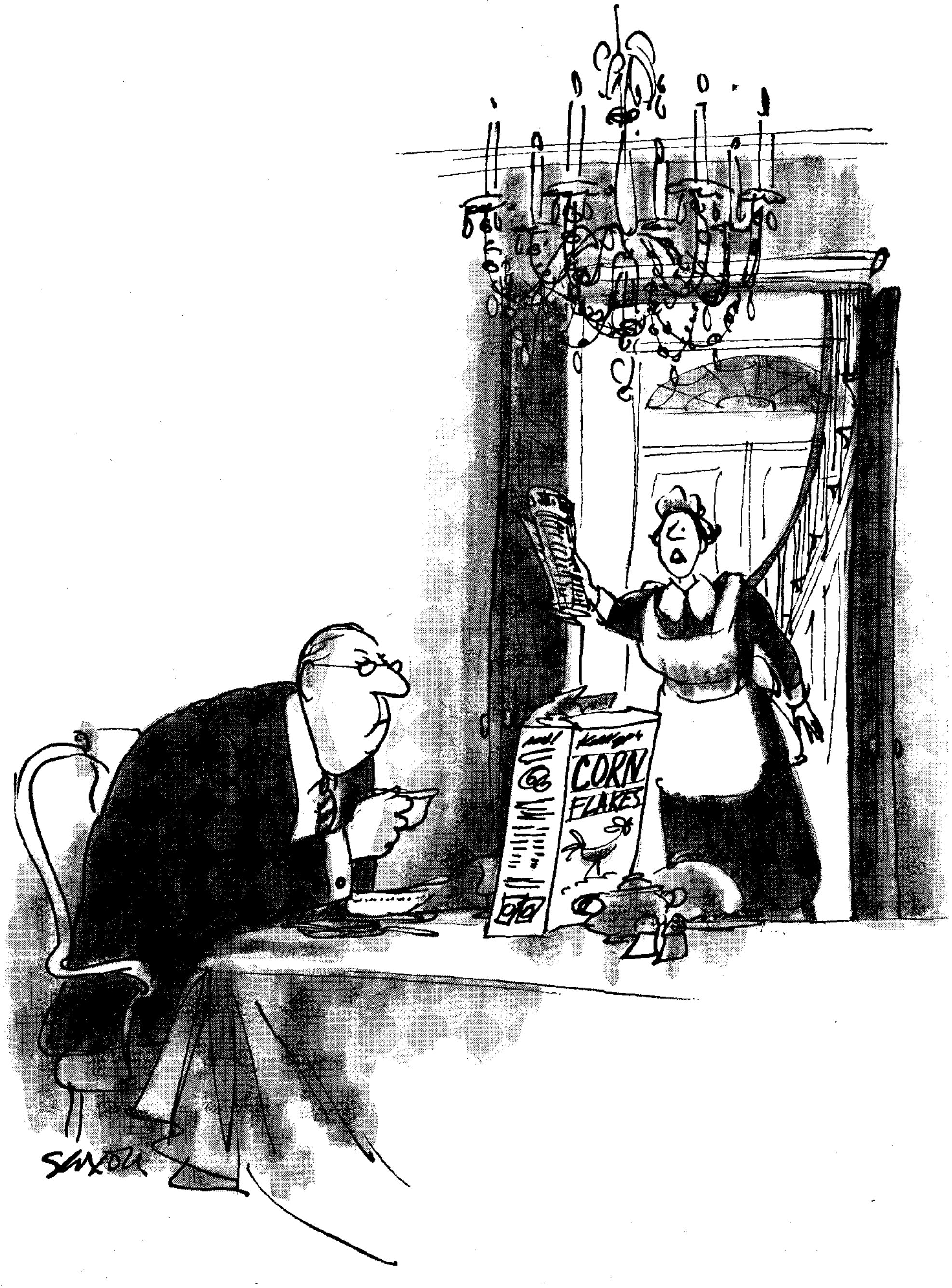
I was apprehensive that Freidl would take me back to Tobias’s house and begin a quarrel with him, but she led me in another direction. She walked so quickly I could barely follow her. We passed the empty dining hall. Naked bulbs lighted the room. A girl was spreading paper on narrow tables. A boy washed the stone floor with a rag mop. The air was pungent with disinfectant. Soon we reached Freidl’s car.

She drove fast. I leaned back and stared ahead. It was cold and I shivered. I turned up the collar of my jacket. Thank God I have no daughters, I thought. In the east, a cloud spread out like a huge bed of fiery coals. A long row of birds flew by screeching. We passed a flock of sheep that seemed to be feeding on the sandy soil of a barren field. Although I had doubts about God, His mercy, and Providence, passages from the Bible came to my mind—Isaiah’s admonitions of doom: “Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers. . . . They have forsaken the Lord. They have provoked the Holy One of Israel. . . .” I had an urge to prove to Freidl that she was using a double standard—one for herself and a different one for others—but I knew that her contradictions were also my contradictions. The powers that rule history had brought us back to the land of our ancestors, but we had already defiled it with abominations. The sun became hot and sulphurous yellow. Sparks and little flames fell from it, as from a torch. It threw a light shadowy and gloomy, as at a time of eclipse. A dry wind blew from the desert, sweeping in fine sand. Freidl’s face became ashen gray and sunken. At this moment I saw in her a resemblance to her mother, Deborah Ita.

We pulled up at a gas station with a sign in Hebrew, and Freidl said to me, “Where shall we go from here? If this is a mentor, everything is lost. I am cured, cured forever!”

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

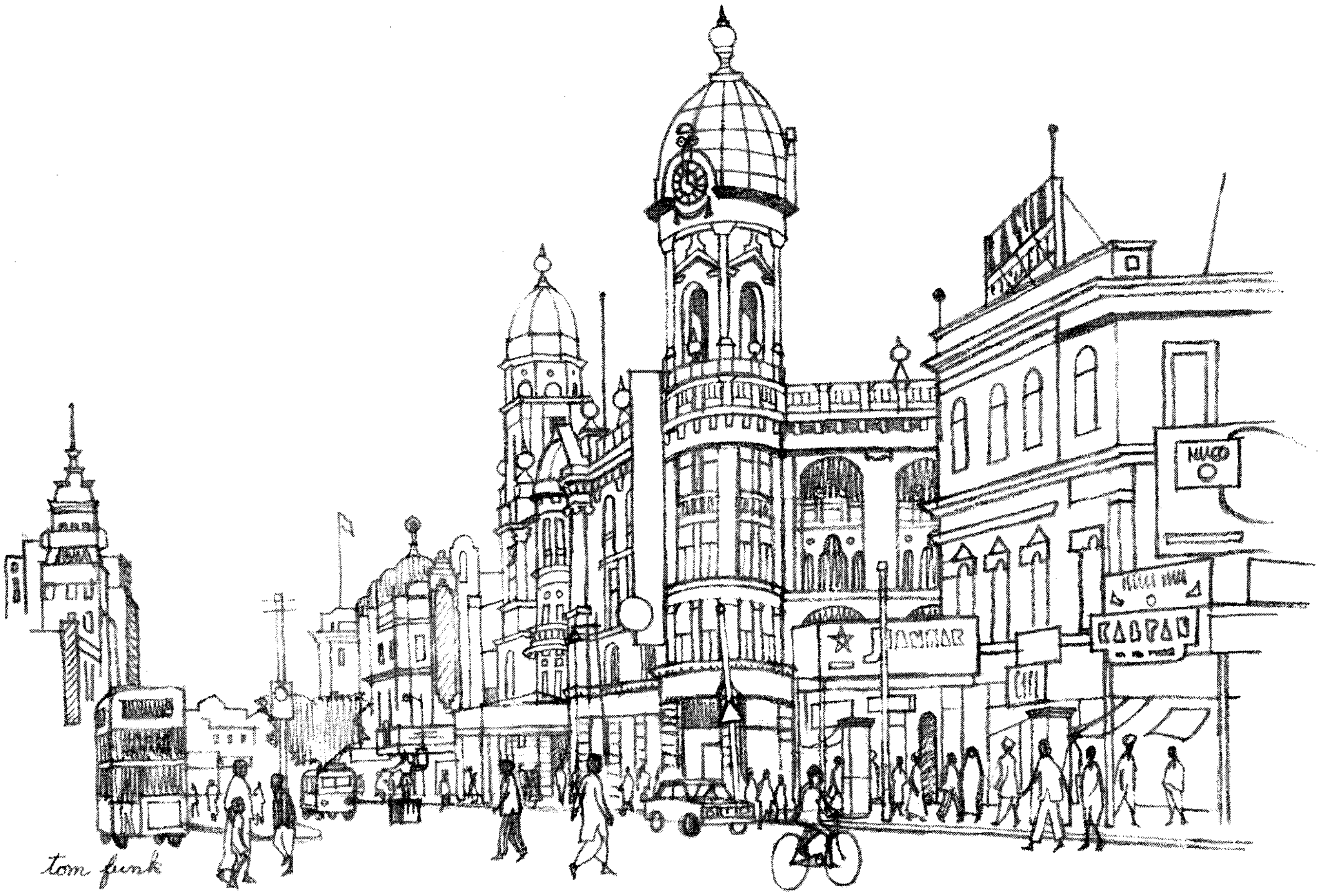
(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Evelyn Torton Beck.*)



“Hold it, Mr. Broadhurst! The boy just delivered the ‘Times’!”

PROFILES

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT



COME AGAIN IF YOU LEAVE THE CITY: Recent visit to Calcutta, in West Bengal. View as the plane descends: Flat, wet land. Coconut palms. Dark, muddy Hooghly River. Mills strung along the river like beads. Factories. Hovels. Touch down at Dum-Dum Airport. Hot enough to fire bricks. New airport road. More hovels. Stench. Taste of grime in the mouth. Maelstrom of traffic. Roar of humanity.

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The Grand, best hotel in Calcutta, on fashionable Chowringhi Road. Best neighborhood. Offices, shops, hotels, museum. Sign in the room cautions against drinking tap water.

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Alongside Chowringhi, the famous Maidan—Indian Hyde Park. Two miles long, a mile wide. Green. Cosmopolitan. Girls in frocks and boys in knickers playing hopscotch, babies in prams, young men with books of Bengali verse, Europeans, athletes at gymnastics, masseurs giving rubdowns on the grass, *sadhus*. Monuments to soldiers and viceroys. Tall column to Sir David Ochterlony, a soldier in India for fifty years. At one side of Maidan, Victoria Memorial, white marble edifice with dome, surrounded by lakes and well-maintained gardens. Notices forbidding games or running in the gardens. At other side of Maidan, vast outline of Fort William, then river. British Calcutta called "village of palaces," and around Maidan are grand residences, grand government buildings. Façades, mock-Gothic and colonial, now crumbling. Streets—Wellesley, Cornwallis, Amherst, Curzon. Clubs—Turf Club, Swimming Club, Calcutta Club. Two race courses, two golf courses within city limits of Calcutta.

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Head offices of the *Statesman*, one of the handful of English-language dailies in India. Edited by an Englishman, A. E. Charlton. His telephone keeps ringing. "Yes, it's raining," he says into telephone. "Yes. . . . What? . . . Your ants were very right. Congratulate the ants." Then, to me: "That was my right-hand man here. He told me this morning that it would rain, because he had seen a heap of ants coming out of their hole, and he rang me up to tell me the ants were right."

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Howrah Bridge. People taking the evening air. Dramatic bore tide. Jetties bobbing, small boats hurrying to middle of river.

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Indian heirs. Harrison Road now Mahatma Gandhi Road, Lansdowne now Sarat Bose Road, Wellesley now Rafi Ahmed Kidwai Road. Old and new names used interchangeably. Even residents have two surnames, Anglicized and Bengalicized—Chatterji and Chattopadhya, Bannerji and Bandhopadhya, Mukherji and Mukhopadhya. New residential areas—Alipore, Ballygunge, Tollygunge. Restaurants—the Peiping, the Blue Fox, the Bar-B-Q, the Kwality. Fish and sweetmeats. Cinemas. Indian sahibs in raw-silk bush shirts, Indian memsahibs in saris with wide, rich borders. Women in tribal dress, complete with anklets and nose rings. Bearded Sikhs in pajamas and *kurtas*. Bengali gentlemen in *dhotis*—umbrellas in their hands. Snatches of conversation in, seemingly, every Indian tongue.

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Bengalis talkative, ebullient, charming people. Call themselves "the French of the East." Everywhere, emanation of Rabindranath Tagore, who, they say, started "India's intellectual renaissance." Shelves of books by Tagore, about Tagore, dedicated to Tagore. Everyone constantly invoking the Bengali contemporaries and successors of Tagore—the philosopher Sri Aurobindo, the novelist Sarat Chandra Chatterji, the mystic Ramakrishna, the social reformer Ram Mohan Roy, the revolutionary Subhas Chandra Bose, and the "Nightingale of India," Sarojini Naidu. Also, the musician Ali Akbar Khan, the dancer Uday Shankar, the painter Jamini Roy, and the film director Satyajit Ray.

•

Dinner at the residence of a rich Bengali. Walled compound with cast-iron balustrades, beds of flowers, rococo fountain, marble nudes. House with several inner courtyards, halls, chandeliers, mirrors.

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Unpainted buildings with rash of signs advertising businesses on all floors. On sidewalks and streets, bamboo-and-burlap lean-tos, prostrate bodies with bundles, sacred bulls chewing on husks of coconut. Smells—dung, urine, sweat, incense, jasmine. Women scooping up and patting cow dung, and other women cooking on fires of cow-dung chips. Heat at 117°. Children washing in runnels.

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Roadside stalls. Signboards: "Four Annas Shave, Eight Annas Headcut, Ten Annas Singeing Ladies' Heads." "Loafer's Delight Restaurant. Mutton Cutlis Our Specialty. Eat Them, Enjoy Them, Repeat Them." *Pan*-wallahs folding individual scented betel leaves stuffed with lime, catechu, betelnuts. Icemen. Sherbet-wallahs—cool blends of fruit juices, served in gaudy glasses. Fortune-tellers and astrologers. More hawkers and venders, with coconut meat and coconut milk, coir intoxicants and arrack, lotus flowers. Other aromas: freshly ground pomegranate seed, coriander seed, cumin seed, mustard seed; mint, ginger, cardamom, turmeric, cinnamon, cloves, bay leaf; *ghi*, chilies, peppers, chutneys. Narrow, cobbled streets, and more stalls, more kiosks, more bazaars. A bookseller and publisher, a goldsmith, a butcher shop with goats being driven in through the door. Everywhere: "*Baksheesh!* . . . *Baksheesh!* . . . *Baksheesh!*"

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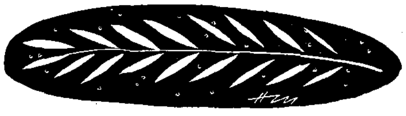
Visit to a *busti* (imperfectly translated as "slum") with M. S. Guha Mustaffi, assistant engineer, Calcutta Corporation. Huddles of red tile roofs crowding both sides of a paved street. Streets packed with milling, barefoot people and inquisitive, half-naked children, old cows, and stray dogs. *Pukka*, or permanent, houses, made of brick and cement, but moldy and decaying. Maze of spidery alleys, gullies, and footpaths leading away from the street. Ordure, rotting garbage, and mud underfoot. Overhead, wet clothes, a jumble of colors. A narrow vacant lot jammed with milch cows—the infamous *khatal*, or cattle pen. Now an agglutination of wattle-and-daub *kutcha*, or impermanent, huts and houses, all with common walls. Near them, a tube well and, beside it, gutters and a latrine. More huts. Miserable stalls of venders. A water tap and an endless line of women waiting with buckets. "The *bustis* are on private land," Guha Mustaffi is saying, "but the Corporation tries to provide tube wells and water pumps whenever funds permit." Duck through low, narrow doorway into courtyard. Open, smoke-filled, unpaved, muddy, used communally for washing clothes and utensils and for bathing. Clustered around courtyard, a few windowless cubicles. Families of a bus-driver, a fruit seller, a taxi-driver, a tailor live in them. Go into a cubicle. Cement floor. Above, roof tiles. A single hemp *charpoy*. A few shelves holding a few utensils—iron griddle, rolling pin, pan and pot, mortar and pestle. Wife of Yusuf Mohammed, fruit seller, small and full of smiles, dressed in cotton sari printed with flowers. Brood of children. "It is very hot here in the day," she says. "Only in the evening a little breeze comes. But it is Allah's will." "Do you get enough to eat?" Mustaffi asks. "He makes only three rupees a day, and our rent is sixteen rupees a month," she says. In the doorway, a man. "You lie. The rent is only twelve rupees a month," he says. Altercation. Mustaffi explains that system is for the actual landlord to rent a house to one tenant, who sublets rooms to subtenants. The man in the doorway, Isaac, is the tenant landlord of the subtenants. Isaac complains. Collects sixty rupees monthly from subtenants, but Corporation taxes and landlord—Addy, of Addy Estates—take more than twenty rupees. Leave nothing to live on. Visit Moti Jheel ("pearl lake") Busti. Gets name from actual stagnant pond. Other *bustis*, with roofs of tile, tin, or jute sacking. Shatubabu Lane Busti, Bibi Baghan Busti, Tangra Busti, 90 and 110 Linton Street Busti, Bedford Lane Busti, Collin Street Busti, Elliot Road Busti. Southeast limits of Calcutta, and Dhapa, the city's huge refuse dump. Dhapa: open trailers piled high with refuse are pulling up and unloading on great rubbish heaps. All around, bleak, desolate encampments. A slaughterhouse. A butchered cow wheeled by. Human figures, mostly women, scavenging in the heaps. Beyond, marshland.



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Look through Calcutta *Hand Book* for tourists. Come upon an appeal—in disconcerting English—some of which reads like an official apologia, some like a personal letter. Appeal opens, "Calcutta has been variously described as the city of nightmare, the city of processions, the city of filth and squalor, etc., etc.," but continues with an optimism as charming as it is pathetic:

> But here live some 30 lakhs of people in about 30 sq. miles. Here you will find the multi-storied skyscrapers proudly raising their high heads to the still beyond sky, having a broad base of slum area built of mud and tiled houses. You will find here miles and miles of underground sewer through which a man can even walk erect, carrying filth and dirt to the outskirts of the city, and you will also find vast areas with service latrine where night-soil has yet got to be removed in Buckets by human agencies. Vast Concrete and Asphalted streets bordered on both sides by huge buildings will greet you on your entry to the city from the east or north whereas your entry from the west or south may possibly sicken you with sights of poor living conditions of the large number of refugees, sailors or seamen who throng the areas. . . .
>
> You want a stroll? Go right along the Ganges [Hooghly] by Strand Road right up to the Dock areas. You feel tired in your unaccustomed long-distance walk? Just sit along the Bank of the Ganges and as our Commissioner says, throw pebbles into the water. The "Tup-Tip" sound will possibly sooth your nerves. . . .
>
> You want a ride on the boat. In the rainy season, you are told you can have your ride on the very streets of Calcutta. . . .
>
> Do you feel depressed for all our commissions and omissions? Why not see the night life of Calcutta and the West Bengal Government's Tourist Bureau is at your service to oblige you. . . .
>
> Still not satisfied? Then you better go

> to either of the Coffee Houses. Here you will find budding politicians or scholars calmly but passionately discussing the evils of the World and you will find your problem solved in no time.... But if you ... crave for majestic isolated travel—hail one of our Rickshaws—still drawn by your fellow brother who will run for Your Majesty at the risk of their lives and neither your pity nor your wrath will help them if you just do not like to avail yourself of their services.... The Chowringhee and Central Avenue Dalhousie area will cater to your needs, if you can pay for it.... A large number of Restaurants of the Park Street will be at your service with dinner, dance and whatnot....
>
> Yes—Yes—We know. You find Garbages heaped in streets, Taxi-wallas evading your calls, water supply not adequate, hazards of using a public conveyance, etc., etc.
>
> But let us have our say. Our per capita income is Rs. 19·58 [19 rupees and 58 pices] and not Rs. 53·43 as in Bombay or elsewhere.... We have to look after a vast number of refugees who are yet to find their way towards a means of livelihood. You ask, why cannot we increase the per capita income if Bombay can do so? Well, well—why do we grow Jute to earn foreign exchange for India when we can grow paddy to feed our people? Why do we pay most of Income Tax, which is distributed to other provinces to meet their needs? Many such questions can be asked, but who is going to answer them?
>
> The truncated Bengal is now Calcutta. Here come people from all other provinces, form their own communities, live in peace with Bengalees, earn for their families, and send their earnings to their native provinces. We cannot tax them.... You live with us and probably prefer to share our comparatively cheap living, and we prefer to live moderately so that we may yet exist as Bengalees. Cities other than Calcutta are cosmopolitan, but Calcutta still remains a city of Bengalees....
>
> Don't tell us about our failings and shortcomings. We know it all and we are being reminded of it daily. If you find anything good, tell others. Live with us in peace and come again if you leave the city. You are welcome.

THIS morning, I go, by prearrangement, to Rakhal Das Addy Road and to the offices of Sanat Kumar Addy, a landlord whose holdings include *busti* properties—the Shatubabu Busti and 90 and 110 Linton Street Busti among them—and also houses in other parts of Calcutta and an entire bazaar. Rakhal Das Addy Road is some distance from Chowringhi, in a poorish neighborhood. This road, like most roads in Calcutta, is narrow, but, unlike most, it is relatively quiet. The offices, a couple of rooms that occupy the ground floor of a two-story structure, are indistinguishable from those of any other traditional Indian business establishment. There is one long main room with shelves and steel cupboards along the walls, all crammed with ledgers done up in jute sacking. In the back of the room is a platform about a foot high covered with a clean white cotton cloth, on which, barefoot, a half-dozen bespectacled *babus* wearing white *kurtas* and *dhotis* sit cross-legged, poring over more ledgers. In the front of the room is a long table, around which the *seths*, or rich men, of the business, also in *kurtas* and *dhotis*, sit in chairs, conferring. A brand-new pack of cigarettes and a brand-new box of matches, which are set out on a little white tin plate in the center of the table, are the only touches of modernity in the musty office. As is the custom in such establishments, no general introductions are made, but a chair is brought up and placed for me beside Addy, who is an elderly man with a weasellike face and a circumspect air. Behind rimless glasses, his eyes are friendly, and when he smiles he reveals a few chipped teeth.

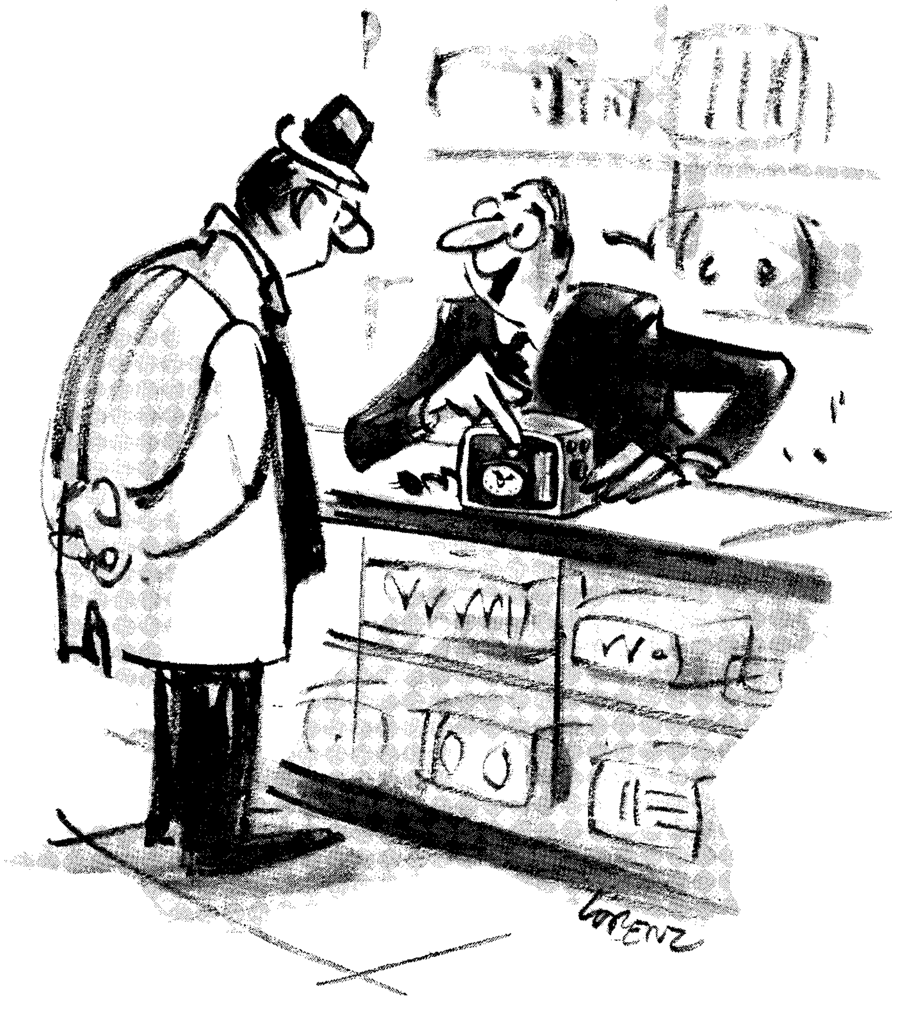
I ask Addy how he got into the real-estate business.

"The business was started by my grandfather," he says. "The house I live in was built by my grandfather. I live there with my relatives—we all live in the same house as a joint family, and they are co-owners of the Calcutta properties. The house has seventeen or eighteen rooms. We once had a rice business, but the government has taken away our rice fields, and now our Calcutta properties are our only source of income."

I ask him if he inspects his properties in the *bustis*.

"We are handicapped," he says. "In practice, we have no status as landlords in the *bustis*. We are only *de-facto* landlords, with no power to act. Since 1937, the courts have administered our *busti* properties through a receiver. It's up to the courts to make any improvements, and even the courts can't do anything unless the tenant pays a reasonable amount of rent."

Very milky tea is now served in teacups, with a couple of biscuits on each saucer, and over the tea I learn that the receiver, Niha Ranjan Ghosh, is at the



". . . and you can wake to either AM or FM sounds. In addition, there's this little red bulb, which, in the event of a transportation tieup or national catastrophe, will light up, indicating that getting out of bed is unnecessary."

table, and that the other men around it are partners and associates of Addy.

"As a receiver, I am responsible for administration and maintenance of the property and for distribution of income to the co-owners of the property," Ghosh tells me. "We receivers are compensated by the court, but my compensation amounts to only a few thousand rupees a year. But I also have my law practice."

I ask Addy about the extent of his holdings in the *bustis*.

"We own altogether sixteen or seventeen *busti* houses and we have from three hundred to three hundred and fifty tenants," he says.

I ask him how much rent he collects from the *busti* houses.

He becomes noticeably wary. "It varies," he says. "Supposing a single family has had the lease of the same *busti* house for three or four generations—then the family may pay only eight annas per month per *kutta*, which is seven hundred and twenty square feet. The highest amount we can get per *kutta* is sixteen rupees a month. In Linton Street, I have sixty *kuttas*, and I am getting from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and forty rupees per month from them as rent, yet I hear that the land in the neighborhood of Linton Street is selling very high—from twenty to twenty-four thousand rupees per *kutta*. Then, too, the tenants who rent *busti* houses from us may sublet rooms in the houses as long as they continue to live in the houses, and we can't evict them. We must go to the court. Landlords who don't have the money to fight in the court for six, seven, or eight years can't even litigate, and so they sell their holdings for nothing, because who wants to buy property where the rents are token, where the tenants can't be disturbed, and where the *busti* houses can't be torn down? I have spent thousands and thousands of rupees litigating. I spend all my time litigating. Nothing ever comes of it, but at least it kills time."

As I am leaving, he says, "Every *busti* landlord in Calcutta would stand to multiply his income many hundredfold if all the *busti* houses were razed tomorrow. We don't want to own *bustis* any more than anyone wants to live in them. We would all like to help the poor *busti*-dweller."

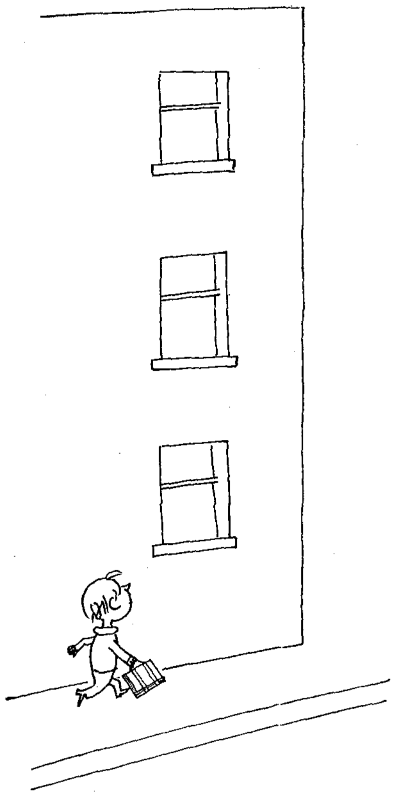
From Rakhal Das Addy Road, I go to an appointment with B. Malik, the Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. Malik is a pleasant, thoughtful man, who looks younger than his age, which is seventy-one.

"I am at least trying to do something about the administration of the university before I leave the place," he tells me. "Let me give you an example of the kind of mess it is in. There is a very learned Sanskrit lecturer here, Bhatabi Ram Shastri. He was offered a better appointment at another university, and a proposal was made to keep him here by upgrading his post. The proposal went from one committee to another, and after two years it reached the senate, which represents faculty members, deans, and graduates. The senate agreed to upgrade him. But then someone in the senate spoke up and said that since Bhatabi Ram Shastri had been waiting for two years, the upgrading of his post should be retroactive. Someone else said that in that case Bhatabi Ram Shastri should give up his two years' salary retroactively. The post had not been advertised publicly. If it had been, Shastri might have lost out to another applicant, in which case he would not have been receiving any salary at all from the university for the last two years. Wonderful, to upgrade a man's post for his benefit, and in the process to take away his salary! I had emergency powers to make the appointment, and I immediately used them to make his upgrading retroactive. Someone else in the senate now spoke up and said, 'Sir, you took over as Vice-Chancellor a few months after his appointment came up for upgrading. Therefore, how can you retroactively upgrade him?' Our senate is full of wayside lawyers. With the help of the Ford Foundation, which has taken a special interest in Calcutta, we are now trying to streamline the administration."

I ask him what other steps are being taken to improve conditions in the university.

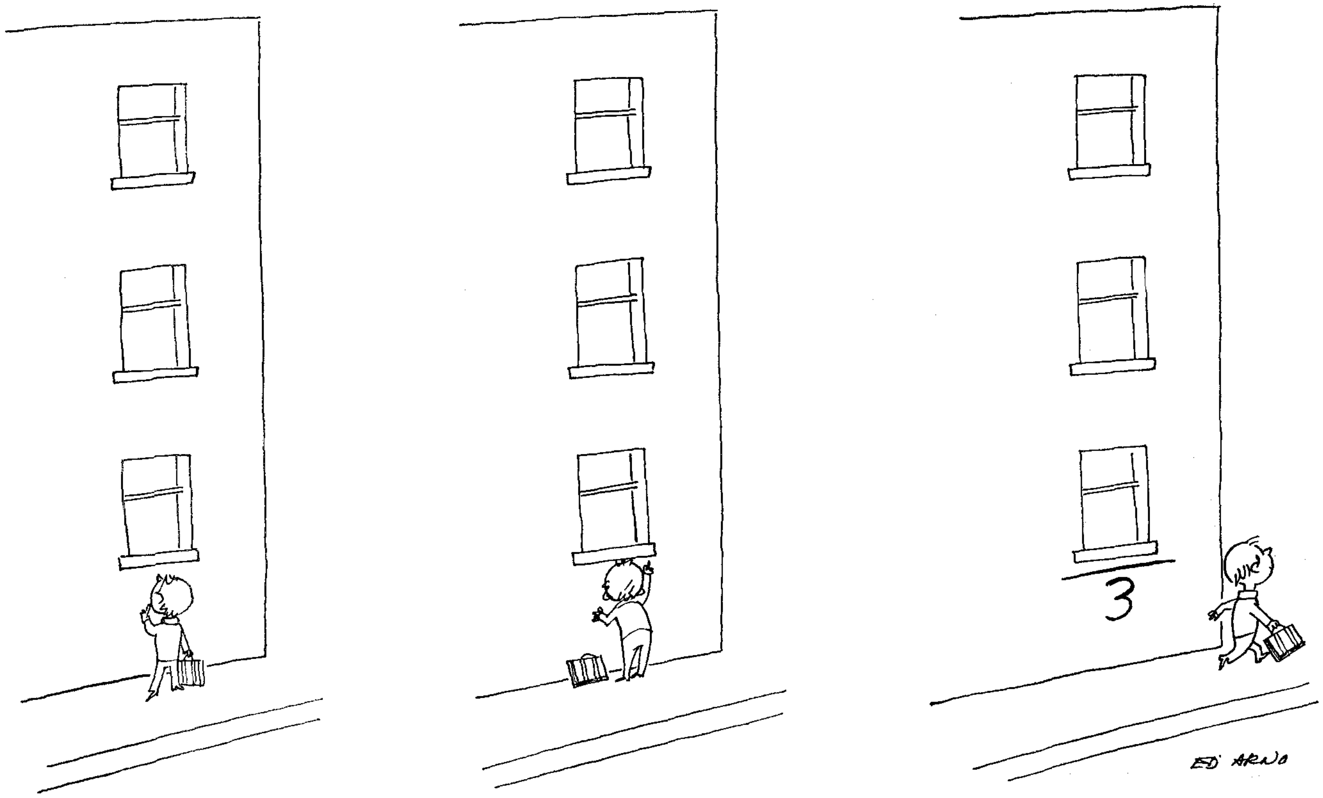
"We scarcely know where to begin," he says. "We are a very poor university—for seventy-five per cent of our financing we are dependent on student fees. The colleges are spread out all over the city, and there is almost no social contact between students and teachers. We don't have many residential facilities, and we don't know where or how most of our teachers and students live. We don't know what happens to the students after classes, and we don't inquire. One consequence of this is that they get involved in every major riot in the city. The university is bedevilled with strikes, and examinations and degrees are continually being put off."

Afterward, I have a drink with Samar Sen, the editor of a new intellectual English-language weekly called *Now*, and some of his friends, at his house. Every ashtray is full, and the atmosphere is a little feverish. The talk always returns to *Now*, and to the best-known Bengali man of letters writing in English, Nirad Chaudhuri, and his *Now* articles, of which the following passage is fairly typical:



> ... If I were a sphinx of granite with only the brains of man and bent on intellectual laughter, I should today burst into such a peal of guffaw as with their reverberating ha-ha would crack the vast dome of the firmament. But I am a bundle of nerves and flesh, and I suffer. I am swept off my feet at intervals by uncontrollable gusts of rage at what I see. I feel like picking up a cat-o'-nine-tails and laying about among our politicians, or want to seize a machinegun to mow down the mob or, better still, a flamethrower to cauterize the earth of a suppurating vileness. I feel like going abroad to preach a crusade like Peter the Hermit, although my efforts might turn out to be only as laughable as Don Quixote's, and the result as pitiful as the Children's Crusade. But in actual fact I can only gnash my teeth, and tear my hair.

ON THE BANKS OF THE HOOGHLY: The Calcutta Metropolitan District bears such a large responsibility for India's industrial effort and is such a mixture of ethnic communities and ethnic traditions that it has been seen as a perfect reflection of India as a whole and as a test case to determine whether India (or any other underdeveloped country) can ever succeed in building a modern, industrialized



nation. Though Calcutta proper, or, technically, the Calcutta Corporation, as the largest single center in the Calcutta Metropolitan District is called, is today the official capital only of the state of West Bengal, it actually serves as the commercial and cultural capital of all of east and northeast India—an area that has a hundred and fifty million inhabitants, or a little less than a third of India's total population. (Calcutta is also, in a similar sense, the capital of the Himalayan states of Sikkim, Bhutan, and Nepal.) India's two greatest exports, tea and jute, which are grown in West Bengal and Assam, are processed in the Calcutta Metropolitan District and shipped out of the Port of Calcutta. Most of the equipment and the supplies for the steel and engineering industries in West Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa also pass through the Port of Calcutta. These three states are known for their rich deposits of iron and coal, for their concentration of heavy engineering and locomotive works, and, above all, for their production of most of India's steel. (All her ironworks except the Bhilai steel plant, in Madhya Pradesh, are in this region.) The Calcutta Metropolitan District handles—according to the latest available set of government statistics, for 1963 and 1964—forty-two per cent of India's exports and twenty-five per cent of her imports, clears thirty per cent of all bank transactions in India, contributes thirty per cent of the national revenue from income tax, and manufactures about fifteen per cent of all the goods produced in the country. Calcutta—and, by extension, the Calcutta Metropolitan District—is India's single dominant city and port.

The Calcutta Metropolitan District lies on the Hooghly, in the Gangetic delta of West Bengal. The Hooghly is actually an eastern channel of the Ganges, or the Ganga, which is known by different local names in different regions, and this channel, being the only one navigable from the sea, has always been the most important commercially. About ninety miles inland from the head of the Bay of Bengal, the Hooghly, which generally runs from north to south, loops in a semicircular bend toward the west, creating a bulge of land on the eastern bank. This bulge marks the uppermost point of the river which is navigable by oceangoing ships, and it was around this point that the European traders—Portuguese, Dutch, French, and British, in that order—who sailed up the river in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries founded their settlements. The British settlement, which was established on the bulge in 1690, by Job Charnock, of the East India Company, and was called Calcutta, grew into the capital of British India—a position it held from 1774 until 1911, when the British built New Delhi, deeper in the interior, so that their capital might be equidistant from the three great imperial cities of Karachi, Bombay, and Calcutta. Today, the Calcutta Metropolitan District—a recent official designation for Calcutta and numerous surrounding clusters of urban communities and strings of rural villages, each with its own more or less autonomous local government—sprawls over both banks of the river and extends from the town of Budge-Budge, ten miles below the bulge, to the new township of Kalyani, forty miles above the bulge. The Calcutta Metropolitan District, where about seven and a half million people live in an area of four hundred and ninety square miles, has a population—and in a few cases an area—greater than that of any one of about eighty countries in Africa, Asia, the Americas, and Europe, among them the Congo, Ghana, Tunisia, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Bolivia, Chile, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Denmark, Finland, Ireland, Norway, and Switzerland. Half the population of the Calcutta Metropolitan District lives in Calcutta. Across the river from Calcutta is the second-largest urban community, the Howrah Corporation. Chandernagor, the original French settlement on the Hooghly, which is now in the process of being formally incorporated, will be the third-largest urban community. And there are thirty-one smaller independent municipalities. The majority of them date from the nineteenth century, and almost all of them came into existence with the growth of the jute industry—which was then, as it is now, the main industry in the area—its mills being es-

"Thirty days—plus four years for contempt of court."

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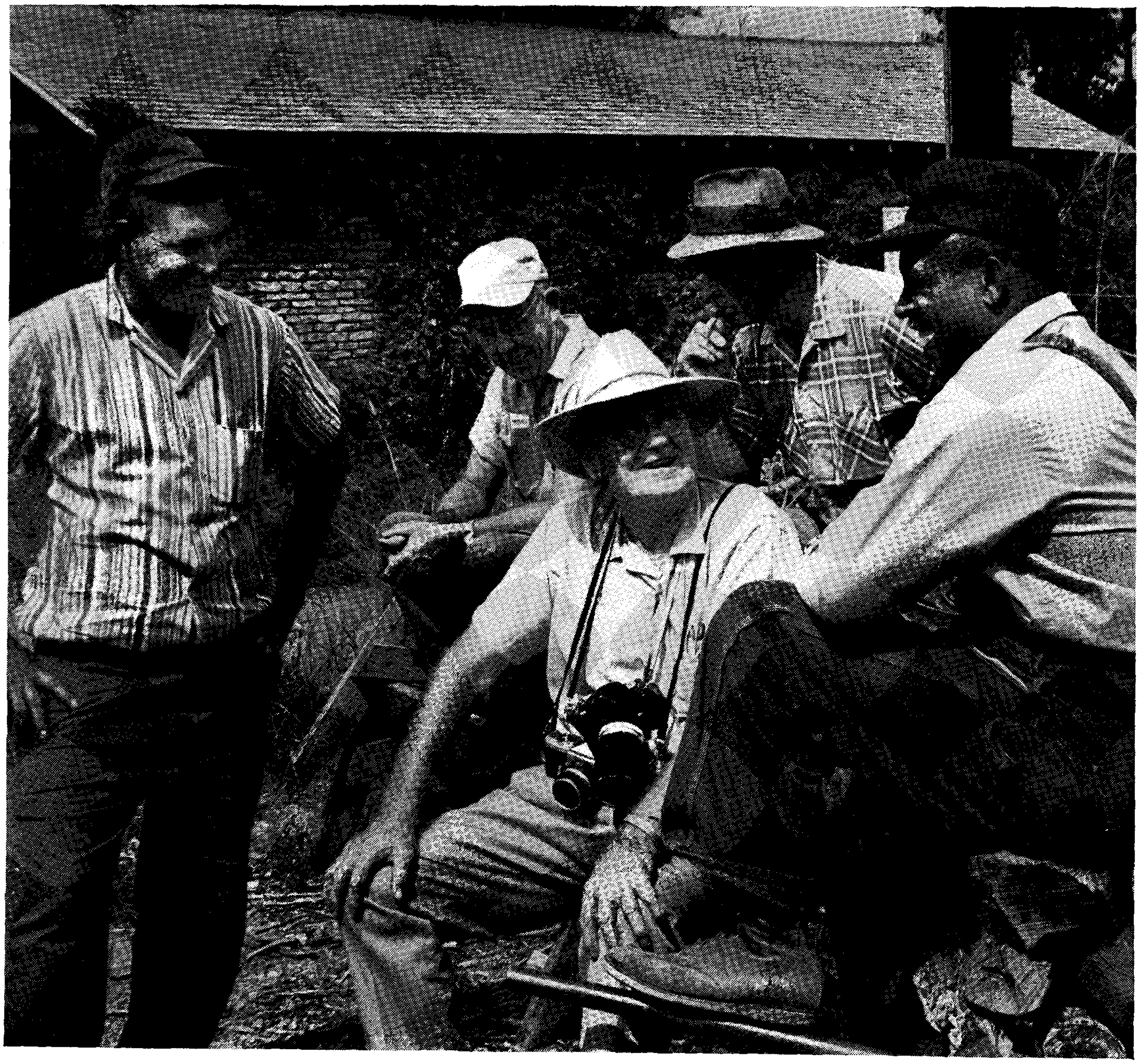
tablished by British businessmen all along the Hooghly to take advantage of water power and water transport. Each new mill brought with it factory workers, who settled nearby in a sort of unplanned shantytown, supported and governed by the British millowners to the extent that these owners provided a modicum of municipal services. As the population and area of the original city of Calcutta expanded, this series of temporary settlements became permanent industrial slums. The mills, which, for the most part, are still in operation, and are still owned by British industrialists, are surrounded both by thick walls and by barbed wire and are protected by watch-and-ward staffs, and they are as spacious, clean, and orderly as the communities outside them are congested, insanitary, and chaotic. In addition to these thirty-one small municipalities—almost none of them have areas of more than six square miles, and some of them have areas of less than two square miles—there are thirty-two still smaller semi-municipalities and no fewer than four hundred and fifty villages. Calcutta, where the port facilities, the major river crossing, the financial markets, the fashionable residences and shops, the clubs, the official buildings and monuments, and the main university buildings are situated, is alone a city in any modern sense. Except for Calcutta and Howrah, not one of the urban or rural communities has more than six thousand ratepayers, and the rates in all of them—with the same two exceptions—are so low that the local governments have no funds for providing such services as running water, sanitation, public housing, health centers, and education, for maintaining streets and roads, or, indeed, even for adequately assessing and collecting rates. (In 1963 and 1964, the tax receipts of Howrah came to only fourteen rupees per person, and the receipts of all the other communities fell far below that, many villages collecting less than one rupee per person.) Except for Calcutta and Howrah, not one of the urban or rural communities has any borrowing capacity, any means of undertaking new projects, or any chance at all of coping with the demands of either a growing population or a changing technology. Even in Calcutta, which is responsible for most of the industrial income, funds are not always allocated to essential municipal services, because these are considered non-productive investments. Owing to the Calcutta Metropolitan District's importance to West Bengal and to India as a whole, there are hundreds of state and federal government departments and agencies and many private organizations that are all devoted to directing local affairs, and many of them have overlapping, and conflicting, jurisdictions; for instance, there are at least fifty bodies concerned with traffic and transportation. All attempts to merge the proliferating local governments have so far been frustrated by rivalries and pressure groups.

In the past, the Hooghly was the chief distributary of the Ganga, emptying into the Bay of Bengal at the westernmost point of the delta, and in the early period of Calcutta's growth it was a deep, open river, offering ideal access from the Bay of Bengal to the inland trade. Any of the oceangoing ships of the time, however deep their draft, could sail in and out of the Port of Calcutta easily at any season, for though the flow of the Ganga changed as the year advanced, diminishing in the summer months (April through June) and swelling in the monsoon months (July through September), the current of the Hooghly was so strong and constant that it swept any silt out to sea or washed it up on the riverbanks. Over the past two hundred years, however, the main flow of the Ganga has gradually shifted, and the Ganga's chief distributary has become the Padma River, which runs through East Pakistan and empties into the Bay of Bengal at the easternmost point of the delta. At the confluence of the Ganga and the Hooghly—or, rather, the Ganga and the Bhagirathi, for this is what the upper reaches of the Hooghly are called—a large sandbar has now formed, so that except during the monsoon season, when the Ganga rises over the sandbar and feeds the Hooghly, what scant water the Hooghly receives is from local drainage, and, because of the weakened current, as much as a million cubic feet of silt a year now accumulates in the riverbed. This accumulation is steadily decreasing the depth of the river, its channel being clogged by an unending series of shoals and sandbars, so that costly dredging is required to keep it open and navigable. Even when some silt is washed downstream, bore tides (these occur when the seawater trapped in the Hooghly's broad estuary is released at high tide into the channel of the river) carry it back up. At one time, the Hooghly was free of bores in the monsoon and winter months, and even in the spring months high tides came only as far as Calcutta, and whatever damage they did to the channel was offset by the strong flow of the Ganga. But now, because of the heavy deposits of silt, the Hooghly is in such a condition of deterioration that even during the monsoon, when the current is at its strongest, it does little more than check the bores ten miles below the Port. In fact, the river is so shallow and constricted that the bores, which now come almost all year round, keep gathering more momentum, rising



FOLKS OFTEN ASK who takes the pictures for Jack Daniel's. Well, meet Joe Clark.

That's him, with the cameras round his neck, talking with the boys in our rickyard. Joe was born and raised right here in our Tennessee hills. So we're as happy to have him visit at Jack Daniel's as he is to come. Now if you're wondering if Joe has anything to do with making our whiskey, the answer is no. But he's taken so many pictures of the way we do it, we just thought we'd pull a switch and take one of him.

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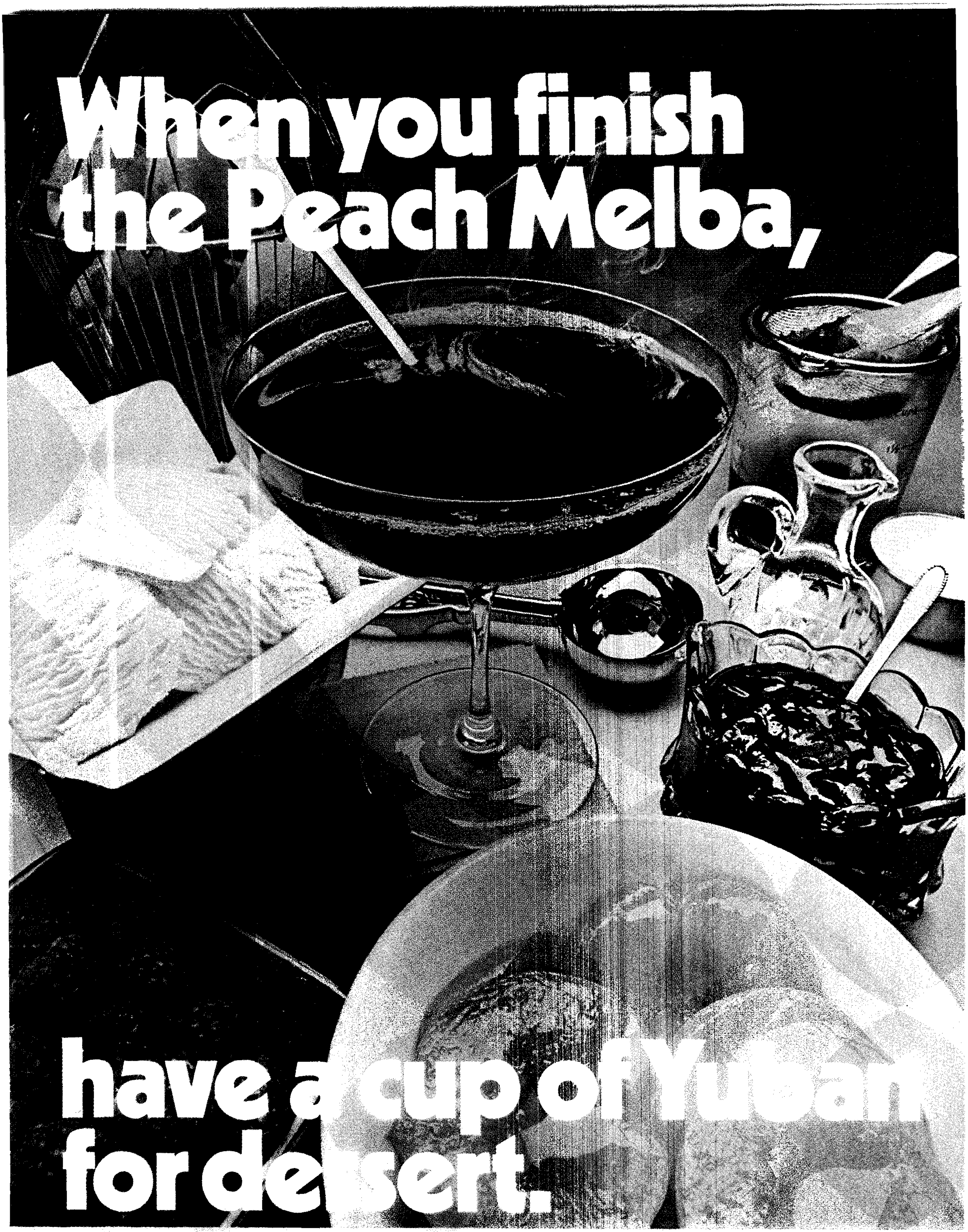
higher over the banks, and reaching farther up the river; at present, during the powerful spring tides the bores crest as high as six feet in the area of the Port and race up as far as eighty miles north of it. Even if the river could somehow be released from the cycle of weak current, silt, bores, more silt, and weaker current, the life of the Port would still be in jeopardy, because of the sharp bends in the river. In recent years, the technology of shipbuilding and the economics of trade have led to the construction of tankers that often weigh forty thousand tons and sometimes weigh well over a hundred thousand; other heavy-cargo carriers often weigh twenty-five thousand tons. Such ships are built long and have a draft of over thirty feet. But for most of the year ships weighing more than ten thousand tons or with a draft of more than twenty-six feet cannot risk negotiating the bends to call at Calcutta. Even during the high spring tides, most big, modern ships must make their voyage in stages, sometimes discharging part of their cargo at Haldia, a subsidiary port thirty-five miles downstream from Calcutta. As for the Port of Calcutta itself, not only is it far from the open sea but its wharfing and docking facilities, which date from the nineteenth century and are concentrated in the central business area of Calcutta, are crowded, old-fashioned, and generally inadequate. Since the height of the bores and the strength of the flow in the river vary not just from season to season but from day to day, daily calculations have to be made to determine the size of the ships that can enter the port. (Heavy bore tides decrease the berthing and holding capacity by as much as twenty-five per cent.) The Calcutta Port Commissioners recently estimated that the average turn-around time for a ship calling at Calcutta was more than seventeen days—the longest and most expensive turn-around time at any major port.

The silting up of the Hooghly also threatens to choke off the supply of fresh water for much of the population along its banks. Apart from a number of large and small tube wells, the only source of fresh water for the Calcutta Metropolitan District is the Hooghly, the principal waterworks being situated at Palta, seventeen miles north of Calcutta. These waterworks were built in 1865 to provide filtered water for six hundred thousand or, at the most, a million people. At the same time, subsidiary waterworks were built to supply standpipes in the streets with unfiltered water for fighting fires, for cleaning the streets, and for washing carriages. These waterworks distribute water only to Calcutta; the other municipalities and the semi-municipalities—except for Kalyani—have no municipal waterworks and only very limited access to filtered water through the tube wells, and the villages have no filtered water at all. Even in Calcutta, the amount of filtered water is so limited and its distribution so haphazard that nearly half the population now routinely uses unfiltered water from the standpipes for bathing and drinking, and in this water cholera vibrio is often found. Moreover, the equipment and the mains of the Palta waterworks are so old and worn that even the filtered water is not always free from adulteration, and the mains carrying the unfiltered water are often blocked by silt. As the current in the Hooghly has continued to slacken, an undercurrent of salt water from the sea has moved farther and farther upstream, and in the summer, when this undercurrent is strongest, the salt content of the river near Palta is often ten times what is generally considered fit for human consumption. So far, engineers have managed to keep on supplying the ration of filtered water to Calcutta by pumping and storing water at Palta during the hours of each day when the salt content is lowest. But the salinity of the river is increasing so rapidly that within a few years the waterworks at Palta may be unusable for weeks or months at a time. Even moving the waterworks many miles upstream would be no more than a temporary solution. Throughout the Calcutta Metropolitan District, a full-scale water famine is an ever-present threat.

In the entire Gangetic delta, which is flat (it is uninterrupted by a single hill), the only good land is along the margins of the Hooghly. This land, which was formed over the centuries by silt deposits washed up onto the banks when the river was deep and the current strong, is nowhere more than thirty feet above sea level or more than two miles wide, for it slopes sharply away into salt lakes, brackish streams, and malarial marshes. And even these stretches of good land are subject to the ravages of an unhealthful climate; the delta is simmering hot for eight months of the year, the temperature regularly rising as high as 117° F., and it is deluged with rain for much of the remaining four months, when fifty out of a total of sixty-four inches of annual rainfall comes down in concentrated monsoon showers. Although the delta is crisscrossed by many small rivers and streams, it has always had bad drainage, and now the rivers and streams, too, are silting up and losing what little drainage capacity they once possessed. During the monsoon, when even the comparatively high ground is flooded for weeks at a time, the standing water paralyzes land transportation—and seeps into the foundations and walls of buildings—and has to be removed artificially by methods that are extremely slow and costly. Most of the Calcutta Metropolitan District is without municipally organized sewerage systems, without piped drains or sewers, and even without privately owned means of sewage disposal, like septic tanks. Most people have only the use of primitive communal latrines—low, cramped, open brick sheds with platforms above earthenware bowls on dirt floors—of which some two hundred thousand are scattered throughout the Calcutta Metropolitan District. Only Calcutta has a functioning municipal sewage-disposal system, but even in Calcutta the latrines are cleaned only erratically, and then are emptied manually into trailers, which carry the waste matter to disposal pits outside the city limits. Moreover, only about half of Calcutta's area is sewered; in the rest, sludge and ordure are carried in a maze of open gutters that run along the surface of the streets, lanes, and alleyways, and often alongside the worn water pipes, with the result that seepage is not uncommon. Stoppages and backups are so frequent that, especially during the monsoon, the contents of the gutters freely overflow into the streets. Poor drainage and poor sewerage aggravate the unhealthy conditions of life in the Calcutta Metropolitan District, where malaria, cholera, and practically all other gastro-intestinal diseases are rampant, as are smallpox and tuberculosis. Although in recent years malaria has been controlled somewhat by the constant saturation of lowlands and stagnant waters with DDT, and cholera by comprehensive inoculations, the Calcutta Metropolitan District has not been able to rid itself of either scourge. Malaria afflicts a large percentage of the population, and cholera, which is often fatal, is endemic in the entire delta, reaching its peak in the summer months of every year. The sanitation conditions, made hopeless by the water shortage and the water pollution, expose the Calcutta Metropolitan District to a permanent siege of mosquitoes, flies, and vermin—all breeding disease,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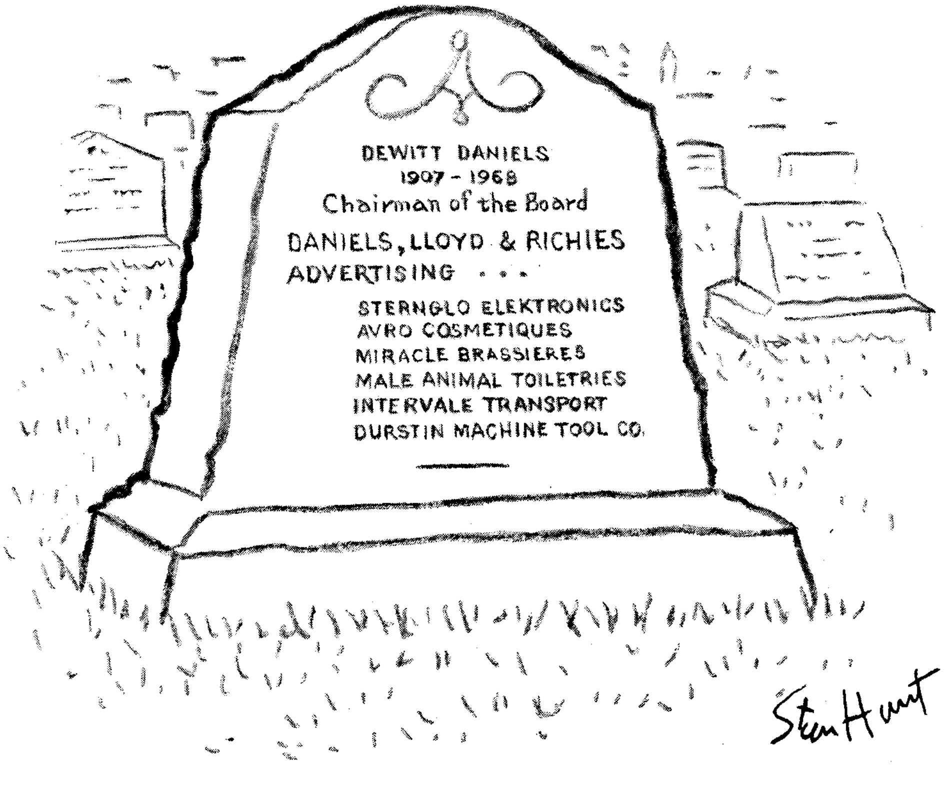
carrying disease, and spreading disease.

Despite disease and an occasional but devastating famine—like that of 1943, when, according to some estimates, between a million and a half and three million people in Bengal died—the population of the Calcutta Metropolitan District has been growing relentlessly. The population trebled between the census of 1921 and the census of 1961, and it is expected that by 1986 the current population will nearly double. A part of this increase represents migrations from other regions of India. Indeed, thirty-nine per cent of the present population is drawn from all parts of India: merchants and financiers from Gujarat and Rajasthan; bureaucrats and office workers from Andhra Pradesh, Madras, Mysore, and Kerala; skilled laborers and entrepreneurs from the Punjab; unskilled laborers and factory workers from Bihar and Uttar Pradesh; sweepers and tanners from Orissa. The migrations began early in this century, when, because of the general increase in population throughout India and the consequent pressure on arable land, farmers were forced to leave their villages and seek work in one of the handful of urban centers. In the Calcutta area, these displaced farmers, who were often unable to bring their families with them, settled into barrackslike quarters in the *bustis*, six or eight to a room, resigned to living under any conditions provided they could find work, save something to send home to their families, and perhaps visit them occasionally. They generally found uncertain, temporary employment as dock coolies, rickshaw-wallahs, latrine sweepers, office peons, night watchmen, or fruit and vegetable hawkers, and they tended to live in the city as outsiders, forming enclaves, in which they kept very much to themselves, spoke only their own regional languages, followed their own religious, sectarian, or caste practices, and found jobs for new arrivals from their home villages in the trades in which they themselves had settled. Most of the minority communities entrenched themselves in the industrial areas of Calcutta and Howrah, and here they live now, as they did in the past, in their little villagelike *bustis*, a restless, uprooted population. (Owing to the presence of these workers, the ratio of men to women in the Calcutta Metropolitan District today is three to two.) In recent years, moreover, there has been another migration, of a different kind—an influx of destitute refugees from Pakistan. In 1947, when India was partitioned to create the Islamic state of Pakistan, East Bengal, which had a minority of Hindus, was ceded to Pakistan, and West Bengal, which had a minority of Muslims, remained part of India. Since then, millions of Hindus and Sikhs have been coming to India, as millions of Muslims have been going to Pakistan. There was a lull in the exchange of refugees for some years, but they have been coming to India in increasing numbers ever since the religious disturbances in Kashmir over the theft of Mohammed's hair, in 1963 and 1964, and the second Indo-Pakistan war, in 1965. At least four million refugees from Pakistan have settled in West Bengal, where they now constitute ten per cent of the state's population, and of these at least a million have settled in the Calcutta Metropolitan District. More are still coming, in search of assistance from relatives or the government. (About a quarter of a million refugees, it has been estimated, could be resettled in regions like the hills and forests of Orissa, but the government has not been able to undertake the expensive work of clearing and developing such land.) Some of the refugees have been absorbed into the labor market; others barely subsist on what they can earn from such occupations as weaving rugs, knitting sweaters, and forging bangles. They have set up makeshift colonies wherever they could find uninhabited ground—even in the swampland, though their reed-and-mud huts are regularly swept away by the monsoon rains.

Although parts of New York and parts of Tokyo have a population density comparable to that of parts of the Calcutta Metropolitan District, it, unlike the two other metropolises, has few buildings more than three stories high, and most of its people are housed in one- or two-story structures. Few of the houses are *pukka* structures. Rather, most are *kutcha*, made of bamboo, mud, or unbaked bricks. Except for the palatial quarters of the rich, most houses, *pukka* or *kutcha*, have no inside plumbing, and the *pukka* structures are often in disrepair. Many of these structures were originally intended only as temporary shelters for migrant workers, but they now house big families. Even so, a large number of people must sleep in and around dockyards, in factories, in offices, in shops, on construction sites, in railway stations, in hallways, and on stairways of buildings. More than half the Calcutta Metropolitan District is taken up by streams or by marshland that is unreclaimable for reasons of cost or technology; the demands on the remaining land are so intense that several hundred thousand people sleep out on the pavements and tens of thousands of people now live, as a matter of course, on low, undrained, disease-infested land bordering the salt marshes. All available public or private land is occupied by colonies of squatters. There is no place—not even the border of Calcutta's refuse dump—that is left unoccupied.

Unlike other metropolises that have grown up on the banks of rivers—such as London and Paris—the Calcutta Metropolitan District has been unable



to spread out radially. Its suburbs have been forced to develop farther and farther away from the metropolitan center, crowding the margins of good land along the Hooghly. Yet every day huge numbers of people must somehow commute from these distant suburbs—many of which have no paved streets, and no room for much more than pedestrian traffic—to their jobs in Calcutta and Howrah. Even today, partly because of topography, there are only two main highways serving the Calcutta Metropolitan District—the Grand Trunk Road, on the west side of the river, and the Barrackpore Trunk Road, on the east side. Except for two major rail lines, which also run roughly parallel to the river, interurban transport is practically nonexistent, and the few public buses and trams are slow and overburdened. The two roads must therefore carry, in addition to commercial and industrial traffic, hundreds of thousands of commuting pedestrians, so at almost any time of day they are crowded with trucks, cars, bullock carts, rickshaws, bicycles, pedestrians, and pack animals. Of the two, the Grand Trunk Road, which connects the Calcutta Metropolitan District with the coal fields and steel mills of the industrial region, is by far the more important. But in the area of the Calcutta Metropolitan District even this road is narrow and in bad condition, and it passes through very congested parts of the metropolis. Until the end of the nineteenth century, Calcutta's position on the east bank of the Hooghly, separated from the land to the west, was not a serious disadvantage, for the city's raison d'être was shipping. But when land transport was developed, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, its major facilities, like the Howrah Railway Station, were necessarily built on the west side of the river, while the water-transport facilities, like the Port, remained on the east side. There is only one bridge across the Hooghly in the Calcutta-Howrah area—the Howrah Bridge. This is Calcutta's single point of access to the rest of the country. "Indian economists ponder: What is the point of struggling to industrialize the country, of building steel mills, if one cannot adequately transport supplies, labor, and finished products?" Paul Grimes once wrote in an article on Calcutta in the New York *Times*. "What is the point of growing tea and jute, the biggest earners of foreign exchange, if one may be unable to get them to world markets? Without foreign exchange, how can the country buy generators for power plants, petroleum for trucking, tractors for farmland, aircraft for defense?"

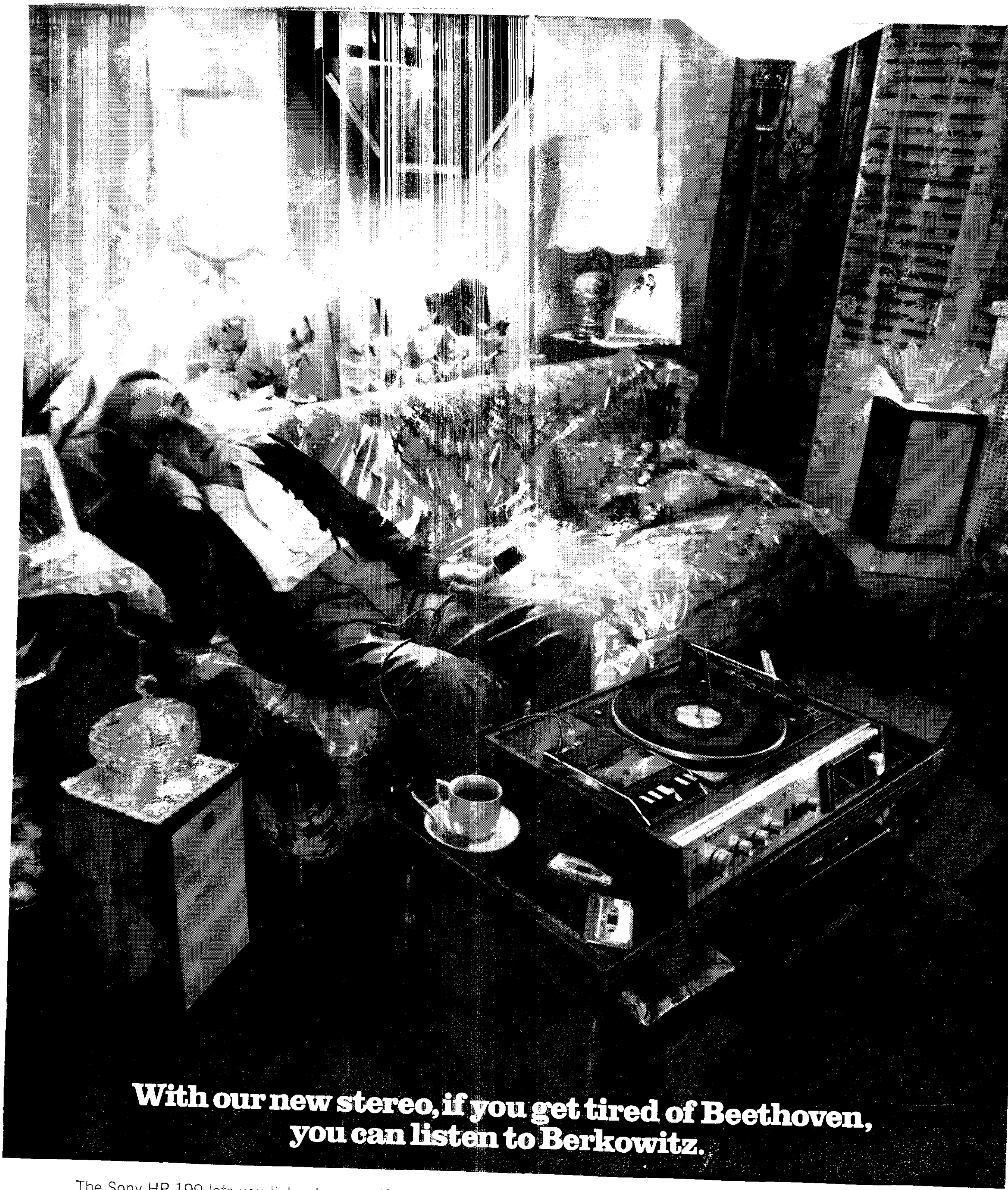
The partition of India dislocated the entire economy of West Bengal, and particularly that of the Calcutta Metropolitan District, parts of which are only thirty miles from the Pakistani border. Not only was West Bengal deprived of important markets in East Bengal but its industry and agriculture were also severely handicapped. Before Partition, for instance, West Bengal depended heavily on East Bengal for rice, and from eighty to ninety per cent of the jute processed in the Calcutta Metropolitan District also came from East Bengal. When that supply of jute dried up, at least a million acres of land in West Bengal had to be diverted from the cultivation of rice—which is still West Bengal's biggest crop—to the cultivation of jute. The jute industry, however, has still not entirely recovered. In 1963 and 1964, industry in the Calcutta Metropolitan District absorbed, at most, a million workers—two hundred and thirty thousand in the jute industry, four hundred and thirty thousand in other organized industries, like heavy engineering, and three hundred thousand in "cottage industry," defined as any industry employing fewer than ten workers and relying on electric power, or employing as many as twenty workers but not relying on electric power. Work conditions in most of the factories are as grim as those in nineteenth-century London, and work conditions in cottage industry, which is spread throughout the *bustis*, are still worse. In the Calcutta Metropolitan District, there is chronic unemployment and chronic underemployment in all industries, in all occupations, and at all income levels. There are at least four hundred thousand adult males with no employment, and no one seems to know how they manage to stay alive. Female workers have two main occupations—domestic service and prostitution.

In recent years, the Calcutta Metropolitan District has made so little progress in extending education that a lower percentage of children attend school in its urban communities than in some of the rural areas in the state; at the time of the 1961 census, nearly half of the population over five years of age in the Calcutta Metropolitan District was illiterate and nearly half of the persons who could read and write were only semi-literate. The majority of the schools in the Calcutta Metropolitan District are run not by the government but by private charitable organizations, and, whether private or public, most of the school buildings are dismal, cramped rented or requisitioned tenements, with no facilities for playing, eating, or washing. To achieve the national aim of giving free compulsory education to all children between the ages of six and fourteen by 1986, Calcutta alone must provide at least a million three hundred thousand additional school places by that time, and at least a hundred new primary schools and a thousand new teachers every year, even if every school is used for double shifts and the city does not try to lower the high student-teacher ratio that exists now. In secondary education, the problems are equally formidable. Furthermore, the Calcutta Metropolitan District is the country's most important intellectual center, educating about thirteen per cent of all the students enrolled in colleges and universities in India, but Calcutta University, which is the largest in the world—in 1966 it had an enrollment of a hundred and thirty-five thousand regular students, along with sixty-five thousand students taking external degrees—has been in turmoil for many years, its academic life disintegrating rapidly under the pressure of its numbers.

To describe conditions even in Calcutta alone, observers have resorted to epithets like "slum of the world" and "city of death," and have strained for analogies to convey their impressions, as in this passage from the *Times* article by Grimes, which superimposes Calcutta's problems on New York:

> New York is the only major port in the United States except for San Francisco (like Bombay) far to the west. There is no Boston, no Norfolk, no St. Lawrence Seaway to Chicago. The industrial complexes of Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Birmingham are all concentrated near Albany. The only highway from there to New York is the Albany Post Road. The Hudson River is so full of silt that fewer and fewer freighters can reach the West Street docks each year. . . . The municipal water supply is growing dangerously salty and unsafe to drink or use in industry. . . . Block-long lines of desperate seekers of menial jobs wait outside employment agencies. In the shadow of the Waldorf-Astoria is a shanty town where thousands of persons live in the worst imaginable squalor. Times Square swarms with beggars, many of them blind, deformed, or leprous.

When a people's will to protest against intolerable conditions—and this will is considered by some political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thinkers to be as important for economic development as for political change—finds expression in the Calcutta Metropolitan District, it is likely to take the form of explosive demonstrations and pointless acts of public violence, which then suddenly subside without bringing about any improvement. Although the Calcutta Metropolitan District has a very low rate of reported crime compared to any Western metropolis—many *busti* areas have no record of crime at all—public demonstrations and outbursts, some of them culminating in looting, arson, and killing, have become commonplace in recent years. Hardly a month goes by without a major strike over working conditions; a *hartal*, or general strike, over government policy; or a riot over some minor grievance. Recently, in Calcutta, eighty tramcars were burned in a month-long riot over a token raise in tram fares, even though the new schedule had pegged the fares to the distances travelled so equitably that some passengers would actually be paying less than before; in March, 1966, during a general strike in West Bengal that was accompanied by riots, thirty-nine people died and the estimated loss from the work stoppage and the destruction of public and private property was put at sixty-five million rupees, or more than half the total revenue receipts—a hundred and ten million rupees—budgeted by Calcutta for the fiscal year 1965-66. For many years, the Calcutta Metropolitan District's most outspoken political representatives, some of whom belong to left-wing parties, have been elected not from the poorer constituencies, which often return conservative or Congress Party candidates, but from the richer ones; yet even the constituents with some money and education, who feel that things can be changed, and are aware that they can choose from a variety of political ideologies and candidates, seem to ignore local issues, like water supply, housing, and education, and mobilize and demonstrate only over big national questions, like the Indian government's legislation on language or religion, or over international questions, like British policy in Rhodesia or the deployment of the United States Seventh Fleet. The explanation most commonly advanced for the general inertia in local matters is that the widespread poverty induces such passivity and resignation that any condition, however seemingly intolerable, is endured. It is said that even when the poor are aroused to an act of protest they are not capable of sustaining it, and that in the inertia of its population the Calcutta Metropolitan District is like any other poverty-stricken community where conditions for revolution exist without the will to revolution. Bengali intellectuals, however, maintain that the demonstrations and acts of public violence have so far served as a safety valve for pent-up emotions but that they have only postponed the revolution that will one day topple the established order. These intellectuals point out that Calcutta is currently a center of Communist activity in India, the ideologies here spanning the spectrum from conventional Marxism to the latest variety of Maoism. (In Calcutta, the Communists publish, by one count, a daily journal, three weeklies, and twelve monthlies, and occupy positions of power on other journals, in government, and in student, peasant, and labor organizations.) Some of these intellectuals are fond of repeating Lenin's dictum "The road to world revolution leads through Peking, Shanghai, and Calcutta."

It's the Crying Baby That Gets Picked Up: In the days I spend going around Calcutta, I constantly ask myself, "Can anyone be held accountable? Can things be changed? Where is help to come from?" I seek out political figures, government officers, some Ford Foundation planners recently arrived to attack the problems of the Calcutta Metropolitan District. Most of these men work out of the buildings in and around Chowringhi or in nearby Dalhousie Square. Some of these buildings lie so close to the Port that they seem to be right on the docks. From the inside, some of them have the feeling of old ships retired from Her Majesty's service, as if long ago they had sailed up the dark, alien river and been abandoned there by their masters.

The Central Municipal Office Building is a huge four-story structure, built in 1872. It now serves as headquarters for the municipal government of Calcutta. The Mayor, P. K. Roy Chowdhury, who governs Calcutta with the assistance of a councillor from each of its hundred wards, receives me in a large, formal-looking hall lined with impressive official portraits. At one end is an enormous conference table, and at the other are several capacious black leather sofas. The Mayor, a gentle-looking elderly Bengali, is ensconced on one of the sofas. He is dressed entirely in white, and, besides the *kurta* and the floor-length, flowing *dhoti* and the open leather sandals that Indian politicians invariably seem to wear, he has a white shawl around his shoulders. A number of Bengalis, also in *kurtas*, *dhotis*, and sandals, are sitting around him on the other sofas, chatting and laughing, drinking tea, and eating sweetmeats and savories. The Mayor introduces them as councillors. They all seem to be named Chatterji or Bannerji or Mukherji—the Bengali equivalents of Smith and Jones and Brown.

"I myself entered politics as a councillor, but I'm a doctor by profession," the Mayor tells me. "I became a councillor not for political reasons but for medical reasons. I wanted to do something about the health problem in the

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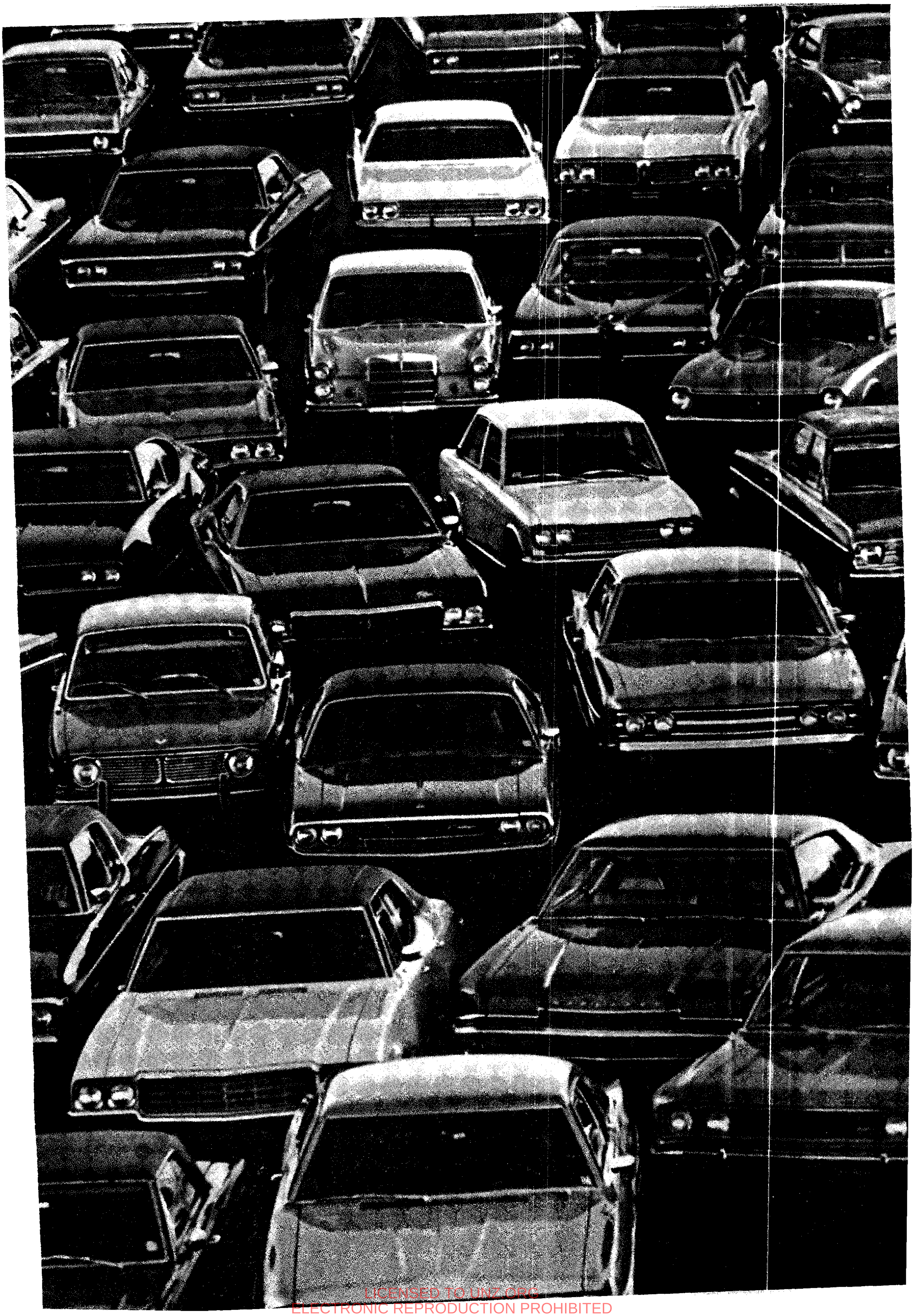

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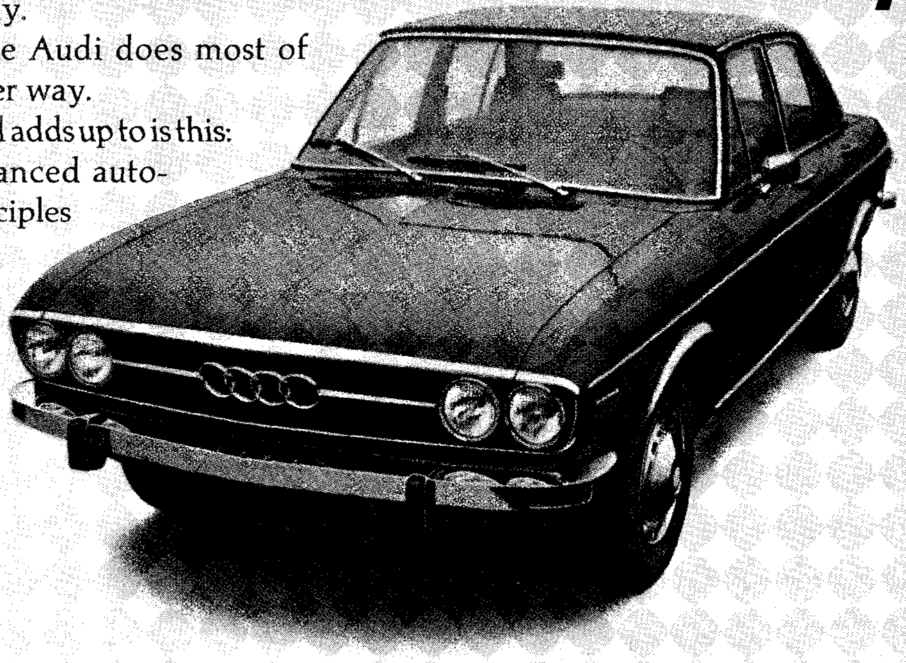

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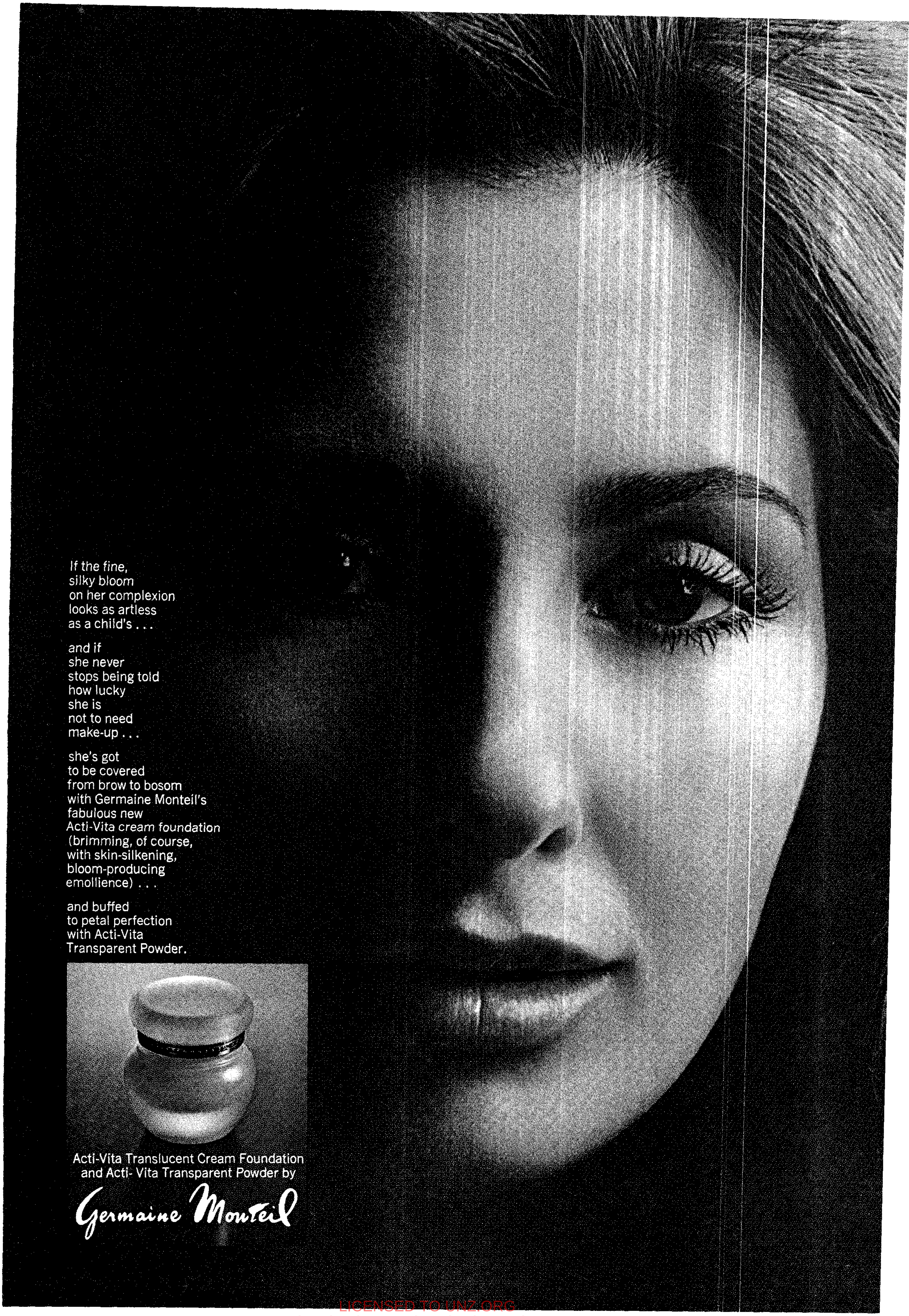

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Calcutta Corporation. As a councillor, I was chairman of the Standing Health and Busti Improvement Committee for six years. I got a lot of satisfaction from doing work for t.b. control, hospital improvement, and so on."

I ask the Mayor what, specifically, is being done about the numerous problems of Calcutta.

"We have several organizations that are concurrently seeking to improve conditions in Calcutta and all its suburbs. For example, we have the Calcutta Metropolitan Planning Organization, which is getting experts and money from the Ford Foundation. It is doing the planning for the whole of the Calcutta Metropolitan District. Its work has been expedited by the West Bengal government, and I hope its plans will be carried out one day. The Calcutta Improvement Trust, which was formed in 1911, and which gets almost five per cent of the Corporation's revenue, does things like taking a plot of land from us, developing it, and returning it to our jurisdiction. The Founders' Municipal Association does good work, too. But we have not made much progress, because every problem requires money. We have twenty-five thousand municipal employees, such as clerks, police, and sweepers, and fifty per cent of the income of the Corporation goes to pay them."

I ask him what is being done about the problem of the water supply, for instance.

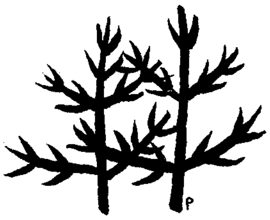
"We have two water mains—one sixty-two inches in diameter and the other seventy-two—to carry filtered water from Palta to Calcutta, a hundred and fifty big-diameter tube wells, and fifty thousand small-diameter tube wells," he says. "We have started chlorinating our unfiltered water, and have thus brought down the incidence of cholera. Now we also have a scheme to augment the supply of filtered water by sixty million gallons per day, but it will take from a year to a year and a half to carry it out."

Next, I meet the Commissioner of the Calcutta Corporation, H. C. Mukherji, who heads the municipal civil service and supervises the work of all its officers and employees. His office, which is nearby, also has formal furnishings and an informal atmosphere, with councillors and other officials coming and going, taking refreshment, and exchanging small talk.

"My field has always been engineering, valuation, planning, and administration," the Commissioner tells me. "In the beginning, I trained as a civil engineer. After that, I qualified as a chartered surveyor in England. Except for some nominal changes in day-to-day administrative procedures, I wouldn't say that I have been able to change the administration of the Corporation in ways apparent to everyone."

A burly man stops by. The Commissioner introduces him as the chief engineer of the Corporation, and explains that he is in charge of all the municipal engineering works, plans, and estimates.

"Calcutta's worst problem is that it was never planned," the chief engineer observes. "The city has grown up without anyone's ever expecting it to have any future."



A mild-mannered gray-haired man wearing spectacles now joins us. He is the health officer of the Corporation, and his duties include supervising municipal sanitation, hospitals, laboratories, and cremation grounds, and seeing to vaccinations and inoculations. "Diseases go in cycles," he says. "In the last two years, we have been very lucky. The diseases have been on a very small scale. But this is the epidemic year in the cycle, and the epidemic might break out at any time."

"Calcutta is a bundle of problems," the Commissioner says. "I once took a couple of Ford Foundation experts from the Calcutta Metropolitan Planning Organization around the city, and I told them, 'Gentlemen, I am waiting to see how bold you are. If it were up to me, I would crash down a good part of Calcutta.' "

The Writers' Buildings, a block of red buildings built in 1880, take their name from the junior clerks of the East India Company, known as "writers," who once lived in them. They now serve as headquarters for the West Bengal government, and in them I talk with a number of Ministers of the Congress government of West Bengal. The Minister of Public Works of West Bengal, K. N. Das Gupta, receives me in his office, a large room with three air-conditioners stacked on top of each other in one window and all going at full speed. A half-drawn curtain divides the room into a sort of drawing room, which contains comfortable-looking chairs, and a sort of study, which contains a desk, a reclining chair with a well-worn cushioned footrest, and a bed with smooth, clean sheets.

"We are now beginning to construct special housing units for factory workers," the Minister tells me. "Recently, we advertised three hundred new two-room flats for such workers, and we received twenty-six thousand applications. A committee has begun screening the applicants."

He gets up, moves slowly across the room, adjusts the blinds, and absentmindedly serves me coffee. "Because of the emergencies of the Chinese invasion and the Indo-Pakistan war, we got only two crores of rupees a year for housing during India's Third Five-Year Plan, which began in 1961," he says. "Now, for the period of the Fourth Five-Year Plan, we are asking for twice as much a year, most of it from the central government. But all this is just maneuvering. We have to ask for a lot to get anything at all."

The Minister for Local Self-Government for West Bengal, S. M. Fazlur Rahman (he is also Minister of Animal Husbandry, Veterinary Services, and Fisheries), whom I meet next, is a Muslim in his fifties, dressed in Punjabi-type pajamas and a *kurta*. "I am responsible for dispensing assistance to municipal governments in West Bengal, including any notified area authority," he informs me, putting his feet up on a footrest. "A notified area authority is an officially recognized new area that aspires to the status of a municipality."

I comment on the bewildering number of municipalities already existing in Greater Calcutta.

"You must call this 'Metropolitan Calcutta,' not 'Greater Calcutta,' " he says. "The term 'Greater Calcutta' should be reserved for the day when Calcutta is a developed city. Now, about the subject you raise, perhaps it would be a good thing to have some of the municipalities consolidated one day. But in a democracy you cannot do things without taking into account the interests of everyone concerned. Much, much legislation is required before any consolidation can take place. In my three years' tenure, I have so far been able only to consolidate two municipalities into one and to link up one municipality with the Howrah Corporation."

The Chief Minister of West Bengal, P. C. Sen, to whom I pay my last visit in the Writers' Buildings, sits behind a large semicircular desk with chairs ranged in a semicircle to his

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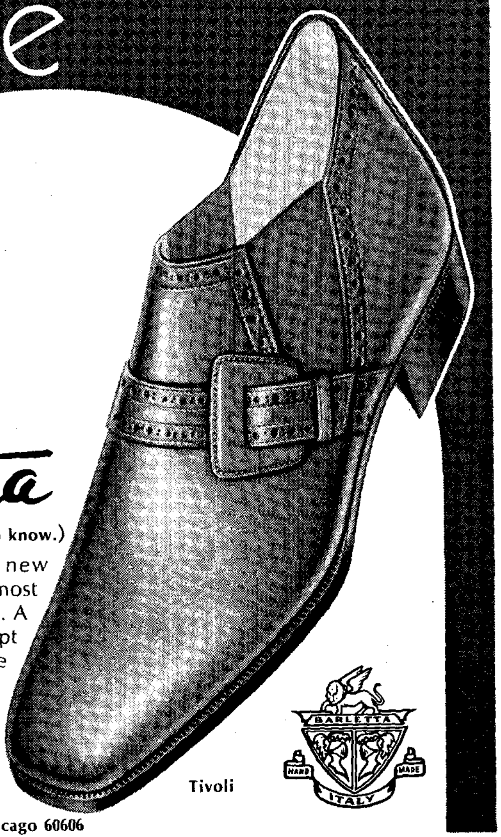

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right and left. He talks to me between hearing petitioners, who enter, make their requests, and depart.

I ask him how he got into politics.

"I went into Congress politics formally in 1920, when Mahatma Gandhi gave the call," he says. "Between 1914 and 1920, I was somewhat loosely connected with the revolutionary movement of West Bengal. Part of that time, I was a student at the Scottish Church College, in Calcutta."

He orders coffee and cashew nuts, and goes on to talk about various obstacles to getting things done. "Even when we do have the resources, we can't change things quickly, because we're a democracy," he says. "We had to stop work altogether on the important new road from Dum-Dum Airport to Calcutta because a group of refugees had squatted on a piece of land it had to cross. It took us a year to gain legal possession of that land. It is a matter of people trying to assert their rights."

I ask him about the increasing public violence in Calcutta.

He gives me what I have come to recognize as the Congress line. "It is caused by political agitators who have no use for the ballot box and who are interested only in seizing power," he says. "The Maoist Communists have a cadre of saboteurs all their own, and now some of them are even talking about calling in a Chinese Army of Liberation. They say that as soon as this Army of Liberation comes, all the travail and suffering of India will be over. We have had to put some of these Communists in jail because of their connection with Communist China."

AT Congress Party headquarters for West Bengal, I call on Atulya Ghosh, the Congress boss who—with two other party bosses, S. K. Patil, Union Minister of Railways, and Sanjiva Reddy, Union Minister of Transport, Aviation, Shipping, and Tourism—is considered to be all-powerful at both state and national levels; the triumvirate, which dominates the Congress Party leaders, known collectively as the "Syndicate," is said to have engineered the election of Mrs. Gandhi as Prime Minister. Ghosh turns out to be a tall, heavy-set Bengali in his early sixties, with well-groomed white hair. He is dressed in *kurta*, *dhoti*, and sandals, and he is wearing, incongruously, a pair of large, round-rimmed dark glasses and is smoking a cigar.

I ask him about his role as "kingmaker."

"I have no official position in the

government," he says, in a big, booming voice. "I am not a Minister, I am not a mayor—how can I have any power? There can't be any position of personal power in a democratic party like the Congress. One person may become popular or strong, but by himself he can do nothing. It is all teamwork. In fact, I can't understand the interest in me. The other day, somebody wrote to me from a university in England and said he was doing a thesis on me and wanted personal details. I detest all this interest in me. I've done what I could for my country. I joined Congress as an ordinary volunteer when I was fifteen, and I have spent, all told, ten or eleven years in British jails. I have given my life to the party, and have remained a bachelor, even though I came from a very good family—my mother's side was well known for its literary activities and my father's side was well known for its money—and had many matrimonial proposals."

I ask him about the threat to continued Congress rule.

"Eighty per cent of the agitation here is by refugees for whom there is nothing on the horizon," he says. "The remaining twenty per cent of the agitation is by students who have no future. They are all frustrated human beings, with no real politics to speak of."

(In subsequent elections in West Bengal, the Congress Party was all but obliterated. The state is at present ruled by the United Front, consisting of about a dozen parties, led by the Communist Party of India, Marxist.)

A NEW building on Lower Chitpur Road (the street was renamed Rabindra Sarani not long ago, but it is still called by the old name) houses the offices of the Calcutta Metropolitan Planning Organization, which since 1961 has been preparing a series of plans for the regeneration of the metropolis. The introductory volume of the series, entitled "Basic Development Plan: Calcutta Metropolitan District. 1966-1986," has just been issued. Although it is intended as a master plan for development and includes specific recommendations for immediate action, it seems to be haunted by the afflictions that paralyze the metropolis, and reads throughout more like a diagnostician's report than a prescription for a remedy. To get a first-hand impression of what the planners think, I spend some time talking with M. G. Kutty, an Indian, who is the director of the Calcutta Metropolitan Planning Organization; Dr. Colin Rosser, a British social anthropologist, who is the con-

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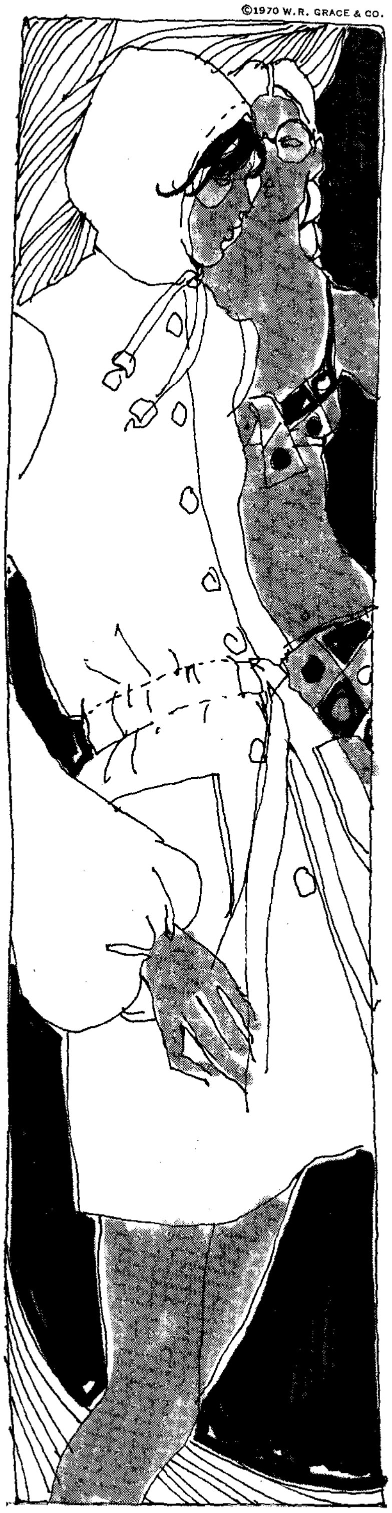

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sultant on community facilities and services for the Ford Foundation group; and C. Preston Andrade, an American architect and urban planner, who is the director of planning for the Ford Foundation group.

Kutty, a tall, heavily built man in his forties with a chubby, boyish face and pomaded hair, sports a mustard-yellow bush shirt with a silky finish and lounges in a comfortable-looking chair like an old-fashioned bureaucrat. "Perhaps you would like to start the discussion, and summarize the history of planning in Calcutta," Kutty says, turning to Rosser.

Rosser, who is short and compactly built, and is dressed in a short-sleeved shirt, a baggy pair of trousers, and sandals, is perhaps forty, and has the appearance of someone who has spent his life burrowed deep in work. "The fact that the Calcutta Metropolitan District is the world's worst area for endemic cholera attracted the attention of the World Health Organization, and in 1959 they sent a team here to find out what could be done to reduce the incidence of all gastro-enteric diseases," he says. "The team recommended preparing a master plan for water and sanitation, and the work on the plan was begun with financial help from the World Health Organization and the U.N. Special Fund. But it was realized quite early on that the problems of the metropolis required a much broader attack. The preliminary visit of our Ford Foundation people followed, and the West Bengal government set up the C.M.P.O. and charged it with the task of preparing a comprehensive development plan. That was in July, 1961, and since then the Ford Foundation has been helping the organization with a group of professional advisers. A succession of people have come and gone, and there are about twenty of us here now."

"May I interject something here by way of explanation, Colin?" Andrade asks. He is tall and lean, with sharp, clean looks, and has dark-brown eyes and light-colored hair that is turning white. "Although our experience in most cases is with Western cities, we make a cultural adaptation quickly and have developed a considerable familiarity with the problems of the metropolis of Calcutta."

I ask Rosser and Andrade how they happened to become involved in planning for the Calcutta Metropolitan District.

"I was with the Indian Army during the Second World War, and got interested in India," Rosser says. "After the war, I went to Cambridge, where I read anthropology. I came out to India again for field research. I went to Katmandu, where I got interested in urban areas, though the happy hunting ground of most anthropologists is the villages. When the Ford Foundation was looking for people who had worked in Indian cities—or, at least, were interested in Indian cities—it asked me if I would come to Calcutta, and I came, intending to stay here two months. I've stayed four years. It's very hard to disengage oneself from Calcutta."

"We all have our particular stories of involvement with the Calcutta project," Andrade says.

"Until the C.M.P.O., no one seems to have taken any interest in the city," Kutty says. "Even basic statistics and basic engineering surveys didn't exist. In other metropolises, which already have all the statistics and surveys, the preparation of such a master plan would have taken a decade. We've done it from scratch in five years."

"We weren't even able to find an epigraph for the plan, though we searched the literature," Rosser says. "Calcutta has produced so many famous men that one would have supposed it would be easy to find one good comment on the place. Not at all. Take Tagore. There isn't one good word about Calcutta in all his writings. He rejected the city, left it, and founded Shantiniketan University, in Shantiniketan, a hundred miles from Calcutta. The only comment that even came close to the kind of thing we were looking for was something Mrs. Gandhi said the other day, and she was speaking not about the problems of the Calcutta Metropolitan District but about the problems of all India. She said, 'It's the crying baby that gets picked up.' Calcutta cries from time to time—mostly in public violence."

"The problems encountered in a metropolis of Calcutta's population, complexity, and economic significance are greater than those encountered in many sizable nations," Andrade says. "The population of the Calcutta Metropolitan District is soon expected to exceed Australia's. The planning that's going on at the C.M.P.O. now is comprehensive not only in the sense that it brings together various disciplines, like hydrology, engineering, economics, and sociology—many of the physical and social sciences—but in the sense that it considers all aspects of the needs of the community, rather than each aspect as a separate entry in the ledger of credits and debits. We don't talk about the problem of providing housing in terms of building *x* number of housing units. The focus of our planning is not just building *x* number of housing units but providing a suitable infrastructure for an integrated, comprehensively designed human city. This includes environmental services—that is, shelter, water, drainage, sewerage, refuse collection, and utilities; and social services—that is, education, welfare, health, employment, and transportation. What I'm saying is that it's easy enough to recognize the problems qualitatively, but it takes a good deal of work to analyze them quantitatively."

"We have to remember to set our sights on things we have some hope of achieving," Kutty says. "Until recently, there wasn't even such a thing as the Calcutta Metropolitan District. And the Water and Sanitation Authority, formed this year by the West Bengal government, is the first body to have jurisdiction over the entire District. Our hope is that the formation of similar metropolitan authorities for education, housing, transportation, and so on will gradually achieve a kind of *de-facto* consolidation of municipalities. The greatest need at the moment is for a planning authority, because you can't just produce a plan and go away and leave it."

"To give you a concrete example of the kinds of problems we are up against in planning, take housing," Rosser says. "The housing emergency here requires not only the replacement of the inadequate housing of most of the present population of seven and a half million but the provision of new housing to take care of the population increase of five million expected over the next twenty years—an increase that will give us about two hundred thousand new people to house each year. If the average size of a family is five, you need roughly forty thousand new housing units a year just to cope with the population increase, and even if we could somehow build these units, that would do nothing for the people who are already here, eighty-five per cent of whom are living in housing units that do not meet the government's minimum standard of forty square feet per person. Say you wanted to do as much for the old population as for the new—you'd need at least eighty thousand new housing units a year. Now, the present annual rate of construction here is only about six thousand *pukka* housing units. To raise that figure to eighty thousand units a year, or even to forty thousand, would involve an enormous develop-

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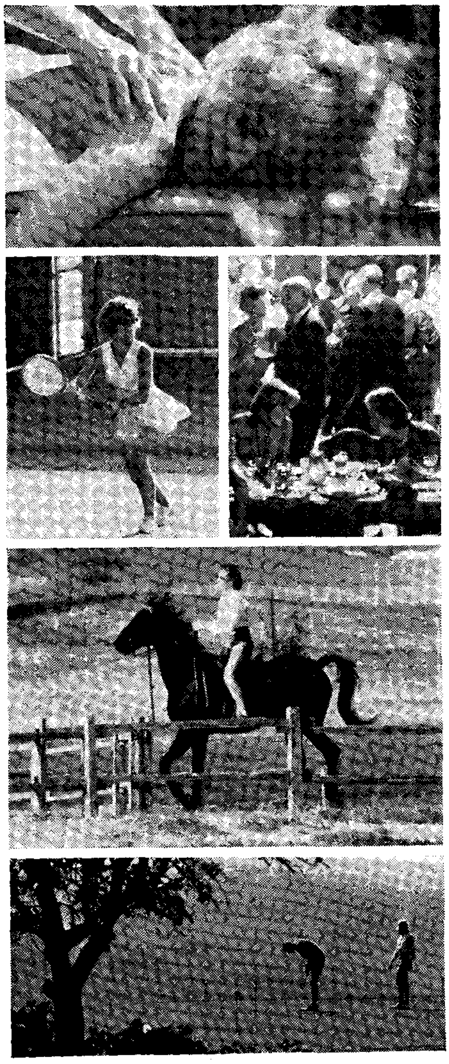

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ment of the construction industry, to say nothing of the development of related industries, like utilities. Even if the industries could somehow be developed, the problem of paying for the housing units would remain. Eighty thousand new housing units a year over the next twenty years would cost at least thirteen hundred crores of rupees. This is a truly astronomical figure for the budget of the entire country, let alone the budget of a single urban district. So the only thing we have been able to do in the plan is to suggest stop-gap measures. Thus, we recommend building *kutcha* structures, of mud and thatch, with a life of ten or fifteen years, and perhaps building *pukka* structures later, when we have more money. The minimum cost of a *kutcha* unit is between a thousand and fifteen hundred rupees, whereas the minimum cost of a *pukka* unit is eighty-five hundred rupees."

"May I interject a comment?" Andrade says. "What we are really doing now, and what, to a very large extent, we are bound to do, is simply to build better *bustis*. The snag in the *bustis* already built is that the environmental services are either inadequate or totally nonexistent. Consequently, one of the ideas that we're working on is to see whether the sites of *bustis* can be selected in the future by planners rather than haphazardly by individual landlords, as they are now."

"The selection now is so haphazard that large areas in the center of the city of Calcutta are covered with *bustis*," Rosser says. "This is a totally uneconomic use of the land, so in the plan we recommend measures that would relate *busti* clearance from the center of the city to the development of satellite towns, where there will be some opportunity to earn a living."

"In a society initiating a really fundamental development program, the question of priorities is a very important one," Andrade says. "For instance, how high do you rate investment in housing—which is economically unproductive even though it may be of very great human importance—compared to, say, investment in education, or even in transportation? Now, in our view the priorities that attach to public investment in housing are very low compared to, say, resuscitating the Hooghly."

"Calcutta's worst problem is simply that it is on the wrong side of the river," Rosser says. "At one stage of the plan, we actually considered moving the river to the east of the city, but that proved impractical, so other steps are being taken to resuscitate the Hooghly. The central government is building an arrangement of dams and channels—the Farraka Barrage—a hundred and sixty miles north of here, at the junction of the Ganga and the Bhagirathi, where the sandbar has formed. This should increase the flow of Ganga water into the Hooghly. Meanwhile, the Port Commission has started a program of dredging the river above and below the Port, and 'training' the river—that is, constructing barriers to guide the main flow of the water. This should increase the depth of the channel and prevent further erosion of the banks. These measures should help to push the salinity line thirty miles down Other recommendations of the plan are building new pumping stations on the river to supplement the water supply from Palta; building more bridges, among them one in the Calcutta-Howrah area, to relieve the congestion on the Howrah Bridge, and one north of here, between Kalyani and Bansberia, to help to develop new satellite towns in that area; building new national highways and arterial roads, and developing the port at Haldia so that it can take bulk cargoes. The plan originally called for an expenditure of a thousand crores of rupees over the next twenty years, but, unfortunately, no more than a hundred crores have been allocated for the first five years, so we've had to lower our sights."

NOTES AND THOUGHTS ON CALCUTTA'S IMPERIAL PAST: The *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, edited by Sir William Wilson Hunter (revised edition, 1908); "Cities of India," by Sir George W. Forrest (1903); "The Early Annals of the English in Bengal," edited by C. R. Wilson (1895-1911); "Old Fort William in Bengal," edited by Wilson (1906); "Bengal in 1756-1757," edited by S. C. Hill (1905); and other books to hand.

1498. Vasco da Gama opens Indian Ocean to the West.

1510. Affonso de Albuquerque takes Goa for Portugal.

1530. Portuguese vessels begin frequenting the Hooghly. Ships as far as bulge of land, small native craft to Satgaon, the commercial center nearby. Gradually build trade in Bengal silk, muslin, lac, sugar, rice. Trading posts on Hooghly.

1600. Charter of East India Company by Elizabeth.

1625. Dutch sail up Hooghly.

1639. East India Company founds

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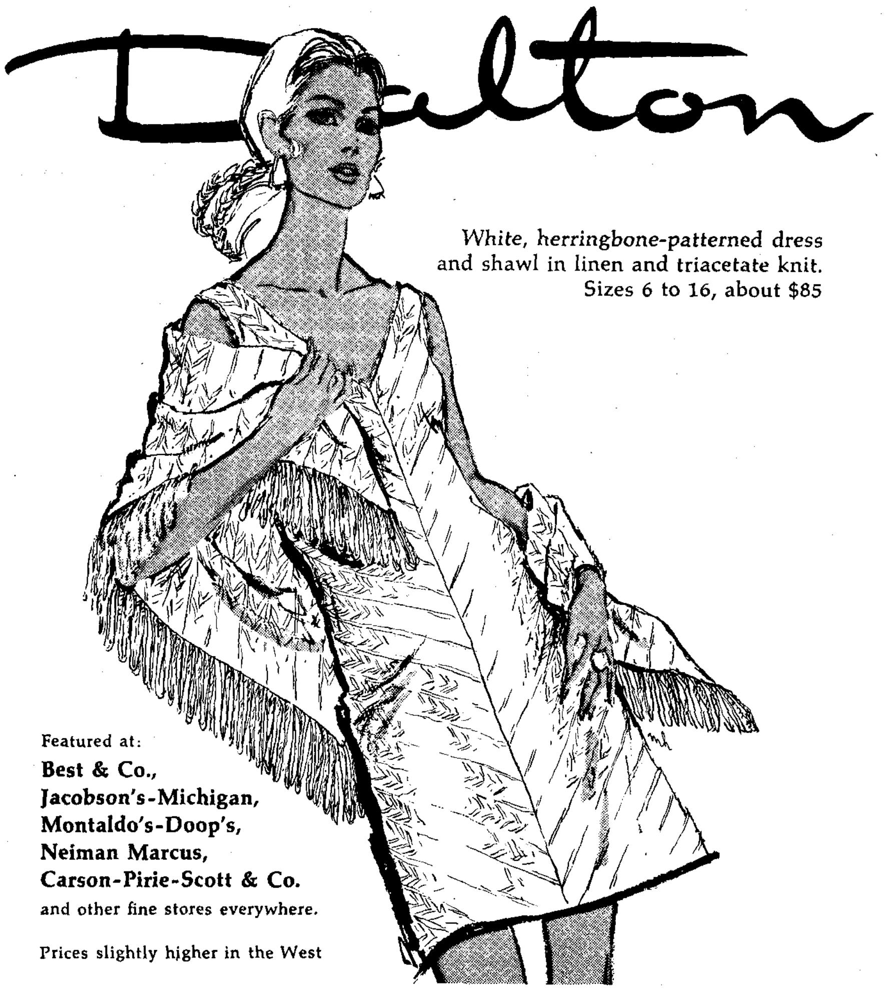
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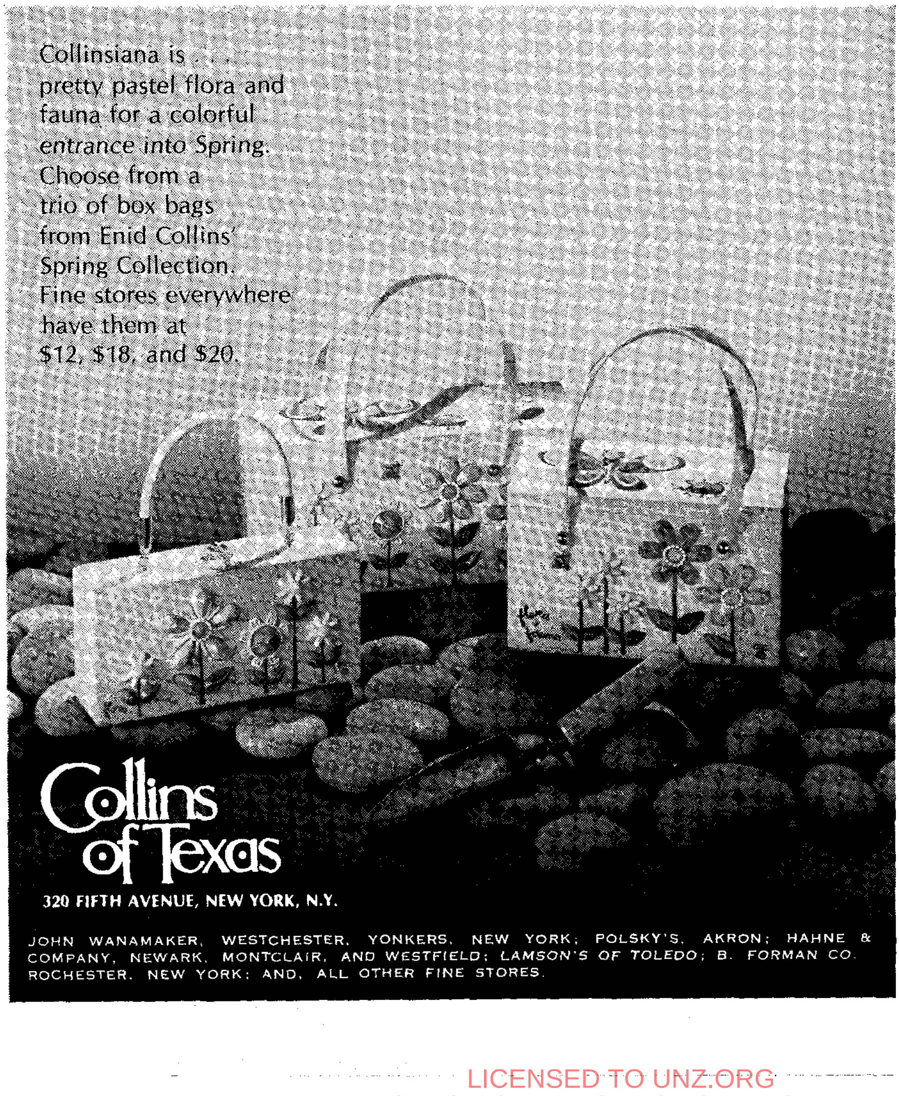
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Madras, first important British settlement in India. Madras situated on the east coast of south India.

1687. James II gives East India Company right to establish civil government in Madras. Mayor, aldermen, burgesses, guildhall, schoolhouse, jail, municipal salaries.

1688. French settlement at Chandernagor, on Hooghly.

1690. Job Charnock, of East India Company, founds British settlement, later Calcutta, at riverside village, Sutanuti. Sutanuti has already supplanted Satgaon. Charnock is said to have liked to hold court and smoke a hubble-bubble under a banyan tree in Sutanuti amid mud huts of fishermen. *Imperial Gazetteer:* "Several reasons led to the selection of this place as the headquarters of British trade in Bengal. The Hooghly River tapped the rich trade of the Ganges Valley, and Calcutta was situated at the highest point at which the river was navigable for seagoing vessels: it was protected against attack by the river on the west and by morasses on the east." Derivation of name Calcutta unknown. Perhaps from Kalikotta, a village bordering on Sutanuti, or from Kalighat ("landing place of Kali"), on the Hooghly. According to one Hindu legend, in the "age of truth" the patriarch Daksha, who was the father of Kali, the death goddess, made a sacrifice in order that he might be blessed with a son. He neglected to include Kali's husband, Shiva, in the ceremony. Kali, insulted and injured, killed herself. Shiva, grief-stricken, speared her body with a trident and carried it through creation, threatening, in madness, to destroy the world. Vishnu intervened. Saved the world by throwing a discus at the body of Kali, scattering her fragments all over the world. Wherever the fragments fell, the ground was sanctified. The most sanctified place was Kalighat, on the Hooghly, where the toes of Kali's right foot fell. (Public religious rites held for Kali every year in Calcutta.)

1696. The Nawab of Bengal, deputy of the Mogul emperor in Delhi, grants British settlers permission to build fort to protect trading interests. Called Fort William, after William of Orange.

1698. British settlers lease Sutanuti, along with Kalikotta and adjacent village, Gobindapur, from Nawab for thirteen hundred rupees a year. Expand settlement.

1707. East India Company forms the township of Calcutta, which by now has wharf, barracks, hospital, church; Bengal a separate Presidency, on par

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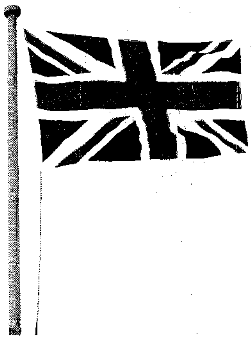

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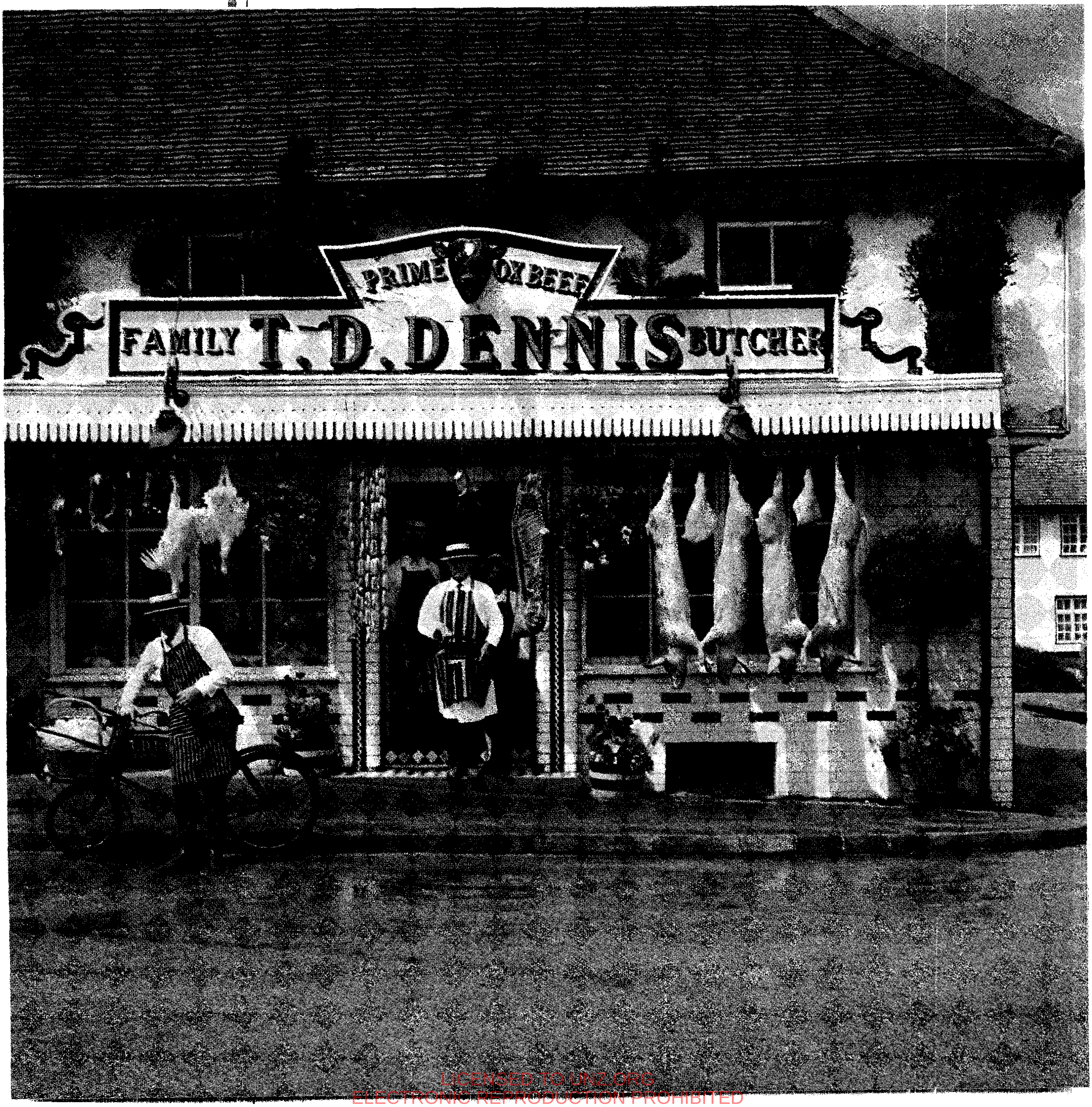

Conqueror. The cathedral there was founded in A.D. 673.

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1710. Calcutta's estimated population ten thousand.

1717. Fort William completed. East India Company leases thirty-eight more villages on banks of Hooghly.

1727. Calcutta organized into municipality, with mayor and nine aldermen, to collect ground rent and town dues for repairs of roads and drains.

1741. Fort William as altered and expanded: Large, irregular tetragon overlooking Hooghly. Brick. North side three hundred and forty feet long, south side four hundred and eighty-five feet long, east and west sides each seven hundred and ten feet long. Small, square bastions at corners, connected by curtain walls of cemented thin tile bricks—eighteen feet high, four feet thick. Inside the fort: Governor's House, magazine, military stores, dispensary, smithy, barracks, prison, warehouses, armory, laboratory, etc. All around the outside of fort, houses of officers and employees.

1750. Calcutta's estimated population two hundred thousand.

1756. Succession of new Nawab of Bengal, Siraj-ud-daula. Differences with the British. Nawab attacks and captures Fort William. Some British escape to ships on Hooghly, but others are left behind. A hundred and forty-six said to be confined on June 20th in fort's prison, the so-called Black Hole, a room about fourteen by eighteen feet, where all but twenty-three of them die of suffocation. The Black Hole tragedy chief event in Calcutta's history; at least one historian says British Indian Empire its consequence. Celebrated account of it in a letter by a survivor, J. Z. Holwell, magistrate:

> Before I conduct you into the Black Hole, it is necessary you should be acquainted with a few introductory Circumstances. The Suba [Nawab] and his troops were in possession of the fort before six in the evening. I had in all three interviews with him: the last in Durbar before seven when he repeated his assurances to me, *on the word of a soldier*, that no harm should come to us, and indeed I believe his orders were only general. That we should for the night be secured; and that what followed was the result of revenge and resentment in the breasts of the lower Jemmautdaars ["jemadars," or Indian junior officers]....
>
> We were no sooner all within the barracks, than the guard advanced to the inner arches and parapet-wall; and with their muskets presented, ordered us to go into the room at the southernmost end of the barracks, commonly called the Black-Hole prison; whilst others from the Court of Guard, with clubs and drawn scymitars, pressed upon those of us next them. This stroke was so sudden, so un-

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expected, and the throng and the pressure so great upon us next the door of the Black-Hole prison, there was no resisting it; but like one agitated wave impelling another, we were obliged to give way and enter; the rest followed like a torrent, few amongst us, the soldiers excepted, having the least idea of the dimensions or nature of a place we had never seen: for if we had, we should at all events have rushed upon the guard, and been, as the lesser evil, by our own choice cut to pieces. . . .

I got possession of the window nearest the door, and took Messrs. Coles and Scot into the window with me, they being both wounded (the first I believe mortally). . . .

Figure to yourself, my friend, if possible, the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action, thus crammed together in a cube of about eighteen feet, in a close sultry night, in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and southward (the only quarters from whence air could reach us) by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air. . . .

The moment I quitted the window, my breathing grew short and painful. . . .

I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me, on the platform; and recommending myself to heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. . . .

At this juncture the Suba, who had received an account of the havock death had made amongst us, sent one of his Jemmautdaars to inquire if the chief survived. They showed me to him; told him I had appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the Suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning. . . .

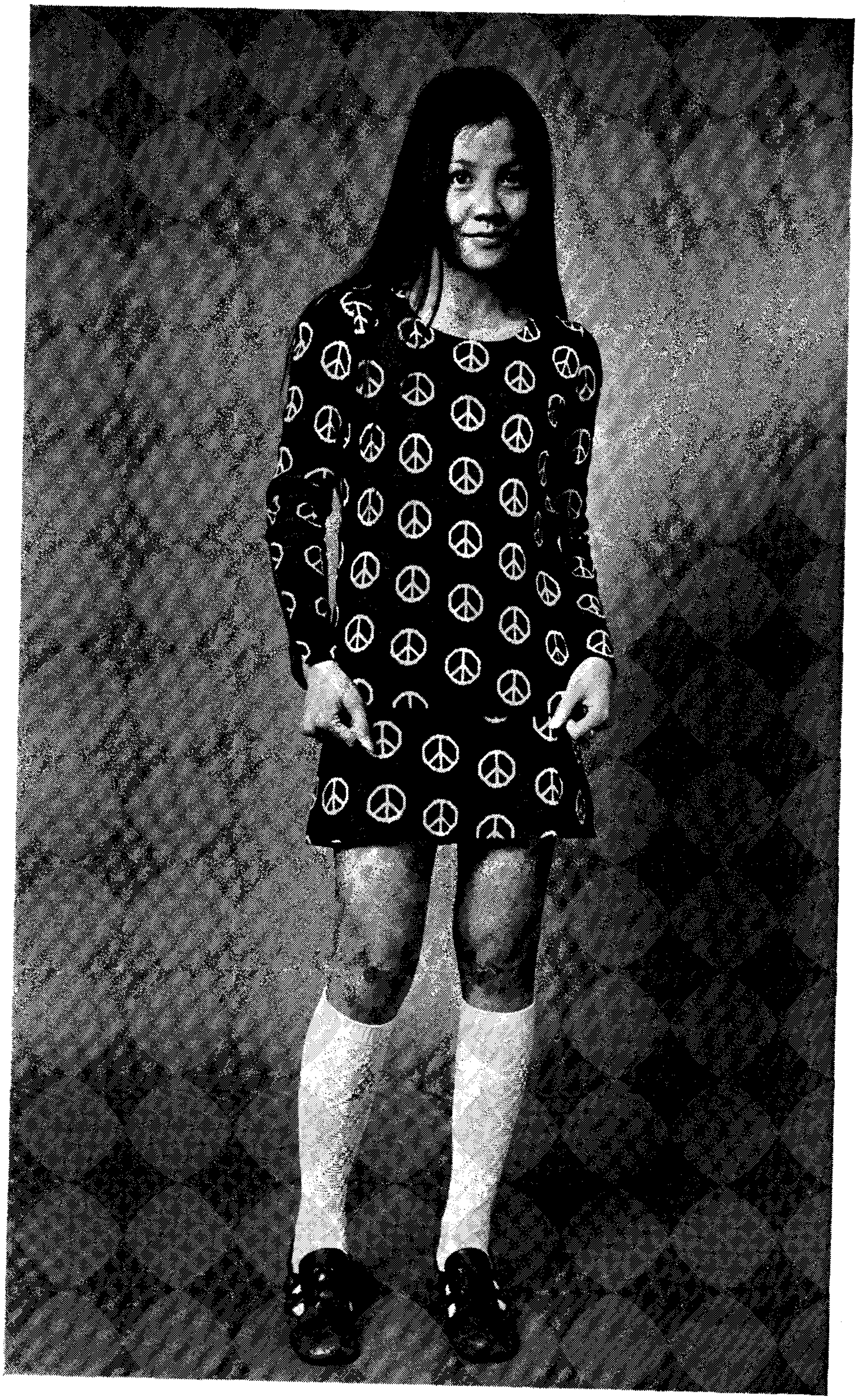
The little strength remaining amongst the most robust who survived, made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time. . . .

When I came out, I found myself in a high putrid fever, and not being able to stand, threw myself on the wet grass. . . .

The rest, who survived the fatal night, gained their liberty, except Mrs. Carey, who was too young and handsome. The dead bodies were promiscuously thrown into the ditch of our unfinished ravelin, and covered with the earth.

1757. British force under Clive and Admiral Watson, arriving in Bengal from Madras, defeats Siraj-ud-daula and French at Plassey, a village on the Bhagirathi. British given compensations, *zamindari* (proprietorship) over Calcutta, right to establish mint, etc. (In due course, British advance from Bengal to rest of India.) Clive begins work on New Fort William, near the original Fort William. *Imperial Gazetteer:* "Modern Calcutta dates from 1757."

1758. East India Company removes



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goods from Fort William, now used exclusively as military barracks. (Later, Holwell, having become Governor of Fort William, erects memorial obelisk at place where his fellow-sufferers were buried.)

1759. Thirty vessels call at Calcutta. Main exports opium, silk, muslin, indigo, saltpetre. Main import bullion.

1760. Area between Fort William's East Gate and Black Hole prison made into temporary church.

1764. Civil authority over much of Bengal conferred in perpetuity on East India Company by reigning Mogul emperor, Shah Alam. Center of East India Company's power shifts from Madras to Calcutta.

1767. Fort William, with new buildings added, made into a customhouse. Wilson's "Old Fort William in Bengal": "From this time onwards its fortunes steadily declined."

1773. New Fort William completed, at cost of two million pounds, and jungle around New Fort, cleared for military reasons, becomes Maidan. Customhouse now called Old Fort William.

1774. British Parliament invests control of East India Company's Indian possessions in Governor-General and Council of Bengal. Sets up Supreme Court in Calcutta, which now officially becomes capital of British Empire in India.

1780. British Calcutta "village of palaces." But Indian Calcutta very different. William Macintosh's "Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa" (1782):

> It is a truth that, from the western extremity of California to the eastern coast of Japan, there is not a spot where judgement, taste, decency, and convenience are so grossly insulted as in that scattered and confused chaos of houses, huts, sheds, streets, lanes, alleys, windings, gullies, sinks, and tanks, which, jumbled into an undistinguished mass of filth and corruption, equally offensive to human sense and health, compose the capital of the English Company's Government in India. The very small portion of cleanliness which it enjoys is owing to the familiar intercourse of hungry jackals by night, and ravenous vultures, kites, and crows by day. In like manner it is indebted to the smoke raised on public streets, in temporary huts and sheds, for any respite it enjoys from mosquitoes, the natural productions of stagnated and putrid waters.

1818. Old Fort William demolished.

1819. Foundation stone of new customhouse laid.

1821. Holwell's obelisk, which has fallen into disrepair, pulled down.

1850. Calcutta's estimated population four hundred thousand.

1854. First jute mill in Bengal. Jute, woven on hand looms, in common use in Bengal villages in eighteenth century, but only in nineteenth introduced to England, where process of bleaching and dyeing is soon mastered. *Imperial Gazetteer:* "If it may be said that Bombay is built upon cotton, it is no less true that Calcutta is built on jute."

1858. East India Company transfers its functions in India to the British government.

1874. Opening of Howrah Bridge, giving Calcutta overland access to rest of India, where roads and railways in process of development.

1875. British get control of Suez Canal. More and more sea trade. More and more steamships—Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation, British India Steam Navigation, City, Clan, Harrison, and Anchor lines. Bengal gaining monopoly of many of India's exports—jute, coal, tea, hides, linseed, lac. Imports include textiles, metals, machinery.

1876. Calcutta Corporation constituted, with elected and appointed commissioners. Completes a drainage scheme, increases supply of filtered and unfiltered water, etc.

1882. Mr. R. R. Bayne, of East Indian Railway Company, while digging foundations for new Railway office building, discovers wall of Old Fort William.

1883. Bayne reports his discovery to Asiatic Society of Bengal, exciting interest of another Englishman, Dr. H. E. Busteed, who continues excavations.

1886. March. Visit of Lord and Lady Dufferin to Calcutta. Extract from "Our Viceregal Life in India," by Lady Dufferin:

> This being our last day at Calcutta, we crammed a little sightseeing into it. D. and I went with Dr. Busteed to look at the site of the Black Hole. This gentleman . . . has worked away until he has discovered the exact spot where it was, besides collecting all the interesting details concerning that terrible disaster. Having found the place, which is now part of a courtyard leading to the Post Office, he has laid down a pavement the exact size of the little room called the "Black Hole," and has put up a tablet to explain this fact. Dr. Busteed gave me a little model of the place as it was, which shows that it was not a "hole" but a room. . . .
>
> Dr. Busteed is very anxious to put up a stone to show where it [Holwell's obelisk] stood, and to place in the church a tablet with the names of the persons who died in the Black Hole, which names Holwell had been at some pains to preserve. He (Holwell) was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the plan of this monument in his hand, and his descendants, who live in Canada, have the pic-

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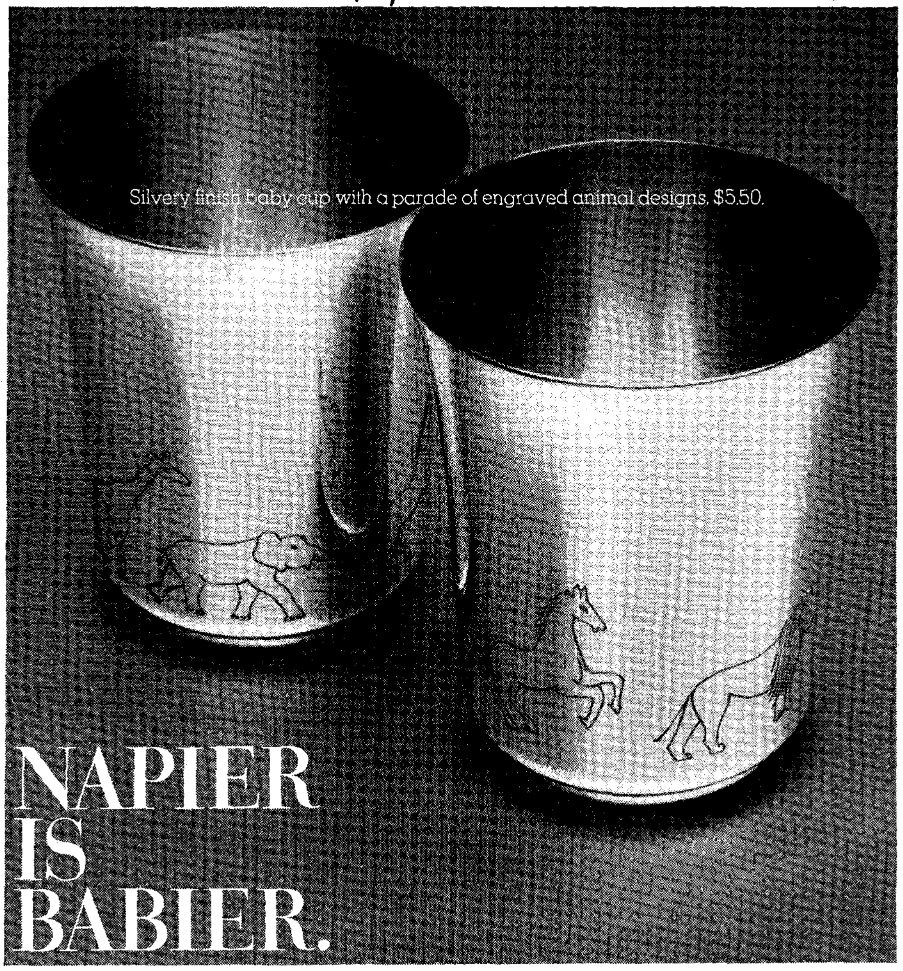

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ture, and sent Dr. Busteed a photograph of it.

1886. May. Dr. Busteed writes to a Colonel Trevor:

> The excavation was allowed to remain open for some short time, and attracted very numerous visitors and received much popular attention. The Government of Bengal with ready interest sympathized in the generally-felt desire that so very historical a site should be marked, and directed that what, for the present, was considered the most practicable thing under the circumstances should be done—namely, that as the roadway under which the chamber lay was essential to the Post Office traffic, *the excavation* should be filled in and decently paved over with granite, and that a tablet bearing this inscription should be placed on the most convenient spot near: "The stone pavement close to this marks the position and size of the prison cell in Old Fort William, known in history as the Black Hole of Calcutta."

1889. An eighteenth-century map of Calcutta and Old Fort William found in British Museum. Proves erroneous some inferences Busteed drew from his excavations and published in his work "Echoes from Old Calcutta."

1891. C. R. Wilson, with map, begins further excavations, which continue for years.

1900. The Viceroy, now Lord Curzon, convenes meeting in yard of General Post Office. Considers question of another Black Hole obelisk. Assembly decides to remove massive masonry gate at one end of yard and pave with black marble the part of prison site not covered by building.

1901. Census. Calcutta's population eight hundred and forty-eight thousand. Howrah's a hundred and fifty-eight thousand. Total population of other suburbs a hundred and one thousand. Population of metropolis of Calcutta exceeded only by populations, severally, of metropolises of London, Constantinople, Paris, and Berlin. In Calcutta, fifty-seven languages—forty-one Asiatic, sixteen *non*-Asiatic. Greatest rate of population increase in the most crowded wards. Ratio of males to females two to one. Very high mortality rate.

1902. Lord Curzon delivers address on the occasion of unveiling marble obelisk in Calcutta to commemorate dead of Black Hole.

NOTA BENE: Remember to review strange debate among Indian historians about the number of Englishmen who died in the Black Hole, and even about whether the Black Hole tragedy ever really occurred. Some say, incredibly, that the Black Hole was merely a British invention to justify the conquest of Bengal, maintaining that the story is found only in British accounts, and not in contemporary Indian Muslim sources. On this point, cf. the Bengali historian A. K. Maitreya, whose work on Siraj-ud-daula represents the classic Indian attempt to find gaps in the British evidence and so refute the British with their own sources. But new information on the Black Hole based on other than British primary sources, such as the translation, by A. Hughes (published in *Bengal Past & Present* in 1958), of a newly found contemporary Persian manuscript on Siraj-ud-daula, cuts most of the ground from under the arguments of Maitreya et al. Discuss problem S. C. Hill raises: "Why the inhabitants of Bengal were absolutely apathetic to events which handed over the government of their country to a race so different from their own." Analyze differences in attitudes of British and of Indians toward history, toward the dead.

SURPRISINGLY, Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), who was virtually a stranger to Calcutta, is the writer most often quoted on Calcutta; he was born in India and spent his early childhood, late teens, and early twenties in the country, but the Indian cities he knew best were Lahore, where he worked for about five years on the editorial staff of the *Civil & Military Gazette*, and Allahabad, where he worked for two years on the editorial staff of the *Gazette's* sister publication the *Pioneer*. While in India, he travelled extensively, and his outlook, when not that of an imperialist, was that of a pragmatic Lahori with perhaps a trace of the spirituality of Allahabad. Certainly some of his stories and articles reveal him to be an upcountry writer who spurned what he took to be the effeminate hybrid culture of Bengal and the pretensions of the British capital in favor of the rugged indigenous culture of the Punjab and the native wholesomeness of a provincial city. He wrote, in fact, very little about Calcutta, and what he did write was written between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three. Calcutta figures in one short story, three narrative poems, and a series of eight short, informal articles that first appeared in the *Pioneer* in 1889 and, in 1899, were revised and collected under the general title "City of Dreadful Night" in his book "From Sea to Sea." (Calcutta also figures in a children's story.) The short story, entitled "The Dream of Duncan Parrenness," is about a dissolute young Englishman who is a junior clerk in the service of the East India

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Company and who has a dream in which he confronts his future and the consequences of a wasted youth. The tale, which is a kind of moral ghost story, is forced and awkward, perhaps because it tries to re-create the idiom of the Warren Hastings period, in which it is set. In any case, although the story does contain some specific references to Calcutta ("sullen, un-English stream, the Hugli," "the foul soil north of Writers' Buildings"), the setting is incidental. Similarly, two of the poems—"What Happened" and "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House," which concern the anarchic diversity of the Indian people and a brawl in a harbor boarding house, respectively—could have been set in Bombay or a number of other cities. The third poem, however, "A Tale of Two Cities"—the second city is Simla, the hill station in the Punjab that served as the British summer capital—dwells on the physical squalor and loathsome conditions of life in Calcutta, deploring the accident that brought the city into being in the first place and the avarice that sustains it. The poem, which is quoted in its entirety below, has come to be thought of almost as another curse upon Calcutta, phrases from it having become, in the English language, lasting epithets for Calcutta:

Where the sober-coloured cultivator smiles
On his *byles* [cattle];
Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow
Come and go;
Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,
Hides and *ghi;*
Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints
In his prints;
Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed away
Near a Bay—
By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer
Made impure,
By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the swamp
Moist and damp;
And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,
Don't agree.
Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came
Meek and tame.
Where his timid foot first halted, there he stayed,
Till mere trade
Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth
South and North,
Till the country from Peshawur to Ceylon
Was his own.

Thus the midday halt of Charnock—more's the pity!—
Grew a City.
As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,
So it spread—
Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built
On the silt—
Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—
Side by side;
And, above the packed and pestilential town,
Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea
Turned to flee—
Fled, with each returning Spring-tide, from its ills
To the Hills.
From the clammy fogs of morning, from the blaze
Of the days,
From the sickness of the noontide, from the heat,
Beat retreat;
For the country from Peshawur to Ceylon
Was their own.
But the Merchant risked the perils of the Plain
For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, 'neath the palms,
Asks an alms,
And the burden of its lamentation is,
Briefly, this:
"Because, for certain months, we boil and stew,
"So should you.
"Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to perspire
"In our fire!"
And for answer to the argument, in vain
We explain
That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot cry:—
"*All* must fry!"
That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plains
For his gains.
Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow rich in,
From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints
In his prints;
And mature—consistent soul—his plan for stealing
To Darjeeling:
Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver pile,
England's isle;
Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil day!—
Go Her way.
Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors
Heap their stores,
Though Her enterprise and energy secure
Income sure,
Though "out-station orders punctually obeyed"
Swell Her trade—
Still, for rule, administration, and the rest,
Simla's best!

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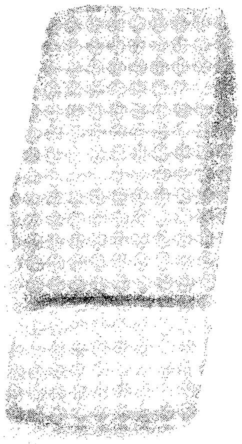
Lessons in Liederkranz



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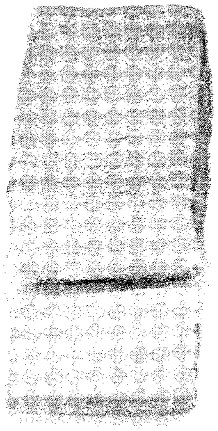
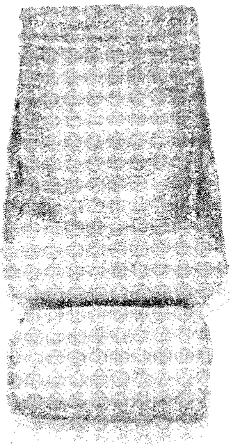
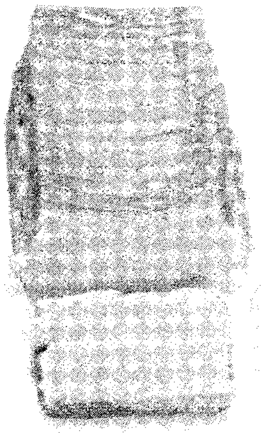


And here's how it looks when you buy it. Its center has changed to a pale yellow. And the flavor's a little more "tenor" than "baritone." Which, maybe, is just as well, if you've never had Liederkranz before.



Medium ripened Borden's Liederkranz changes to a golden yellow. Its center is softer and there's much more flavor. We know it looks good enough to eat. But real connoisseurs wait.



After a few weeks, Borden's Liederkranz is fully ripened. And tastes it. But the epicure knows how to enjoy its robust, baritone flavor and soft texture. Sliced pumpernickel, a glass of beer, and he eats it up crust and all.

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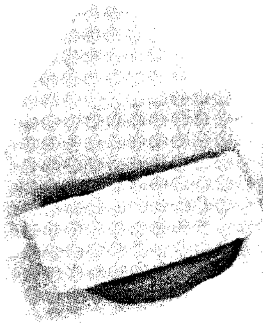
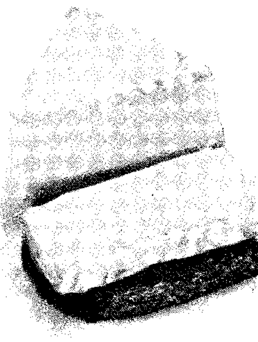
Try some Liederkranz (Lee-der-kranz) and see how ripe you like it. Liederkranz was discovered by an apprentice cheesemaker named Emil Frey in 1892. We don't know if it was called Liederkranz because Emil's boss belonged to the Liederkranz Club in New York, or because nobody liked the name Emil Frey cheese.

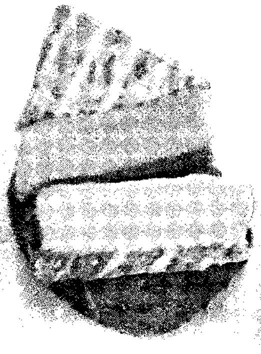
and Camembert.



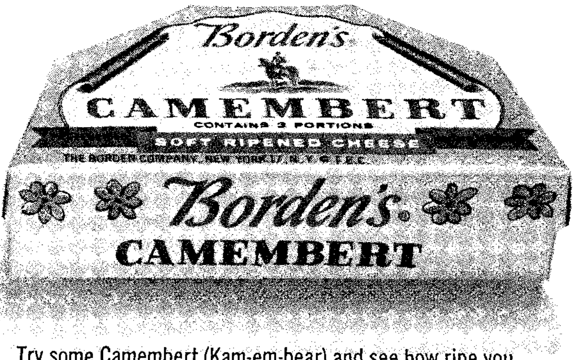
Camembert originally came from France. But the last time we counted, 90% of the Camembert cheese made in the U.S. was made by Borden. This is how it looks right after it's made when it's fresh or unripened.



And here's how it looks when you buy it. Its center has changed to a creamy texture. And there's a more tangy flavor. We know it looks good enough to eat. But real connoisseurs wait.



After a few weeks, Borden's Camembert is fully-ripened. Many German people won't eat it fully-ripened. But the French and Italians won't eat it any other way. A few crackers, some fresh apple slices, or a glass of red wine, and they eat it up crust and all.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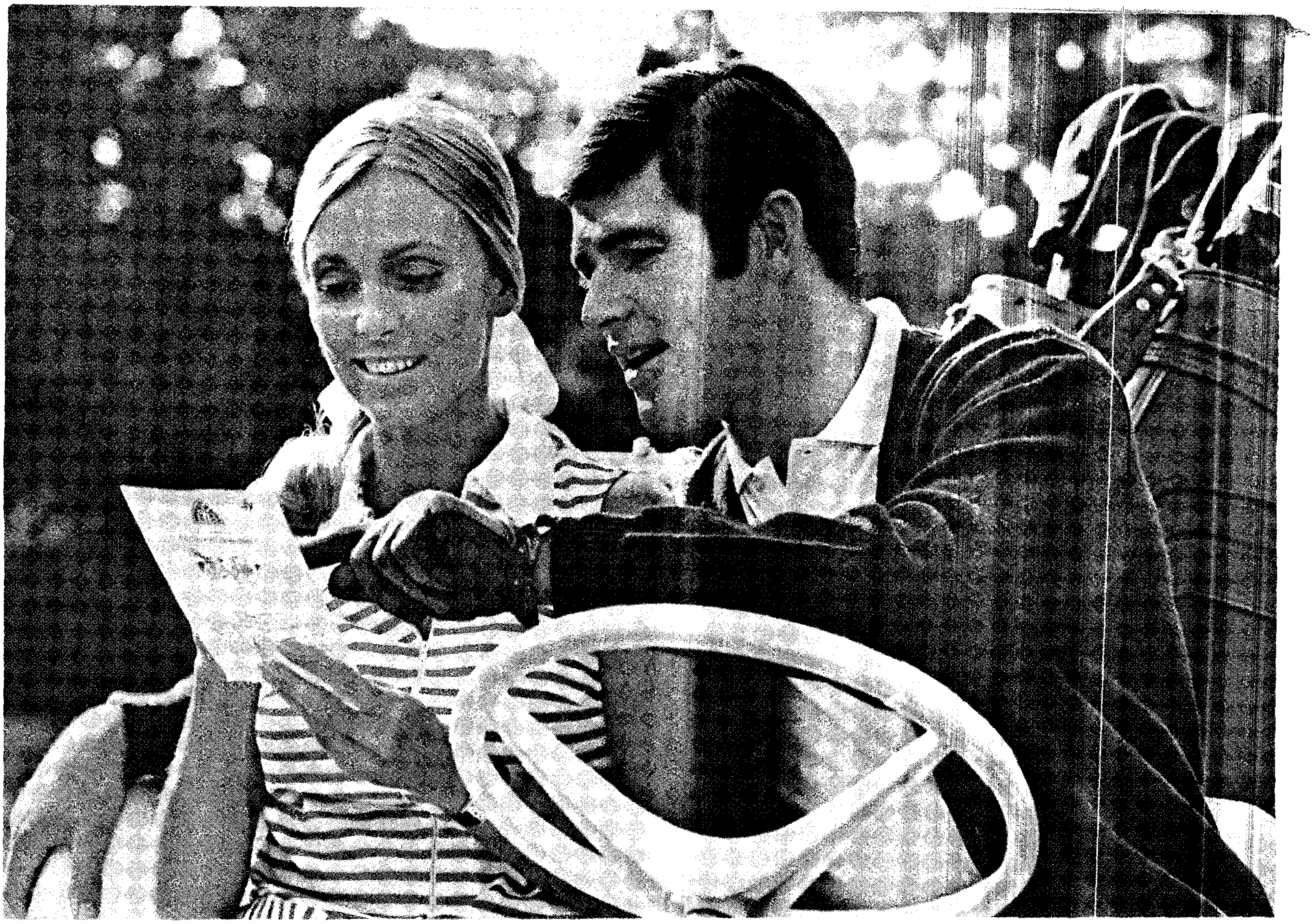

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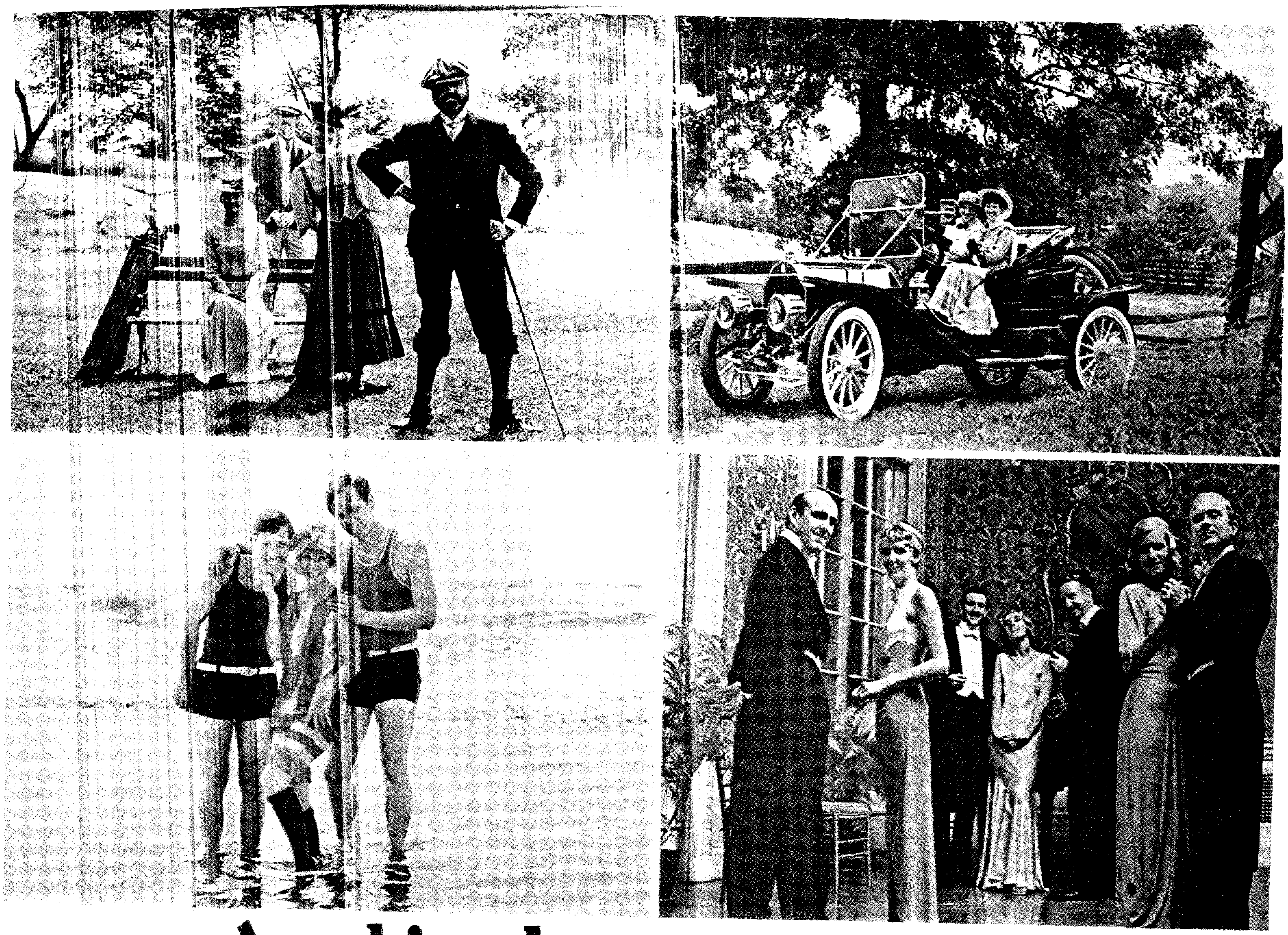
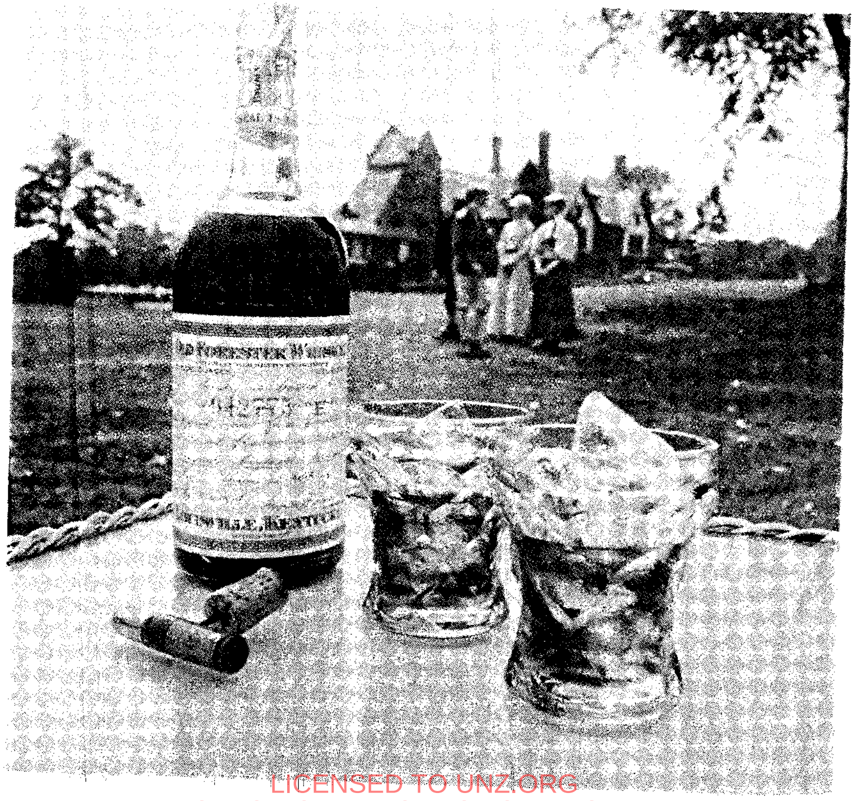


And in the past 100 years there's been a lot of them.



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of Calcutta is to be found in "City of Dreadful Night," which was the result of Kipling's only long visit to Calcutta. Kipling imagines the first sensations of British "backwoodsmen and barbarians" who, like him, have lived for a long time in the rustic, provincial atmosphere of the Empire, away from London and civilization, and have come to think of Calcutta as the only "real" city in India, and who travel there hoping that their heritage of civilization will be restored to them. "Let us take off our hats to Calcutta, the many-sided, the smoky, the magnificent," he writes. "We have left India behind us. . . . Why, this is London! This is the docks. This is Imperial. This is worth coming across India to see!" But in the cosmopolitan Great Eastern Hotel, where nationals of all countries are to be found, and in the splendid Maidan, whose expanse dwarfs everything except the rows of mansions of Chowringhi, and in the palaces themselves, which were built in the old times when money was plentiful, and which, like the houses in hill stations, are graced with outside winding service staircases, there is a reeking, ferocious, all-pervasive stench, worse than the worst odor of Benares, Peshawar, or Bombay. There is no escape from it, no relief except exhaustion, for it is the "Big Calcutta Stink," or, in Kipling's abbreviation, "B.C.S." "Stop to consider for a moment," he writes, "what the cramped compounds, the black soaked soil, the netted intricacies of the service-staircases, and packed stables, the seethment of human life . . . and the curious arrangement of little open drains mean, and you will call it a whited sepulchre." Thinking that any English municipal government would have solved Calcutta's most basic problem, sanitation, he blames the stench on an experiment that Calcutta was making at the time with local self-government. "In spite of that stink, they allow, even encourage, natives to look after the place!" he writes. "The damp, drainage-soaked soil is sick with the teeming life of a hundred years, and the Municipal Board list is choked with the names of natives—men of the breed born in and raised off this surfeited muckheap!"

Kipling attends a long, futile debate of the Bengal Legislative Council and continues his explorations of the city, from the banks of the Hooghly—he visits the Port Office, where efficient *babus* daily chart the channel of the Hooghly, and the Shipping Office nearby, where mercantile outcasts wait to ship out of Calcutta—to the Park Street Cemetery, which contains the graves of the early English. In the course of a night, Kipling visits brothels, dance sheds, gambling houses, and opium dens, being initiated into the dark mysteries of the city as he passes from one vice-ridden, mean neighborhood to another, from the outer edge of what he regards as the inferno deeper and deeper into its center. Everywhere people are trapped and crowded together in abominable hovels resembling pigsties, and everywhere he encounters horrors that "cannot be written or hinted at" and yet are accepted as if they were the normal order of things.

Kipling borrowed the title for his Calcutta series from James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night":

> The City of Night, but not of
> Sleep;
> There sweet sleep is not for the
> weary brain;
> The pitiless hours like years and
> ages creep,
> A night seems termless hell. This
> dreadful strain
> Of thought and consciousness
> which never ceases,
> Or which some moments' stupor
> but increases,
> This, worse than woe, makes
> wretches there insane.

An age has crept past since Kipling wrote, but although his Calcutta writings are adolescent—the irony is heavy-handed and the point of view naïvely prejudiced—they continue to be remembered, because the passing of years has only preserved and multiplied the horrors of the city.

MEETING WITH SATYAJIT RAY: Tonight, I approach a large, ghostly old house in Calcutta. An elderly, bearded man wearing a Muslim skullcap is slouching at the entrance. I ask him the way to the lodgings of David McCutchion. He points vaguely toward the entrance of the house, and then shuffles away. The entrance leads into a dark and dingy hallway, where a broken-down bicycle stands next to a broken-down couch. Leading up from the hallway is a wide, unswept staircase, and I climb to the second floor. On the landing, a figure in crimson silk emerges from a doorway. The figure turns out to be a plump little girl of not more than ten, heavily made up. I ask her if she knows where McCutchion lives. She indicates that I should follow her, and silently leads me on a surrealistic walk through a series of

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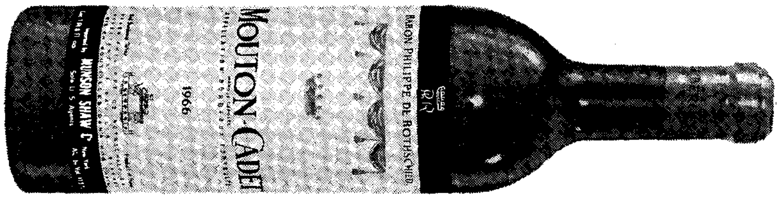

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lightless passages and into a large, untidy garret containing a narrow iron bedstead, an old cupboard, three wooden chairs, a desk, a trunk, some suitcases, and three umbrellas. To one side of the room is a typical Indian bathing area—a sloping cement floor on which stand buckets, dippers, and mugs, and a low bench. Overhead, a ceiling fan whirs sluggishly, and stretched across the room is a string from which a wet shirt is hanging. On the desk are photographs of reliefs of mythical scenes and statues of gods and goddesses from Hindu temples, and all around the room are shelves holding books on Bengal. McCutchion, who sits reading a Bengali book when I enter, is a tall, spare Englishman in his thirties. He has on big black-rimmed glasses, and is dressed like an Indian, in pajamas and a bush shirt.

McCutchion has become known in Calcutta as a Satyajit Ray film buff; in fact, in recent years he has been one of Ray's closest associates, helping him write the English subtitles for his films. After the girl in the red dress has left, I tell McCutchion of my interest in Calcutta and in Ray, who is considered the greatest film artist in Calcutta and in the country, and perhaps India's greatest living artist. "Ray loves Calcutta," McCutchion says. "All of us who live here love Calcutta, in a way. It is a nightmare of a city in terms of filth, but the people who live here make it a great city. Like all true Bengalis, Ray has a strong feeling for Bengali culture—his films draw upon every aspect of it. He is interested in *everything* Bengali—in Bengali literature and the Bengali language and Bengali life. When a promoter comes to him and asks him to do a film in another language—in Hindi, perhaps—he just says no. In 1964, he did a fifteen-minute segment of an hour TV show for Esso—called 'Two.' They wanted it to be in English, but he said he wouldn't do a Bengali film with English dialogue, and he did a silent film, a pantomime. He is quite critical of Bengalis who, for instance, write in English. But he's not a Bengali purist—he doesn't feel bound to use only Bengali words. In fact, he uses a great number of English words in the sound tracks of his films; he would say he uses them in the interests of authenticity. His films are notably authentic—a Bengali house in a film of his will have an oleograph over the mantelpiece. He often uses amateur actors, and will find someone to play a part who in life is like the character he plays in the film. Ray's research is very thorough. But I am always a little disappointed in his themes. A general criticism of his films, with which I agree, is that, as a rule, he does not deal with the starker aspects of Indian life. But then, as a person, he's a typical middle-class Bengali. In fact, he is striking for his ordinariness. He lives in a very simple, middle-class way. There is nothing flamboyant about him, nothing ostentatious. He knows what he wants, and he is practical in seeking it. He is completely wrapped up in his work. In some ways, he is a very lonely man. When he is not shooting, he sits in a chair in his den for seventeen or eighteen hours at a time."

I ask McCutchion how he and Ray became acquainted.

"I came to India in 1957, soon after reading modern languages at Cambridge," he says. "I first met Ray in 1960, when I was teaching English at Shantiniketan and he came there to speak to the students. He gave me his address and asked me to look him up when I was next in Calcutta. I did. At the time, he was filming 'Teen Kanya,' and I went to watch him shoot. Gradually, we got to know each other. He has introduced me to people, given me film, and in other ways been very helpful to me in my hobby, which is photographing terra-cotta art in the temples."

To meet Satyajit Ray, the director of "Pather Panchali" (Cannes Special Award), "Aparajito" (Venice Grand Prix), "Jalsaghar," "Paras Pathar," "Apur Sansar" ("Pather Panchali," "Aparajito," and "Apur Sansar" make up what is well known as the Trilogy) "Devi," "Rabindranath Tagore," "Teen Kanya," "Kanchenjunga," "Abhijan," "Mahanagar," "Charulata," and "Kapurush-O-Mahapurush," I walk along a narrow, shabby street to the house he lives in, with his wife and their only child, a son. Having passed through an unimposing entrance into an unimposing hall, and climbed a narrow and dimly lit stairway to the second floor, I reach Ray's flat. A servant lets me into a gloomy hallway, which has a couple of glass cases displaying inexpensive knickknacks, such as are often found in Indian homes. The hallway leads into a small, close, cluttered room—Ray's den. All around the walls are well-worn books, some in soft covers but most clothbound, some in Bengali but most in English. They are a jumble of titles and authors: "Persian Tales," "Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists," Pushkin, an encyclopedia (covered in brown paper but with the paper cut away to

Tribal Dancing

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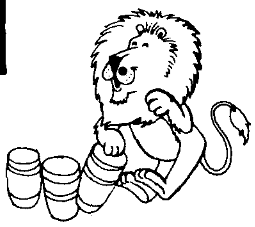

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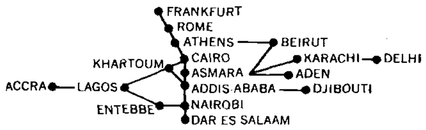

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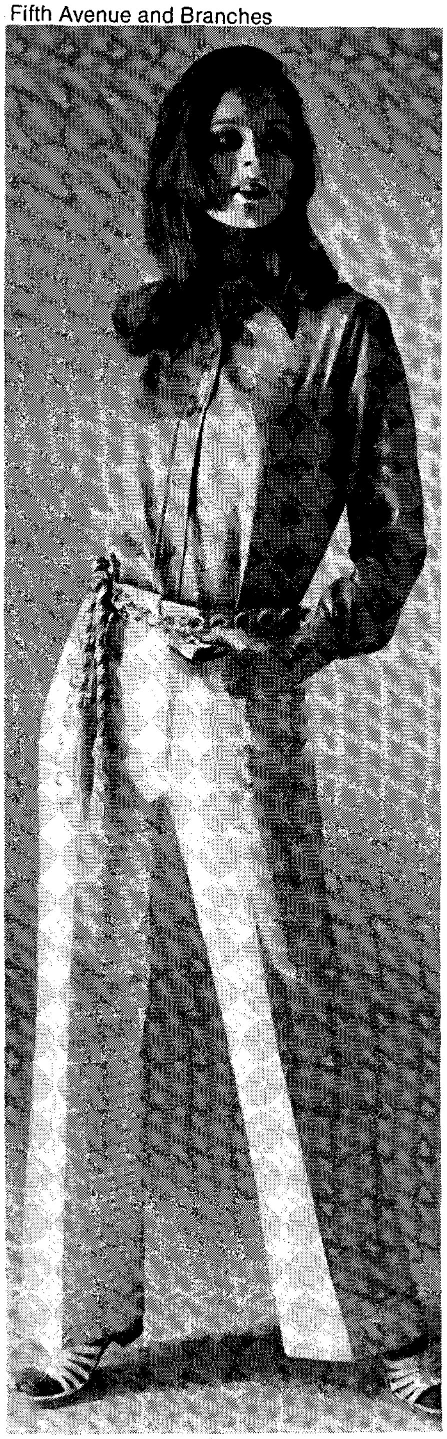

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show the alphabetical contents of each volume), "The Voices of Silence," "History of India," "Cézanne," "The Dawn of Civilisation," "The Face of New York," "The Art of India," Tagore, "Classical Literary Criticism," the Upanishads, "A Passage to India," "Ancient Art of the Andes," "Great Sanskrit Plays," "Esquire Etiquette," "The Wonder That Was India." There are a couple of paintings; a piano, a tape recorder, and a gramophone; a divan piled with Indian musical instruments, spools of tape, books, magazines, typewritten sheets, and a jar of pencils; a large round table holding more books and papers; a rectangular table on which are a typewriter and a telephone; and a couple of easy chairs. Next to the rectangular table is a frayed red chair, in which Ray sits, wearing an unstarched, rumpled white *kurta*, pajamas, and leather slippers. He has a drawing board on his knees. As I enter, he puts the drawing board down and stands up to greet me. "I am working on type faces for the International Typeface Design Competition," he explains, pacing about. "I have to send my designs off to New York by the end of this week to meet the deadline. The prize is fifteen hundred dollars. If the designs are sold, I will also get royalties. I have always been interested in graphics."

Ray sits down. He is a very tall, large, rugged-looking man in his middle forties. He has thick black hair, a big nose, a wide mouth, and eyes that protrude slightly. He gives the impression of having great physical energy held perfectly under control. When he walks about, his movements are abrupt and decisive; when he is sitting, he is quite still and self-contained. His expression, unlike that of many Bengalis, is not gentle but somewhat severe and remote.

I tell Ray a little about the time I have spent in Calcutta, and mention to him that one of the things I have noticed is an intense political involvement on the part of Calcutta's artists and writers.

"Most of the interesting work in the arts here is done by left-wingers," Ray says. "I cannot think of any right-wing Bengali who has ever done anything praiseworthy. As for me, most people would probably associate me with figures who are very strongly left-wing, like Utpal Dutt. But I think politics are a mess, and, as a rule, politicians here are not men of calibre. I have not lent my name to many political causes. Recently, I did write a letter denouncing the appearance of the new National Theatre building here. I denounced the colors, the relief work, the foyer—the ugliness of the whole building. And during the general strike and riots in Bengal this March I represented the Union of Film Workers in a procession, because film people here have the reputation of not being affected by things like that, and I wanted to give the lie to this idea. I didn't stay in the procession very long, however, because I once had sunstroke and I am not supposed to be out in the sun very long."

I ask him how he feels about living in Calcutta.

"I love Calcutta," he says. "I have lived here all my life. The best of whatever is being done in the arts in India is being done here. There is great intellectual vitality here. A lot of very good Bengali writing is being done here. The Bengali theatre is very much alive here. The coffeehouses here are full of people with ideas. Only filmmaking has not attracted many intellectuals, yet from a filmmaker's point of view no city could be better, because all kinds of things happen here all the time. It is true I don't have much of a social life, but then I don't really miss it. There is no one with whom I can discuss all the things I am interested in. In fact, it is difficult for me to find time to do everything I want to do."

I ask him about some of the things he does.

"My father, Sukumar Ray, was the greatest children's writer in Bengali," he says. "I am still referred to here as 'the son of Sukumar Ray.' My grandfather wrote for children, too, though he made his living as a printer. He had many inventions to his credit, and his printing shop produced the finest printing of his day. He started and edited a children's magazine, *Sandesh*, which is the name of a sweetmeat that Bengali children love. I have revived *Sandesh* with my aunt, Leila Mazumdar. It is a monthly, and I design a new cover for it every six months. I do several illustrations for each issue, and I do other things for it, too. Recently, I made a puzzle for it, a crossword in rhyme—the first crossword of its kind devised in Bengali. I have translated a lot of Edward Lear's limericks and a great deal of Lewis Carroll into Bengali for *Sandesh*. At present, I am trying to translate my father's nonsense rhymes into English, but I am having a great deal of difficulty with this."

I ask him about his own life.

"I was an only child, and I have

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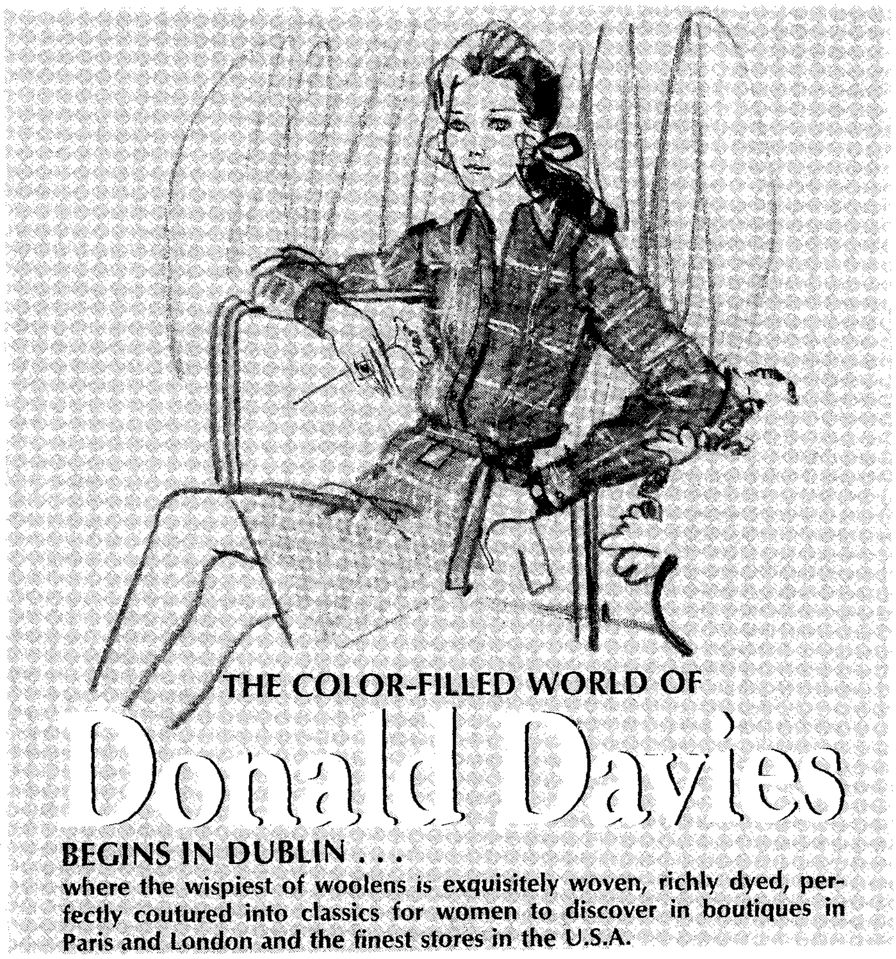

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always been more or less on my own," he says. "I was two when my father died. I hardly remember my father, and my grandfather died before I was born. After my father's death, my mother and I lived with my mother's uncle here in Calcutta. He kept moving from flat to flat, and we moved with him. I attended Calcutta University, and after that I went to Shantiniketan to study fine arts. I was at Shantiniketan for three years. There I painted a little, and I also started developing a serious interest in the cinema. I read some books on the aesthetics of the cinema—on film forms, film technique, film acting. I read books by Eisenstein, by Pudovkin, and by other great directors. I did not finish my fine-arts course, however, because the Japanese started bombing Calcutta, and I left Shantiniketan the day after the bombing started, to be with my mother, who was living here—she died in 1960. A few months after that—this was in 1943—I joined D. J. Keymer, the advertising agency, as a layout man, although I'd had no training in commercial art. After I got the advertising job, my mother and I moved to a small flat in the Ballygunge section. At Independence, in 1947, my friends and I started the Calcutta Film Society, the first film-appreciation club in the city. We had something like twenty or twenty-four members. Now there are two thousand. I was married in 1949. I started shooting my first film, 'Pather Panchali,' in 1952, and finished it three years later."

I ask him how he came to make "Pather Panchali."

"When I was at Keymer, I was doing book illustrations, book covers, book design, and typography for a publisher on the side," he says. "Around 1949, the publisher asked me to do illustrations for a new edition of 'Pather Panchali,' a novel by one of the best-known Bengali writers, Bibhutibhushan Bannerji. It was first published in the early nineteen-thirties, and the author had recently died. While illustrating the book, I got the idea of turning it into a film, and I did a few rough drawings. 'Pather Panchali' is not the kind of book that most directors and producers would think of making into a film. It hasn't the dramatic structure, the single, unified episode. It has loving descriptions of rural life, of little, subtle relationships among brother, sister, parents, and an old, unwanted aunt. The old aunt dies and the daughter dies. But when I read the book I loved it, and immediately thought what a wonderful film it would make. I talked about this with Mrs. Bannerji, who knew my entire family. She had known my father and my grandfather, and knew me through the book designs I was doing. Mrs. Bannerji told me that her husband used to say, 'My books would make very good films, but no one wants them.' I showed her all the sketches for scenes I had done. There were two fat sketchbooks. She was very much impressed, and showed faith in me by giving me the film rights. When the newspapers announced that I had been given the film rights, she started receiving letters from people who said she had no business giving the film rights of a classic to someone who had never made a film. She said to me, 'Although some of these people are close friends of mine, I have full faith and trust in you. I am sure you will do something truly remarkable.' I showed her pictures of the boy and girl I was considering for the parts in the film, and she said, 'This is exactly how I imagined the children in the book looked.' Soon after this, I went to England for six months, and in that time I saw about ninety-five films. I made a point of seeking out all the films by the big names in postwar Italy, acted mainly by non-professionals, out on the streets, without any makeup. On the boat on the way back from England, I wrote a proper scenario of 'Pather Panchali,' hoping to do it on the same lines as the Italians. For a year and a half after I came back to Calcutta, I went around to producers. Nobody showed any interest in filming the story, or in me as a possible director. So I took a loan of eight thousand rupees from my insurance company and started shooting. I had a cameraman new to films, Subrata Mitra. He was twenty-one or twenty-two at the time. I had Banshi Chandra Gupta as my art director. For my film editor I had Dulal Dutta, who had just started editing films. The three have been with me ever since. We were all in our twenties. I still had my job at the advertising agency, so we could shoot only on Sundays and holidays."

I recall reading a description Ray wrote of shooting the first scene:

> It was an episode in the screen play where the two children of the story, brother and sister, stray from their village and chance upon a field of *kaash* flowers. The two have had a quarrel, and here in this enchanted setting they are reconciled and their long journey is rewarded by their first sight of a railway train. I chose to begin with this scene because on paper it seemed both effective and simple. I considered this important, because the whole idea behind launching the production with only 8,000 rupees in the bank was to produce quickly and

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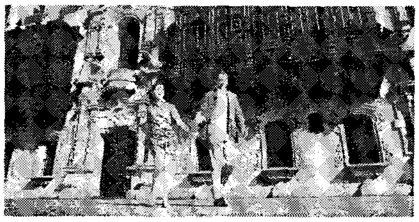

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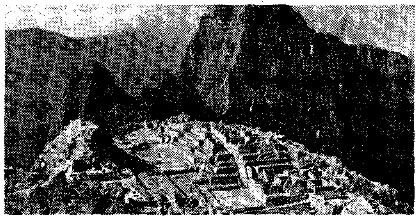

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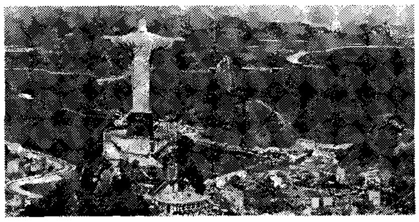

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cheaply a reasonable length of rough cut which we hoped would establish our *bona fides. . . .*

At the end of the first day's shooting we had eight shots. The children behaved naturally, which was a bit of luck, because I hadn't tested them. As for myself, I remember feeling a bit strung up in the beginning; but as work progressed my nerves relaxed and in the end I even felt a kind of elation. However, the scene was only half finished, and on the following Sunday we were back on the same location. But was it the same location? It was hard to believe it. What was on the previous occasion a sea of fluffy whiteness was now a mere expanse of uninspiring brownish grass. We knew *kaash* was a seasonal flower, but surely they were not *that short-lived?* A local peasant provided the explanation. The flowers, he said, were food to the cattle. The cows and buffaloes had come to graze the day before and had literally chewed up the scenery.

I remark now how much I like his description of this incident.

"Our idea was to shoot some footage and show it to the producers," he says. "We showed them twenty-five minutes of film, but they said they were not interested. I had a friend who had influence with some distributors, and the friend persuaded the distributors to give us some money. Now I filled all the parts and completed something like five reels of film, but when I showed them to the distributors, they said they were not interested in going on. For a year, there was no money and no work. I thought of shelving the whole thing. I told my unit and my actors that we were not going to go on. Then somebody had the idea of approaching the late Dr. B. C. Roy, who was Chief Minister of West Bengal at the time, and trying to get government financing for the film. My mother knew somebody who knew Dr. Roy, he was approached, and eventually the film was made with government money. The government gave us installments of money, for which we had to sign vouchers. We resumed working, and it took seven or eight months to complete the film."

I ask him what happened to the film.

"It got excellent reviews. It ran in Bombay, Delhi, and Madras, but without subtitles. Finally, it was entered in the Cannes Film Festival, where it was championed by the film director Lindsay Anderson. In Cannes, it was shown after four other films, and many of the members of the jury did not stay for it. They were too tired. A few critics stayed. One of them—a Frenchman, André Bazin—was so impressed that he immediately arranged a second showing of the film and insisted that all the members of the jury be present. It received a special prize as the 'Best

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Human Document.' 'Pather Panchali' was followed by 'Aparajito,' the second part of the trilogy."

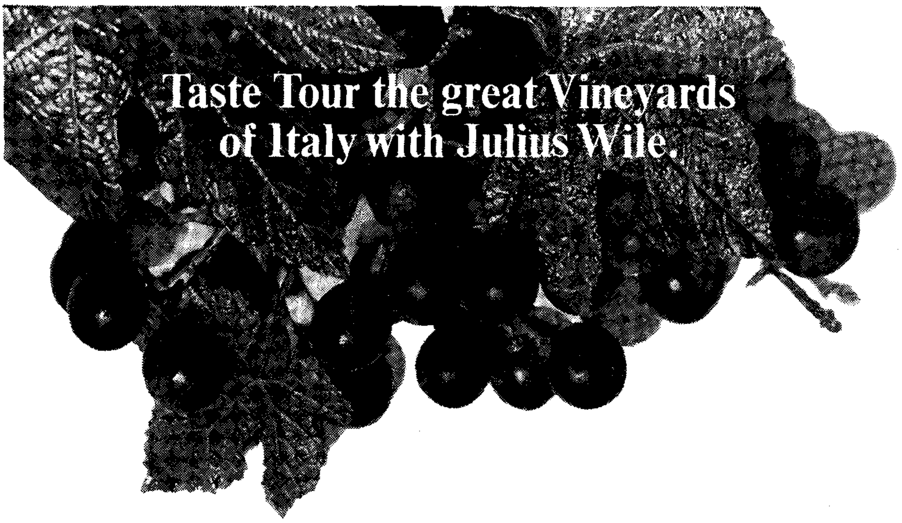
I ask him what he thinks of the Indian film industry, which, measured by the number of films produced per year, was long the largest film industry in the world, though Japan has now overtaken it.

"You cannot take the Indian film industry seriously," he says. "The heart of the industry is in Bombay, and although it is true that some of the films made there have some good photography, some good sound recording, some good acting—even the songs, though much ridiculed, sometimes have a certain quality to them—the films always collapse when it comes to the story and direction. For a good film, you need one director who has control over everything, a single guiding hand, and in Bombay the director is nobody—everything rests with the producers and distributors."

I ask him which of all film directors he admires most.

"It is not difficult to answer *whom* I admire," he says. "It's more difficult to explain why. Besides Eisenstein and Pudovkin, I admire Dreyer and Bergman very much, and Antonioni also. I got to know Jean Renoir when he was making 'The River' here in Calcutta, and I greatly admire his work—especially 'La Règle du Jeu.' I'm impressed with some of the other French directors, like Truffaut—especially his 'Jules et Jim.' I'm also impressed by the early films of De Sica—'The Bicycle Thief' and 'Umberto D.' I admire some American directors, like John Ford—particularly for their early work. Actually, as you may have gathered, I admire individual films more than directors. My favorites are 'The Gold Rush,' 'The General,' 'Ivan the Terrible,' 'A Night at the Opera,' 'The Seven Samurai,' and 'My Darling Clementine.' Nowadays, I am very impatient with indifferent films."

THE POOREST OF THE POOR: "Although throughout India there is a general opting-out of concern about the large problems of the poor by people with any means at all," one of the Ford Foundation planners tells me, "still, all over Calcutta, in a *busti* here and a *busti* there, a ward here and a ward there, volunteers and voluntary groups are doing welfare work. We did a study of a very poor section of the city that has a population of nearly a quarter of a million, and we found there were dispensaries, family-planning clinics, hospitals, coöperatives, primary



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and secondary schools, reading rooms, sports clubs, all run by private welfare groups. In fact, if it weren't for this volunteer work, the city might have collapsed long ago. But each religious, ethnic, or caste group tends to concentrate exclusively on its own poor. Muslims tend to work among Muslims, Gujaratis among Gujaratis, tanners among tanners. There are, it is true, a few groups that try to cut across the divisions and work throughout the city, yet, because the problem of poverty as a whole is so vast, even they end up having their own special concerns. For instance, the Bharat Savak Samaj works among the beggars and the Bengal Ladies' Union tries to rehabilitate prostitutes. Perhaps the most dreaded work is done by the Missionaries of Charity, who devote themselves to the lowest of the low. They devote themselves to those who are rejected by the rejected and despised by the despised. They work mostly with the lepers." A Calcutta friend, commenting on this part of the work of the Missionaries of Charity, says, "They attach special importance to their work among the lepers, perhaps because to all the rich of the world, if you really come down to it, all the poor of the world are, in a sense, lepers. The rich may give to the poor, may work among the poor, but they are really afraid to live with the poor."

The Missionaries of Charity is a Catholic congregation that was founded in 1948 by an Albanian-born nun, Mother Theresa. She is still its head, and one morning I go to meet her in the congregation's convent, which is on a narrow, unpaved lane just off Lower Circular Road. It is a small building enclosed by a high wall with an iron gate. Inside the gate is a courtyard. I am shown into a room, overlooking the courtyard, that serves as a parlor. It is furnished with a round wooden table, bearing a Bible and the *Catholic Directory of India*, and a few straight-backed wooden chairs, above which hang several framed photographs of clerical personages inscribed to the Missionaries of Charity.

Mother Theresa comes in. She is tiny and slim, but imposing. Her skin is ivory-colored, as if she had not been touched by the all-scorching Indian sun. Her face is creased with wrinkles, but she does not look elderly. Her eyes are small and gray-brown, her nose is strong, her lips are thin, and, though her smile is quick, her expression is stern and purposeful. She is wearing a plain white cotton sari with blue edging and a high-necked, long-sleeved blouse. On her, the traditional Indian dress seems transformed into a practical uniform *cum* nun's habit. The sari has been secured to her hair with ordinary straight pins and folded so that it looks a little like a headdress, and its free end has been fastened at her shoulder with a large safety pin, from which hangs a crucifix. "It's Christ's work we are doing here in Calcutta," she says by way of greeting.

We sit down, and I ask Mother Theresa one or two general questions about herself.

"There isn't much to tell," she says. "I was born in 1910. My father was a shopkeeper, and I had a brother and a sister. I entered a Loreto convent when I was ten, and I came to Calcutta to teach in the convent here in 1929. I have been in Calcutta ever since. I feel completely Indian now. I speak Bengali very well; my Hindi is not so good. But I would prefer it if we didn't talk about me—if you've heard about one of the Missionaries of Charity, you've heard about them all. I'd rather talk about our work, which is God's work."

I ask her how the work got started.

"I found the vocation of charity here in Calcutta within the vocation of religion," she says. "Even when I was teaching in the convent, I encouraged the senior girls in the sodality to go into the *bustis* and work among the poor, but I really began this work after the Second World War, when I saw a woman dying on the street outside Campbell Hospital. I picked her up and took her to the hospital, but she was refused admission, because she was poor. She died on the street. I knew then that I must make a home for the dying—a resting place for people going to Heaven. When God wants you to do something, He has His way of letting you know it." She goes on to tell me that in 1948 the ecclesiastical authorities gave her permission to form a congregation dedicated to relief work among "the poorest of the poor." She began the work in a couple of small rooms in a house in Moti Jheel Busti, establishing a school for orphan children in one room and a Home for the Dying in the other. Soon afterward, she received her first postulant as a Missionary of Charity, and soon after that she found different quarters for the Home for the Dying, and expanded her school for orphans into the second of the original rooms. "So, in time, the congregation and its activities grew," Mother Theresa adds,

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and she hands me a couple of leaflets about the work of the congregation today. One leaflet, which is about the Home for the Dying, records:

> Mother says, "They have lived like animals, we help them to die like angels." Here is the story of one poor unfortunate woman who was brought in from the sewer. She was a beggar who had, apparently overcome by hunger and fatigue, fallen into an open manhole. She lay there for five days barely alive and covered with maggots. As Mother put her to bed and began gently cleaning her, whole areas of skin came off in her hand. The woman, half-unconscious, murmured, "Why are you doing this for me?" Mother replied, "For the love of God." This poor waif who probably never in her life had had loving hands tend her—looking at Mother, her soul in her eyes, faith in human nature restored—gave Mother a most beautiful smile and died. That is our reward—that we should make the last moments of the fellow being beautiful.

"In Calcutta, besides the Home for the Dying, we now have a children's home, sixteen schools, twenty-three Sunday schools, eight mobile clinics for lepers, seven mobile clinics for the poor in the *bustis*, a relief center for distributing food rations, and two convents for the sisters," Mother Theresa says. "Altogether, in Calcutta, we have fifty-nine centers for our work, and two hundred and eighty-five sisters, who come from all parts of India and from many other countries, too. We also have sisters doing work in twenty other Indian cities, but most of the sisters work here in Calcutta."

According to the rules of the congregation, Mother Theresa tells me, a candidate wishing to become a professed sister must display health of body and mind, the ability to acquire knowledge, common sense in abundance, and a cheerful disposition. Then, over a three-year period, she will be admitted as, in turn, an aspirant, to learn the nature of the work of charity; a postulant, to learn the rudiments of the religious life and to test her sense of vocation; and a novice, to continue the study of the religious life, to examine the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and, under supervision, to work in the *bustis* among the poor. A member of the congregation must eat the same food as the poor and wear a plain white cotton sari with open sandals and a small crucifix; a dark-blue edging on the sari serves to distinguish a professed sister from a candidate. The prescribed language of the congregation is English, and the favorite ejaculation of the members is "Immaculate Heart of Mary! Cause of our joy! Pray for us!"

A bell now begins to chime in the distance, and files of nuns in white saris move across the courtyard outside. "They are going to the chapel," Mother Theresa says. "They are going to pray for one of our sisters who died this morning of rabies. She was a trained doctor, and six months ago, when she was working in one of our leper camps, a dog bit her. She didn't take the rabies injections, because the dog was just a puppy. It must have been her time to go to God." From the distance there now comes the sound of singing—of thin, high voices raised in the words of the Lord's Prayer. "I am thankful to say she died two days after the onset of the rabies. Five of us looked after her. We will all have to take injections. People who are bitten by rabid animals take about fourteen injections. We had only indirect contact with the rabies, so we will have to take only seven—it's not so bad."

Mother Theresa now prepares to visit some of the centers of the congregation. She invites me to accompany her, and asks for the ambulance, explaining that she often travels in it, so that she can remove to the Home for the Dying anyone she may see dying on the streets or in the *bustis*.

We take our places in the ambulance, beside the driver, and are immediately surrounded by a throng of beggars—sick, emaciated, lame—all with their open palms thrust forward. "Hey, *babu!*" and "Hey, *mataji!*" and "Hey, *babu!*" they cry, in a dissonant jumble of voices.

I pass out the money in my pockets. Mother Theresa, except for crossing herself, sits impassive. As the ambulance pulls away, the beggars retreat and fall behind.

Mother Theresa tells me that her first stop will be at the Shishu Bhavan ("children's home"), which houses nearly seventy children at present and has cared for over two thousand homeless children—orphaned, abandoned, afflicted, or disabled—since it was opened, in 1955, nursing them, teaching them, finding them foster parents, and arranging marriages for them.

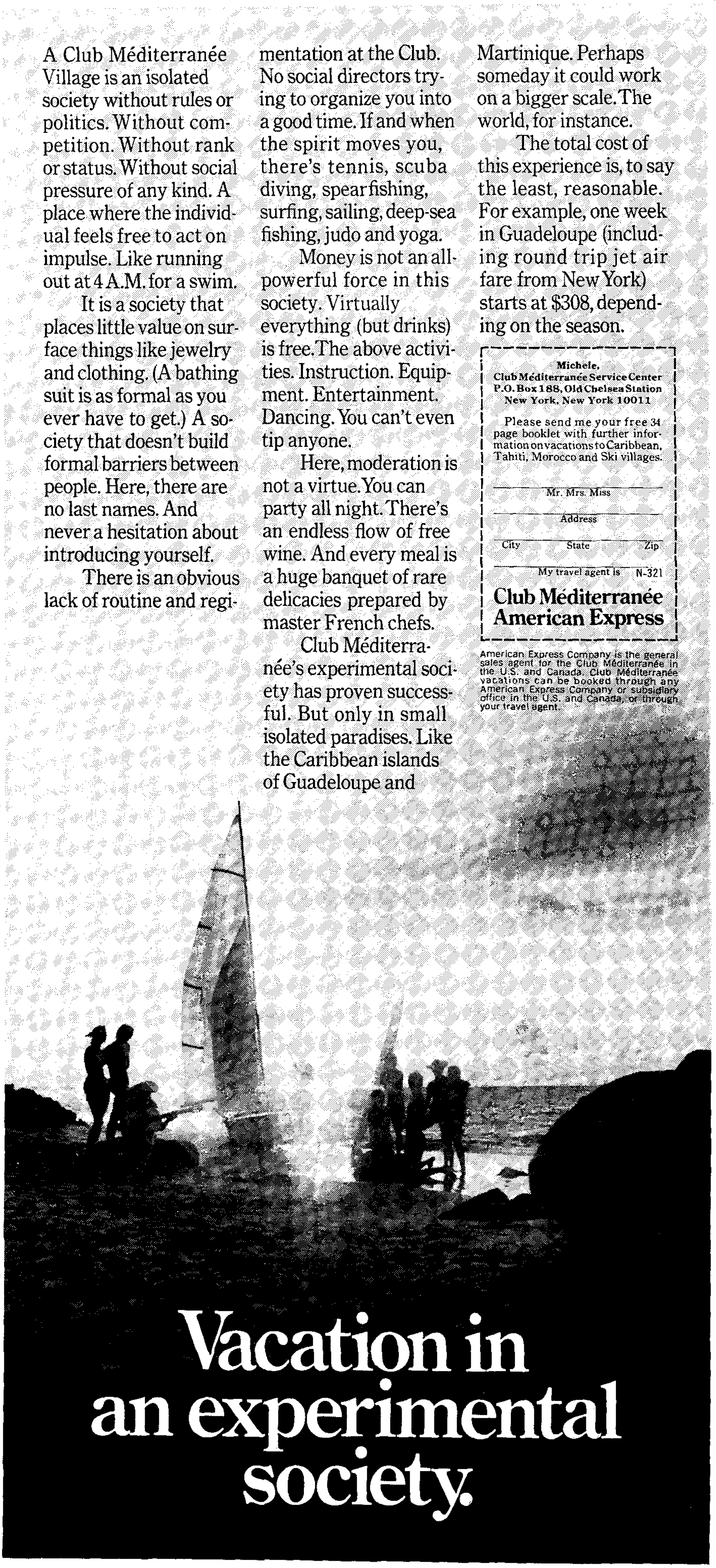
The ambulance stops at a crossing, and a thin, pale man comes up to the window. "Mother, I want to find work," he says.

"I don't know of any jobs," she says. "I have already told you I can't help you."

"Please, Mother . . ."

The ambulance moves away from him.

"He has five children," Mother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Theresa says, after a moment. "He has t.b., and he can't do heavy manual work. People who can't do such work are the hardest to find jobs for. We are treating him at our t.b. clinic. We can do nothing more."

At the next crossing, a small boy with a sad, wasted face appears at the open window and extends his hands in appeal to her. She crosses herself, opens the door, picks him up, and takes him into the ambulance. "He needs food," she tells me, "and at the Shishu Bhavan we distribute relief rations."

The Shishu Bhavan, like the convent, has a high wall with an iron gate leading to a courtyard. But here, pressing against the gate, is a crowd of anxious-looking women, some of them old but most of them young, and all of them dressed in faded cotton saris, carrying cotton bags, and holding folded yellow cards.

Pulling the boy by the hand, Mother Theresa goes into the crowd of women, shouting, in Bengali, "Form a line! Form a line! Everyone will get her ration, but you have to form a line first."

The women do not budge, so Mother Theresa, coaxing and prodding them, lines them up herself. They begin moving into the courtyard, past a model of a grotto, and onto a veranda, where several sisters are working around a barrel of grain, a barrel of powdered milk, some large gunnysacks filled with more grain, and a stack of cartons marked "Non-Fat Dry Milk—Donated by the People of the United States of America." As the line of women moves along, one sister scoops up portions of grain with a measure and transfers them to the women's cotton bags, another sister measures portions of powdered milk into polyethylene bags and hands them out, and other sisters replenish the stores of grain and milk in the barrels from the gunnysacks and cartons, and check and punch the ration cards. A girl of about ten stares, unsmiling and without comprehension, at the face of her ration card, on which is printed:

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Mother Theresa, after she has seen the boy from the ambulance receive his ration, strides into a little room off the veranda, where about twenty babies lie on small pallets and in basketlike wicker cribs. A plain-looking Indian nun, who wears glasses and has the cheerful manner of a primary-school teacher, is occupied in tending the babies. She is Sister Lourdes.

"Oh, Karuna, you are crying," Sister Lourdes says, bending over a baby. "You always cry whenever there are visitors and my back is turned. Oh, your diaper is wet." Sister Lourdes changes Karuna's diaper and then makes the rounds of the room, checking the diapers of the other babies.

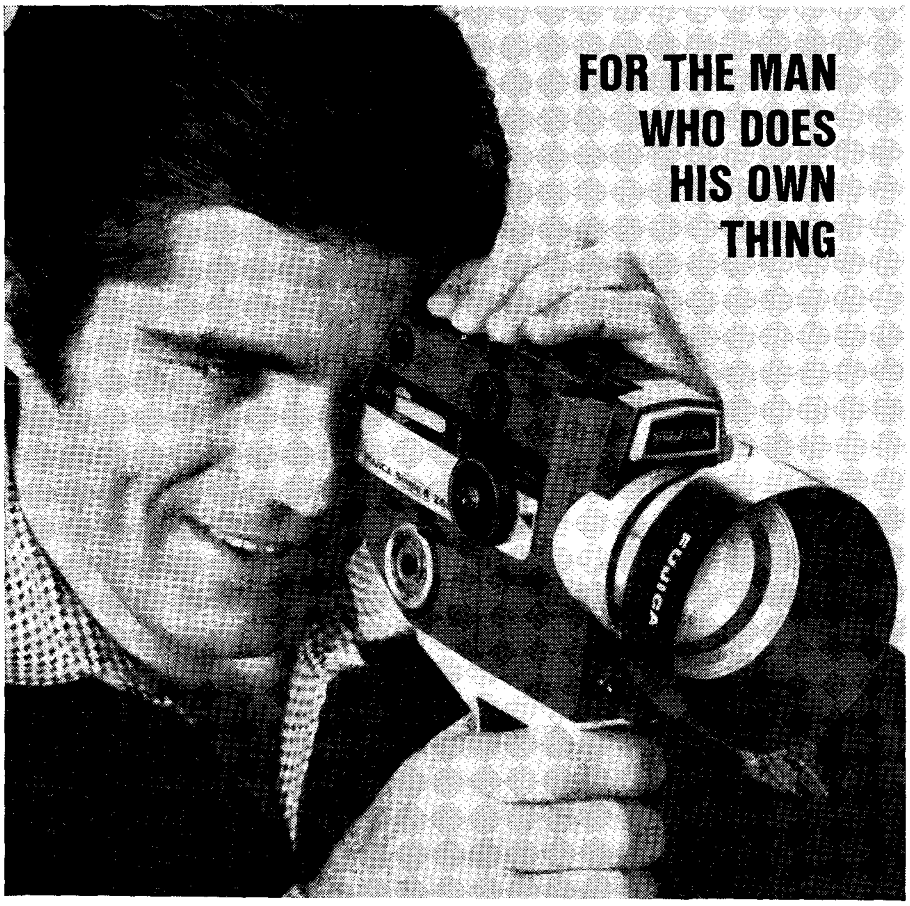
Mother Theresa, kneeling on the floor and clapping her hands, calls, "*Shiggri, shiggri, shiggri*" ("*shiggri*" is Bengali for "quickly"), and two little boys about eighteen months old toddle up to her. "Say good morning," she says to them.

They burble.

"Oh, here is a bright fellow with a big grin," she says, picking up a third little boy, who looks about three and is dressed only in shorts. "Naughty, naughty, naughty William. He smiles the whole time, does nothing else." Turning to me, she says, "A few months ago, no one thought William would live, but now he has been adopted by the Belgian Consul. That means he has a monthly stipend of twenty-five rupees, and he'll be able to go to an English-speaking boarding school." She straightens an overturned chair and sits William down on it. "There! Now, William, you look like a sahib in your chair."

Mother Theresa goes over to a crib, lifts the arm of a baby, and admires a gold bangle on the arm, saying, almost to herself, "What a nice present from a visitor!" She moves across to another crib. "Here is a little foundling who was left in the compound of a church in Howrah," she says, chucking him under the chin. She goes from crib to crib. "This is Helen. This is Angeline. This is Josephine. This is Patricia. This is Agnes. This is another Agnes. This is Krishna." She turns to me suddenly and says, "I must talk to the sisters here about the funeral of the sister who died, but we will meet in a few minutes." She leaves, telling Sister Lourdes to take me through the rest of the Shishu Bhavan.

Sister Lourdes calls another sister to take charge of the nursery, and leads me back to the veranda, which is now occupied by children just finishing their lunch. "Besides the nice little nursery room, we have here a nice dormitory room for the young children and a nice big dormitory room for the big girls," Sister Lourdes says. "The big boys we send to a little Boys' Town that the Catholic Church runs in Gangarampur. We use this veranda for



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meals because we are short of space."

Moving around among the children, she shoos them all into a room crowded with beds for their afternoon rest, but the children all stretch out on the bare floor—some under the beds, some in a small open area at the far end of the room.

"They like the floor because it's cooler," Sister Lourdes says, and she conducts me into the dormitory for older girls. Some of the girls are in their teens, and others seem to be in their late twenties or early thirties. Many of them are obviously pregnant.

A girl in a printed sari, who has a round, expressionless face and paralyzed legs, drags herself across the floor. "This is Philu," Sister Lourdes says. "She has been with us for six years. She lost the use of her legs after a bad case of typhoid."

Back in the ambulance, Mother Theresa tells me that she is now going to the house in Moti Jheel Busti where she first started her work, and where she still has the original school, to take measurements for a new blackboard. "Ordinarily, we don't have special buildings for schools now," she says. "During the good season, we hold our classes under the trees, and during the monsoon we meet wherever we can find shelter."

At Moti Jheel Busti, the ambulance stops at the stagnant pond, and immediately a crowd of children collects and starts following Mother Theresa, calling "Hey, Sister!" or "Hey, Mother!" or "Hey, *mataji!*" A few grownups join the train, shouting "*Jesu pranam!*" (Bengali for "Praise be to Jesus!").

A fair-skinned man intercepts Mother Theresa. "We Anglo-Indians are scattered all over this *busti,*" he says in a stutter, wheezing and coughing. "We would all like to live together, Mother."

"Your old nonsense again," she says, and adds firmly, "Go to the sister at the mobile clinic across the way and ask her for cortisone for your asthma. Go along."

The man shuffles away, muttering to himself.

With children still following us, we go down a narrow street to a small brick building, pass through a wooden gate with a cross on it, walk across a courtyard, and enter a sad-looking old house. The school consists of two dark rooms, which have peeling walls, rows of low wooden benches, two crèches, and a few nursery pictures. As Mother Theresa is taking the measurements for the blackboard, an old man, extremely drunk and wearing only a *dhoti,* appears from somewhere, kneels down, and clutches her legs. "Please forgive me for drinking, Mother," the old man says.

"Stop drinking," Mother Theresa says, without interrupting her work.

"I can't."

"Then I can't forgive you."

Back in the ambulance, Mother Theresa tells me that we are now going to the Home for the Dying, which is near the Kali Temple. "When we wanted to move the Home for the Dying out of Moti Jheel Busti, we made a request to the Calcutta Corporation for new quarters," she says. "They gave us a *dharamshala* [a shelter for travellers] that used to serve as the overnight hostel for pilgrims to the Kali Temple, and we moved there in 1954. The *dharamshala* had two halls, and we made one of them into a dormitory for dying male street cases and the other into a dormitory for dying female street cases. Some street cases are brought to the Home for the Dying when they are nearly dead, and we can't do anything about them—many are dead within a few minutes. Some street cases are too old, too crippled, or too far gone with t.b. ever to leave the Home for the Dying, and we go on nursing them until they die. But some street cases can be helped to recover, with calcium and vitamin injections. In fact, out of eighteen thousand five hundred street cases we've admitted to the Home for the Dying so far, about ten thousand have got well enough to leave."

"Do you follow these up after they leave you?" I ask.

"We try to keep an eye on them if they are not well when they leave," she says. "Because many of them would rather live in the streets and beg than stay in the Home for the Dying, they go as soon as they can get up. But many of them come back to the Home for the Dying to die."

The Home for the Dying is a one-story yellow house off a typical Indian crossroads crowded with shops and pavement stalls. Two Indian sisters come out to greet Mother Theresa. One is short and plump, with a round face, and is dressed in the sari with blue edging. She is Sister Barbara. The other is thin, dark, and small, and is dressed in the plain white sari. She is Sister Lillian. "Our sisters always work in pairs," Mother Theresa says to me. "In emergencies, two heads and four

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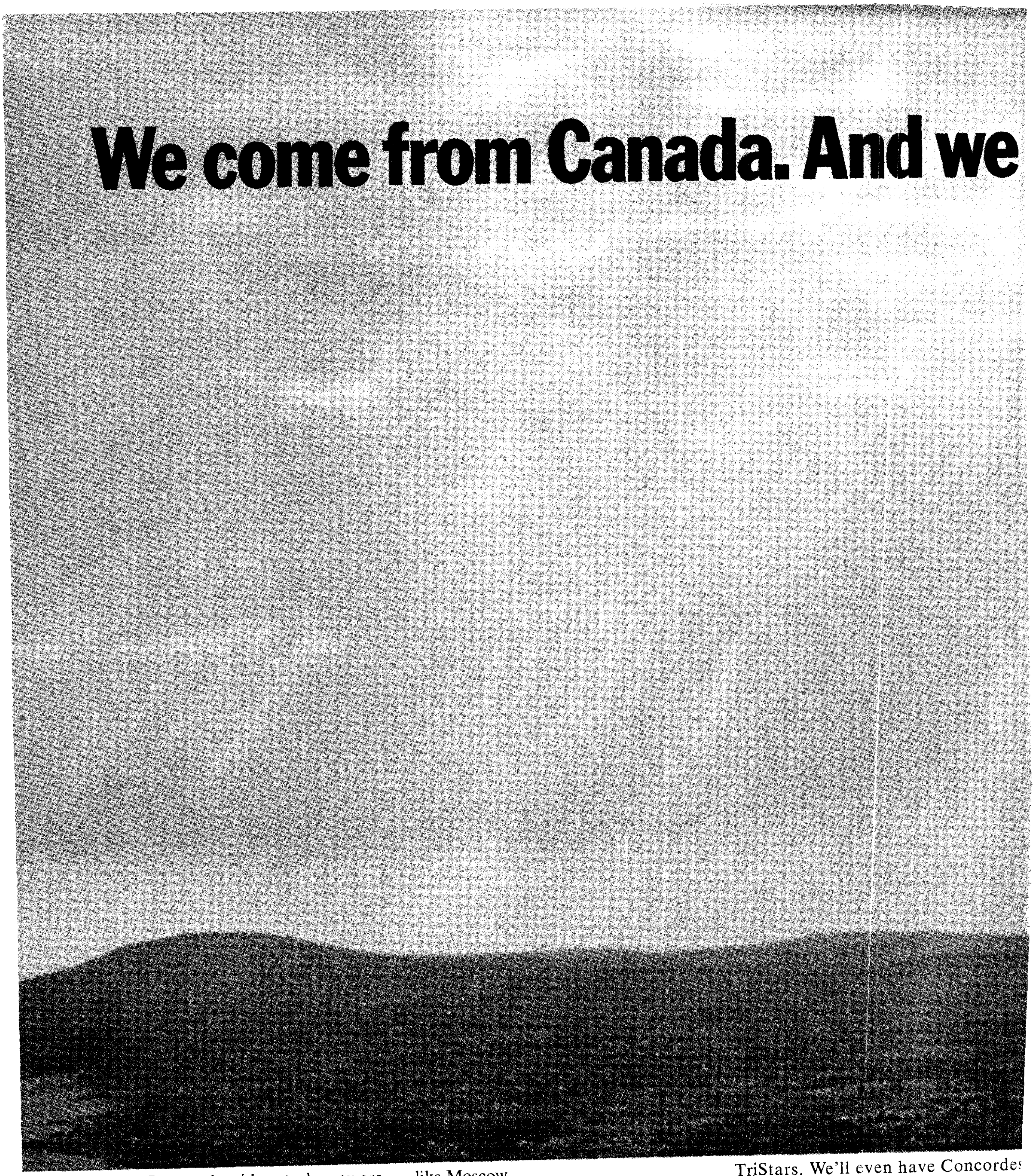

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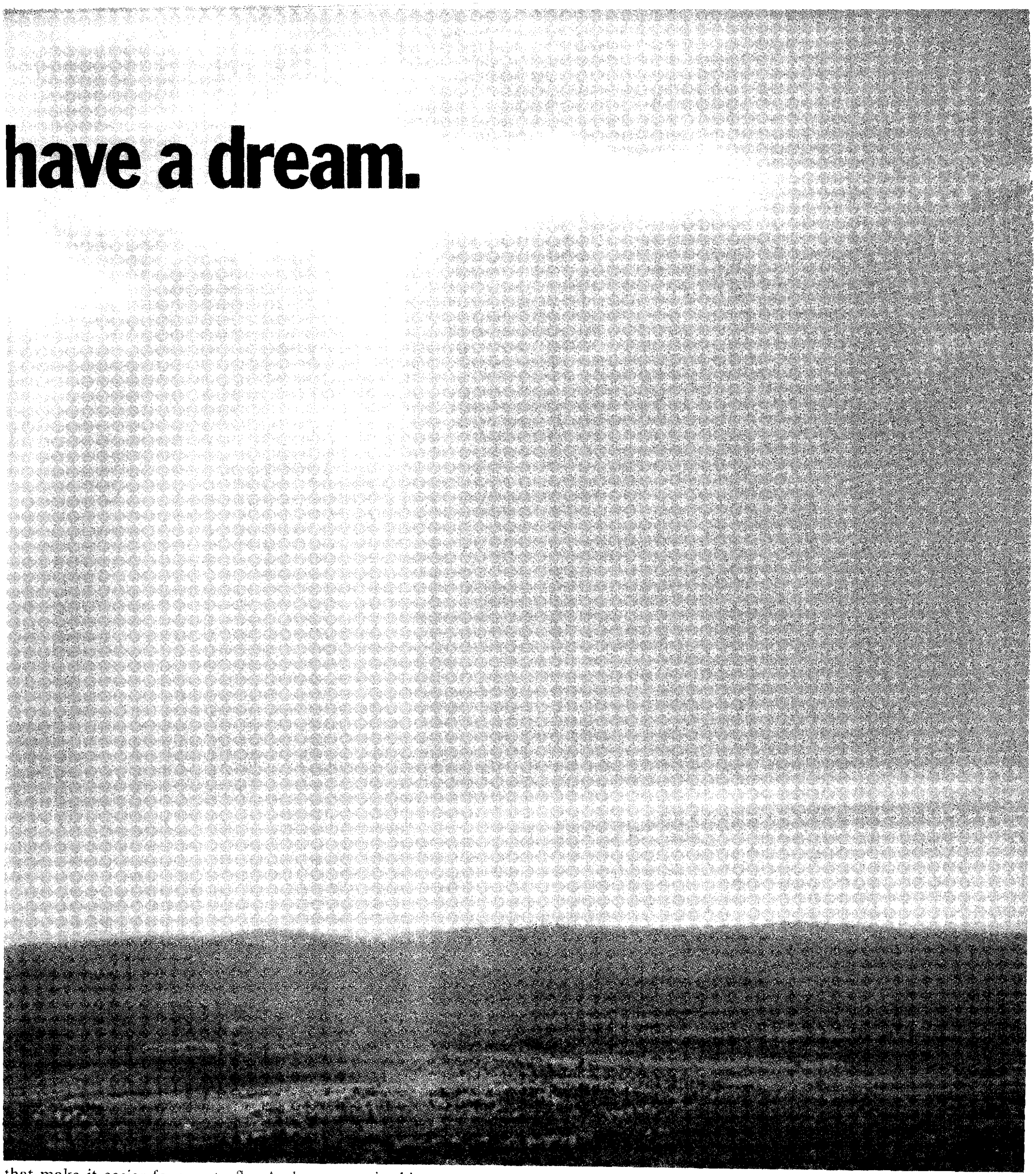

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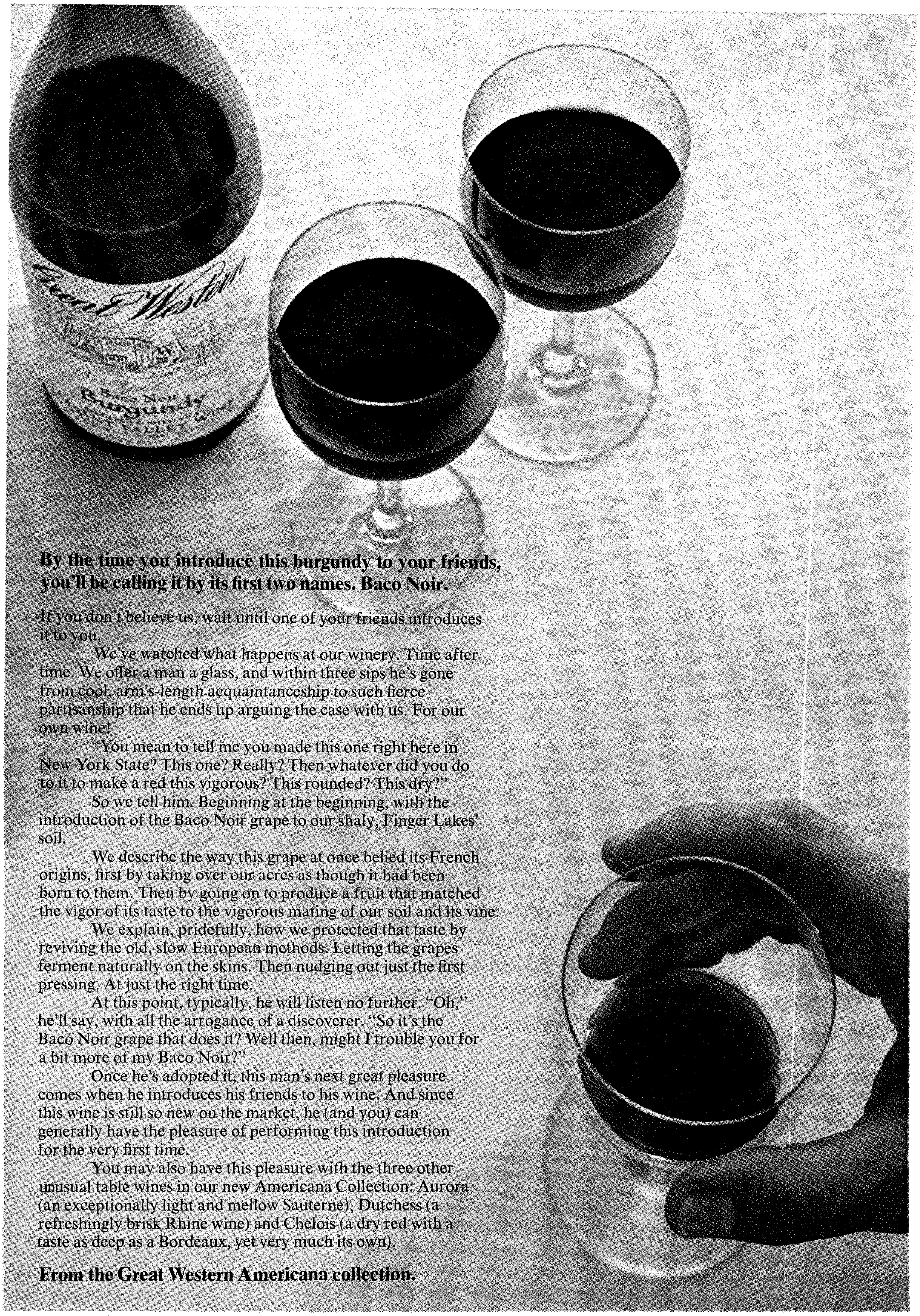

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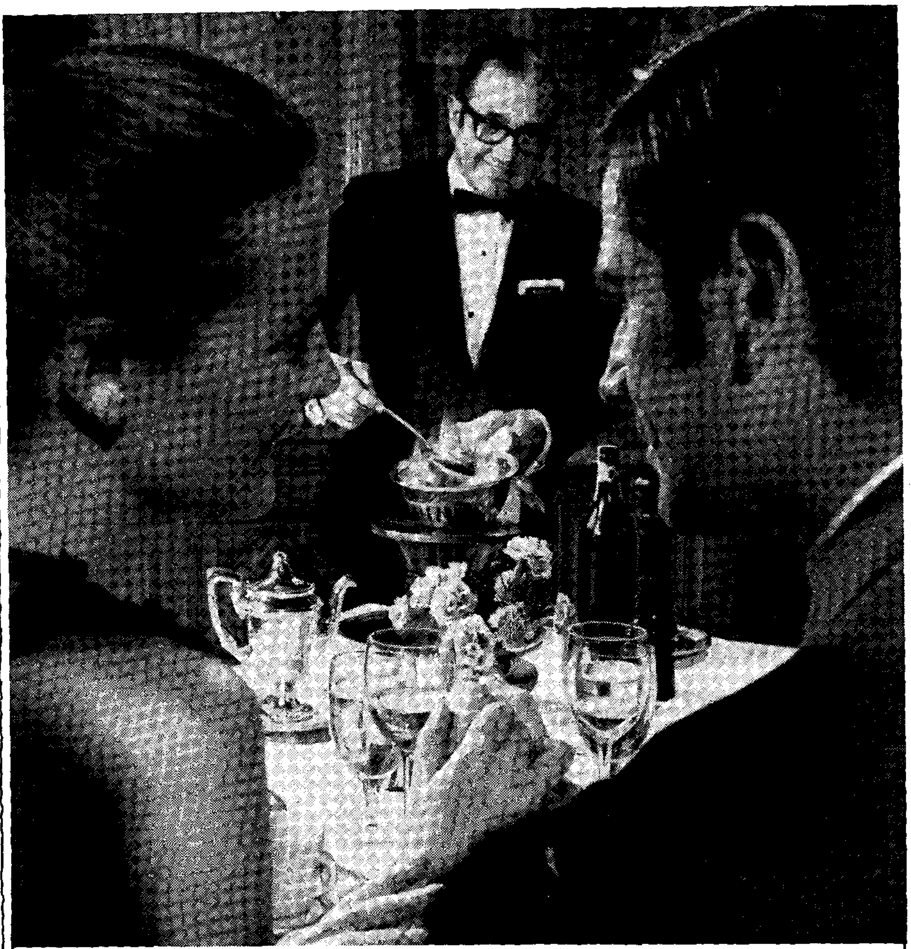
hands are better than one head and two hands."

The entrance to the yellow house is marked by a signboard reading "Corporation of Calcutta Nirmal Hriday Home for Dying Destitutes," and by an elaborate framed scroll headed "Holy Father's Message to Mother Theresa." Inside is a large, austere hall with an overpowering rancid smell. On each side of a long central aisle is a low platform extending the entire length of the hall. On the platforms and in the aisle are low beds, set so close together that there is very little space to move among them. They have no bedclothes, and consist of narrow metal frames with mattresses sheathed in polyethylene. Stretched out on the mattresses are men of all ages, and boys as well, some of them disfigured, all of them wrinkled and thin and motionless, their bodies mere forms, their eyes fixed in expressionless stares.

Sister Barbara, Sister Lillian, and Mother Theresa walk through the hall, stopping at one bed or another to take a pulse or to straighten a head or a limb and place it in a more restful position. Mother Theresa moves around quickly and is methodical. Sister Barbara always has something cheerful to say, and she talks fast. Sister Lillian follows shyly, seldom speaking, but smiling continuously. None of the men in the beds, however, seem to take notice or register recognition, except for one man, who soundlessly sits up as they approach. He seems to be in his thirties, with a strong-looking body, but he has the same expressionless eyes. He soon falls back on the mattress.

"The Corporation ambulances bring in people who collapse on the street—street cases so hopeless that hospitals won't take them," Sister Barbara tells me. "At present, we have sixty-eight male street cases and seventy-four female street cases here. They have no known relatives, no shelter, no food. Most are cases of starvation; for the last six years things have been very bad. No one has died so far today, but you can never tell—someone may die at any moment. We try to make them as comfortable as possible. We make the beds very low, so that they can't hurt themselves if they fall out. They are so helpless."

We have reached the end of the hall, where there is a passageway, with more beds in it, holding more men. This leads into another hall, which is crowded with women, most of them almost naked. Their bodies are gaunt and their eyes wild and demented. Some of the women are sitting upright



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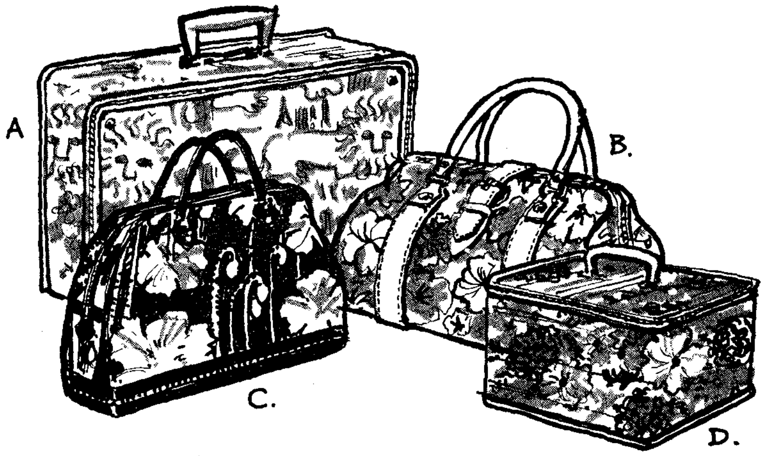

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on their beds; others are lying down, crying and moaning. One woman, who is completely naked, begins to scream, and Mother Theresa rushes over and covers her with a towel.

"Once they get this sick, they have no strength even to move, yet they can scream," Mother Theresa says.

Back in the ambulance, as we are driving to one of the congregation's leper camps, at Dhapa, Mother Theresa talks about criticisms that are occasionally made of the work done by the Missionaries of Charity. It is said that their staff is medically untrained, though the major part of their work is with the sick; that their efforts are often restricted to the most extreme and dramatic cases, though they might do more to alleviate suffering if they helped care for people with more hope of living; and, in particular, that their work at the Home for the Dying does little more than prolong misery, for even when the people admitted there are nursed back to health, they are turned out to the streets to face the old problems of starvation and filth. Of these criticisms, Mother Theresa says that although the Missionaries of Charity may not have extensive medical training, their work gives relief to those who would otherwise have no relief; that although their work at the moment may be restricted, they are always trying to widen its scope; and that although their work at the Home for the Dying may be concentrated on medical attention, they do try, whenever they can, to effect rehabilitation of the street cases who get better. "We minister to all those with whom we come in contact," she says. "We turn away no one—we always try to make room for one more person in our homes and camps. For when we feed a hungry person, we feed Christ, and when we clothe a naked baby, we clothe Christ, and when we give a home to the homeless, we are giving shelter to Christ. When we know the poor, we love them, and when we love them, we serve them. There are more people here in Calcutta now who care about the poor and serve them than there were when we started. Our work would be impossible without these people. We say in the morning, 'Today we have no food for relief,' and that day someone will bring us food. It's wonderful how it comes. Just yesterday, a Brahman gentleman died. He loved mangoes, and his daughter brought us crates of beautiful mangoes, and every child in the Shishu Bhavan had a mango. Two weeks ago, a few Hindu ladies got together and cooked rice and curry, which they took to a leper camp and fed to the lepers. We need warm hearts that will love and loving hands that will work."

We reach Dhapa. Large vultures with long, thin legs glide overhead. From the refuse dump, a rough, untarred road goes alongside a slaughterhouse, where emaciated buffaloes are now being herded through a gate. A few yards beyond the slaughterhouse is a dirty river, which seems to have no flow at all. We cross the river over a small bridge, get out of the ambulance, and pick our way among puddles and stones on the slimy, uneven bank.

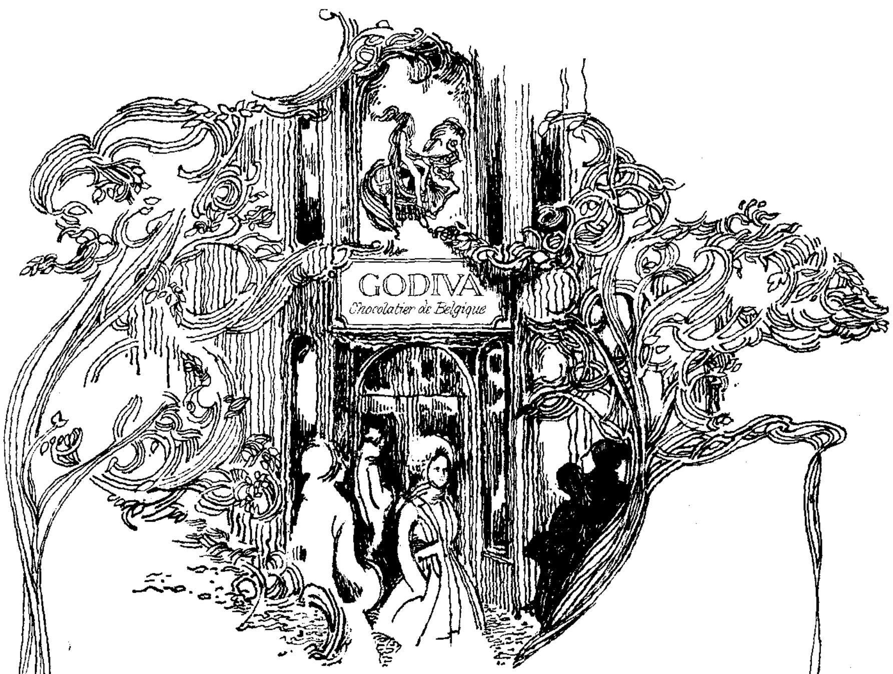
"The lepers have to live wherever they can," Mother Theresa says. "In the marshes, under the trees—wherever they can find a place. So far, we have not had the means to build a colony for them, but we have a mobile clinic where they can come for medicine and treatment, and at least once a week we call at different places. We began our work for the lepers because, like the dying, they couldn't get help anywhere. Everyone shrank from them."

Leprosy, which is caused by *Mycobacterium leprae*, and which takes cutaneous, tubercular, and neural forms, has such manifestations as depigmentation, lesions, ulceration, nodules, thickening of tissue, mutilation, loss of sensation, loss of sight, and impairment of speech. It disfigures the face and hands especially, and through the ages has therefore been associated with so-called "leonine" faces and "claw" hands. It is not known exactly how the disease is contracted, how it is transmitted, why only human beings seem to be susceptible to it, or whether there is any cure for it—though it can sometimes be arrested through hygiene, isolation, and medication. What is known is that the disease is fostered by malnutrition, filth, and squalor. In recent years, thanks to improved standards of sanitation, leprosy has practically disappeared from the richer countries of the West, but in poorer countries, especially in areas of Africa and Asia, it is chronic for as much as ten per cent of the population. In fact, leprosy is now associated almost exclusively with dark-skinned, poor people living in tropical climates.

I ask Mother Theresa how many lepers there are in the Calcutta area.

"No one knows," she replies. "But some say two or three hundred thousand."

Ahead is the camp. It consists of rows of huts of stone or clay built wall to wall and with low red tile roofs, like



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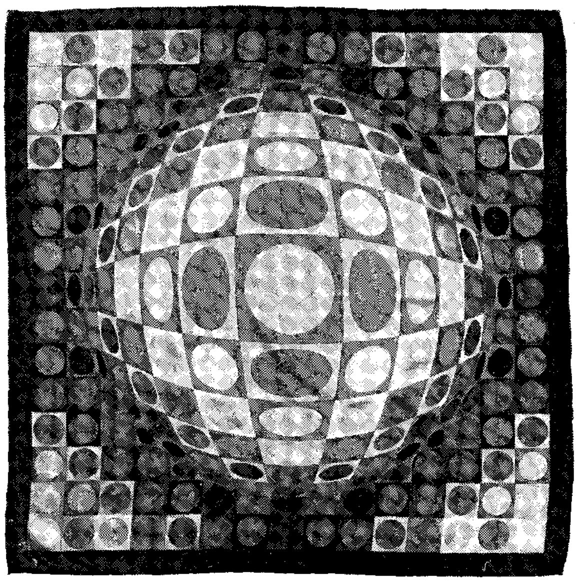

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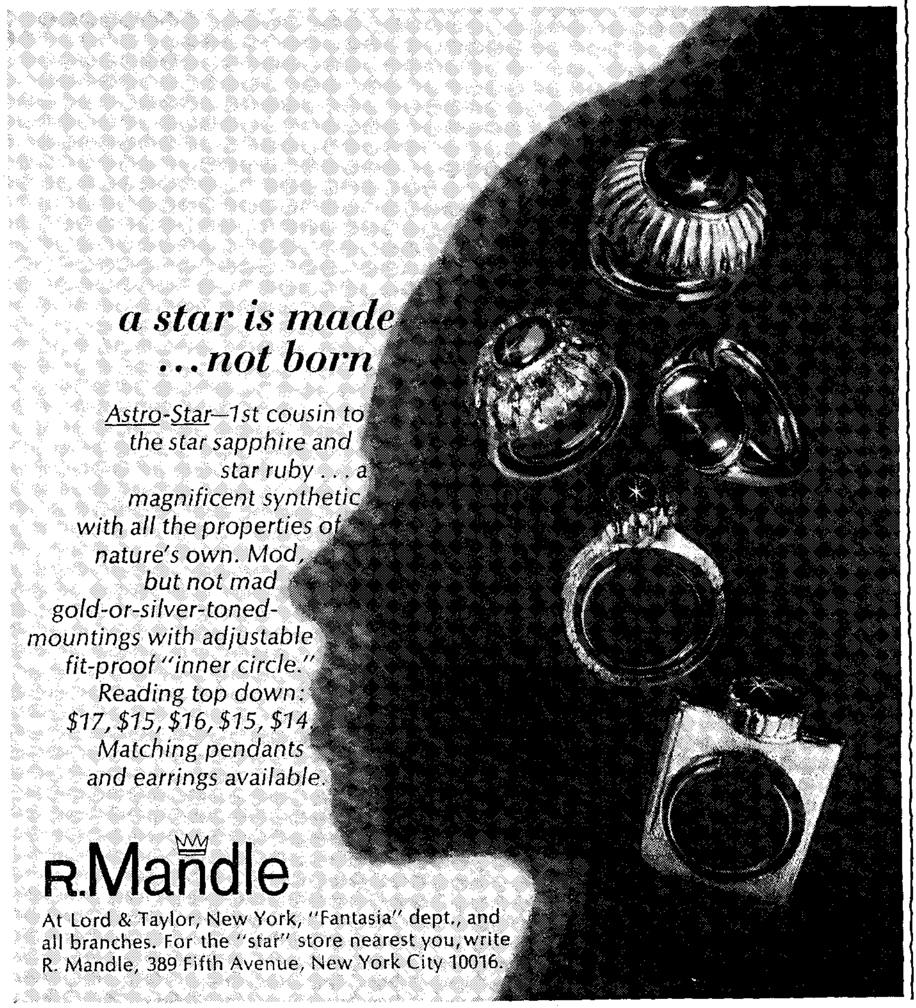

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the houses in the *bustis*. Between the rows of huts are muddy lanes. Cows, dogs, and chickens are everywhere. The place swarms with flies, and overhead are the vultures. Scores of men, women, and children are out in the open—standing outside doorways, lying on *charpoys* in front of the huts, or squatting on the ground in the shade of a few trees. Most of the people are missing fingers or toes; some have lesions at the mouth and no noses.

"Everything takes shelter here," Mother Theresa says to me. "We get rid of the dogs one day and more come the next."

"Salaam!" and "*Jesu pranam!*" the people call out to Mother Theresa as she moves around among them. She goes from hut to hut, greeting them by name and asking questions, listening, giving advice about medicine, about diet, about keeping cows tethered. "So the medicine has brought your fever down, Das," she says to a man who has lost all his fingers. "That's good. I see your children are doing well, too. That's good."

She tells me as we walk toward a hut, "One trouble with these camps is that very sick cases are mixed with not-so-sick cases, and so we rented this hut to isolate the very, very sick."

"What about all of you who work here?" I ask. "Isn't it dangerous for you?"

"Up to now, thank God, nothing," she says. "But we have to be ready."

We go into the hut, which is a few feet square. A line, on which wet cloths hang, is strung across the room. On the floor are two *charpoys* and a mattress sheathed in polyethylene, with three badly mutilated men lying on them.

The man on the mattress is sobbing. "No amount of medicine helps!" he cries out, in a heavy, constricted voice.

"The pain will go away," Mother Theresa says, bending over him and feeling his forehead. She helps a sister give him a morphine injection.

When we are outside again, she says to me, "In the early stages, the disease is not so painful, but people at his stage are in terrible pain."

When she has gone around to all the huts and has started back to the ambulance, those who can walk follow her, entreating, pleading, and crying for more medicine and more food. Mother Theresa, as she walks on, keeps talking to them, saying "Yes," and "Tomorrow," and "I will try." She crosses herself continually.

—Ved Mehta

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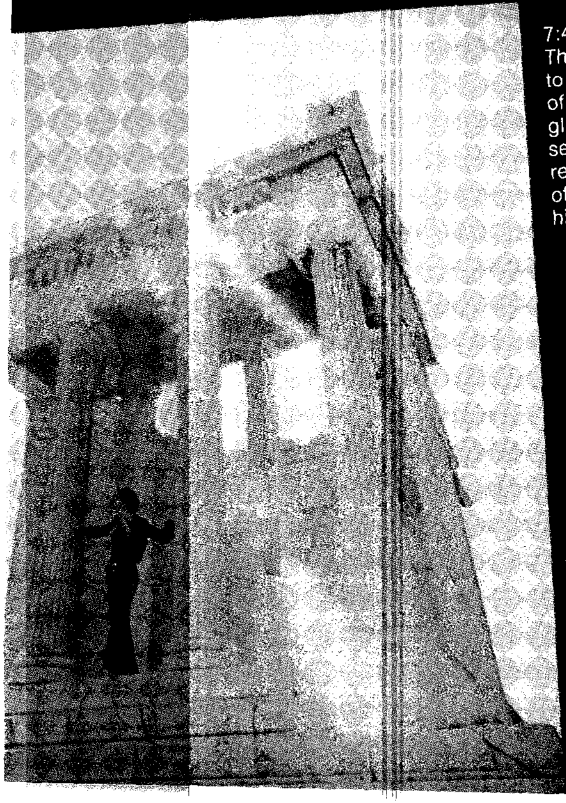

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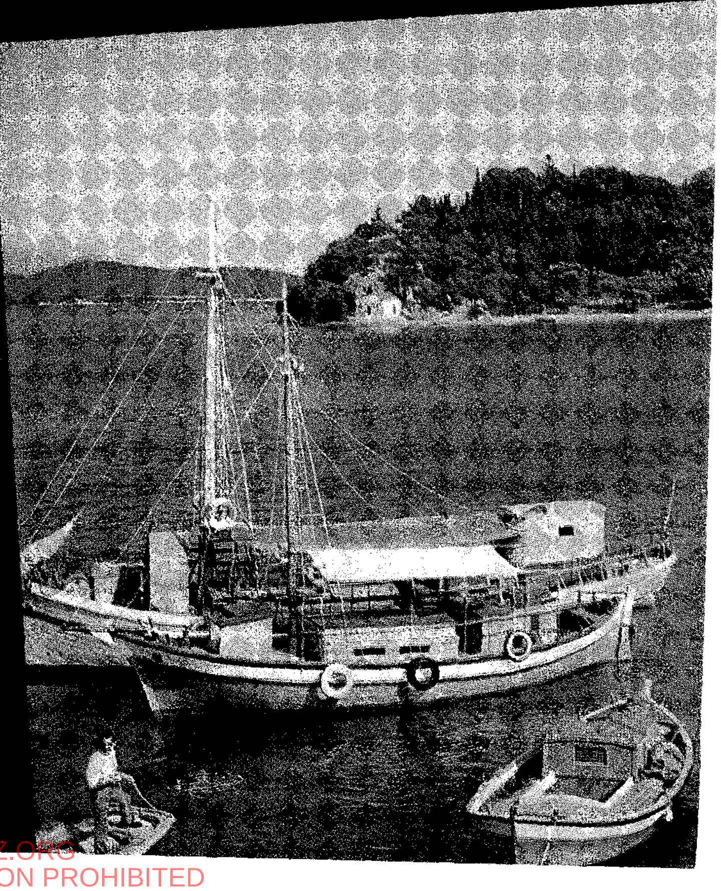

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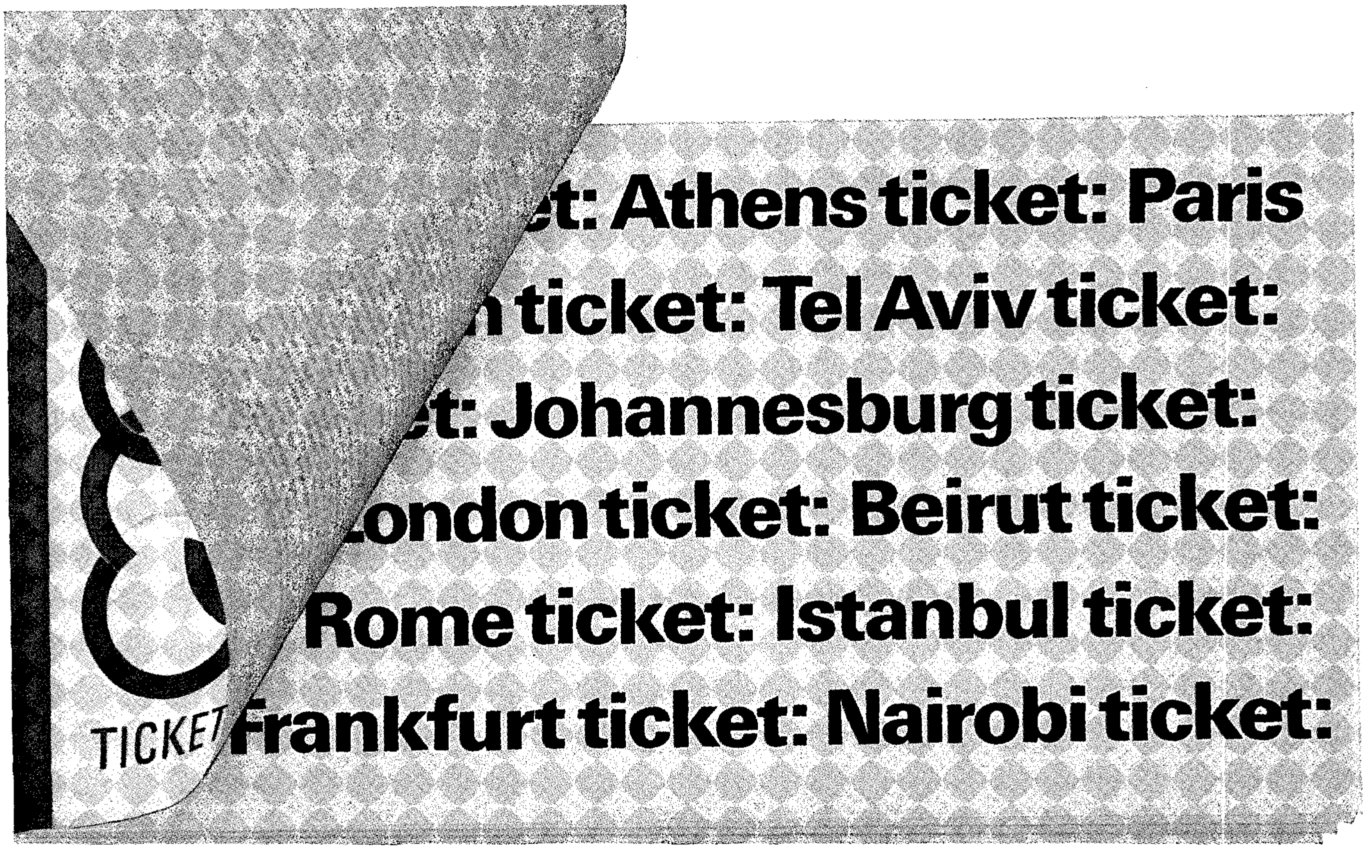
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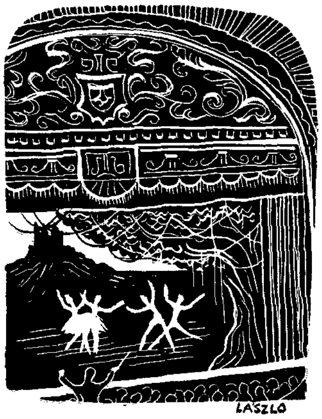
THE THEATRE

GETTING ON WITH THE STORY

A COUPLE of skimpy little playlets have flickered into uncertain life on the stage of the Ethel Barrymore. They are called "Dr. Fish" and "The Chinese," and they are the cumbrous handiwork of Murray Schisgal, who is not so much a writer of plays as a teller of mild barfly anecdotes. He is also professionally miserly; one anecdote per play appears an ample portion to him. Moreover, he doesn't understand that it scarcely matters how small the point of an anecdote if only it is made pithily. "Dr. Fish" and "The Chinese" both have their tiny, sufficient reasons for being, but the unfolding of these reasons could have been accomplished in five or ten minutes; the author's nerve in trying to fill a whole evening in the theatre with them drew me into a state of peevish, waking nightmare, every second of which came to seem unendurably long and menacing. Once upon a time, I gave a famously impatient uncle of mine a copy of "Moby Dick" to read. With my permission, he followed his usual practice and annotated the novel as he went along, and when, having failed to finish it, he handed it back to me, I riffled through the pages and discovered that he had been engaged in a continuous, bitter, and losing battle with Melville's long-windedness. On one page, where Melville is rummaging in some obscure corner of cetology, Uncle Arthur had scribbled in the margin, "Now, now! Enough of that!," and on another page, where Melville is describing at length the trying out of whales, Uncle Arthur had written (and the savage dint of pencil on several thicknesses of paper was a measure of the degree of his indignation), "Good God, man! Get on with your story!!" In the case of Mr. Schisgal, it is a matter of getting the stories over, not on, with; every word too many exposes the essential thinness and cheapness of his materials.



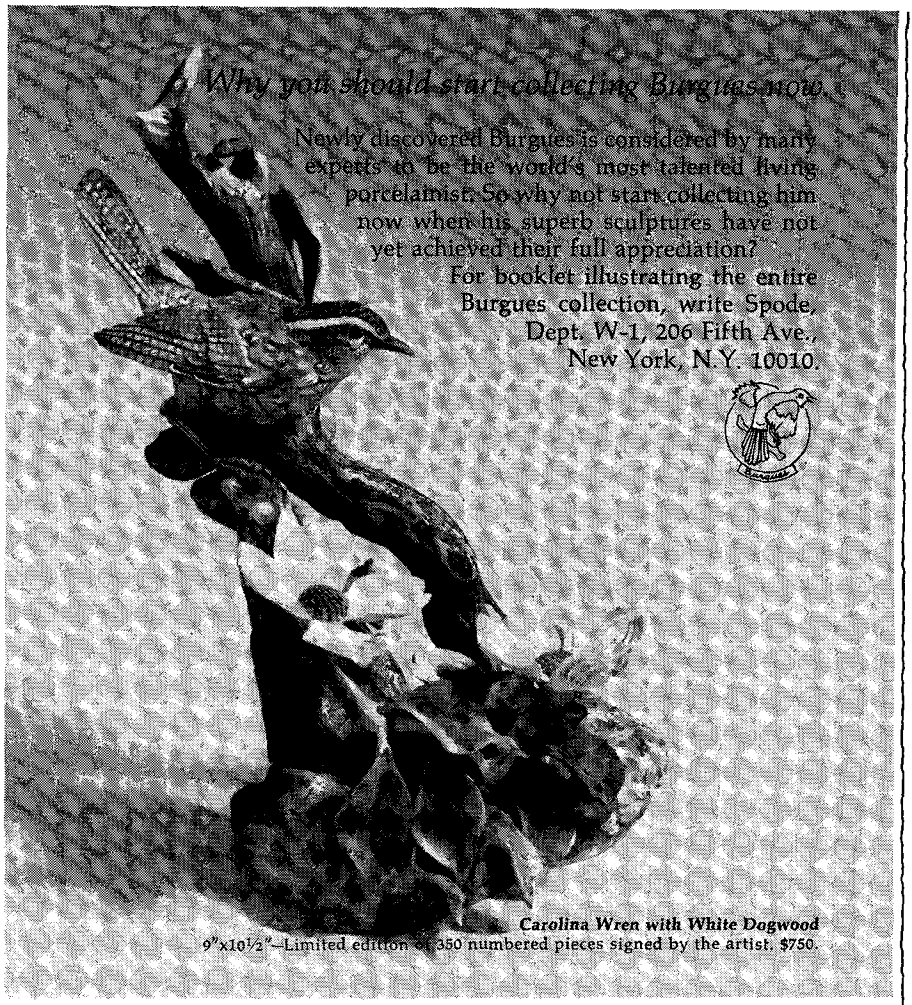
The first playlet, "Dr. Fish," concerns the sex life of a middle-aged, lower-middle-class couple. The wife is asking an expert on sex relations how to make her married life more, shall we say, entertaining; the husband arrives, gives his side of the story, and makes a convenient curtain by eloping with the sex expert's grandmother. Grandmother? Yes, grandmother. Why? Well, why Dr. *Fish*? Maybe "grandmother" strikes Mr. Schisgal as funnier than "mother," and maybe "Fish" strikes him as funnier than "Featherstonehaugh."

In the second playlet, "The Chinese," the gawky young son of the owners of a Chinese laundry pleads with them to explain how it happens that they look so Oriental and he looks so Occidental. At school, he has claimed to be Jewish, and he is currently courting a Jewish girl; is he really their child, or isn't he? The question, never properly resolved, leads by uneasy stages to a strip card game in which the parents, the boy, and his girl all take part. The game becomes a sort of blackout skit inside a blackout skit and amounts, in the end, to nothing, not even nudity—a characteristic example of the author's tendency to woolgather aloud as he fumbles his way toward a play that he then self-indulgently neglects to write.

The excellent cast of the two playlets consists of Joseph Bova, William Devane, Alice Drummond (especially good as the Chinese mother), Vincent Gardenia, Marcia Jean Kurtz, Louise Lasser, Marvin Lichterman, Charlotte Rae, and Paula Trueman. Arthur Storch has directed them with commendable and, under the circumstances, mysterious zest. The settings are by William Pitkin, whose feeling for the interiors of Chinese laundries is evidently profound.

"OPERATION SIDEWINDER," a new play by Sam Shepard, is the latest production of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre, at the Vivian Beaumont. A sidewinder is a species of rattlesnake that plays an important part in certain rain and fertility ceremonies of the Hopi Indians. In Mr. Shepard's play, it is also a computer designed in the shape of a ten-foot-long boa constrictor, with marvellous flashing red eyes and an interior mechanism sufficiently animal-like to feel amorous in the presence of a pretty woman. This computer, the creation of a mad scientist whom Mr. Shepard has been lazy enough to conceive of as a parody of Dr. Strangelove (a feeble jape, since Dr. Strangelove is himself a parody and, in any event, has been parodied a hundred times), has unaccountably escaped from an Air Force base in the Western desert and must be retrieved at all costs. Meanwhile, three black desperadoes in black leather jackets and a black convertible have arranged with a young white hippie to drop some drugs into the water supply of the Air Force base, with the intention of getting the entire base personnel stoned. These two conscientiously absurd plots are commingled with careless good humor and a surprising lack of freshness by Mr. Shepard, who heightens the confusion—and blunts the satiric edge of his play—by adding to his cast of characters such stereotypes as a square American tourist (whom the hippie shoots and kills), a square garage mechanic (whom the hippie also shoots and kills), a square Forest Ranger (whom one of the blacks shoots and kills), a tiresome old cowboy (whom I was longing to have shot and killed, but who hung on and on), a dirty-talking blonde barhop, and a couple of square, drunken Air Force officers. None of these people were made to seem plausible, much less real, and it was plain that Mr. Shepard's interest in them lay elsewhere, but I am not at all sure where that else may be. The style of "Operation Sidewinder" is that of the comic strip, which gives the author's occasional seriously uttered banalities the nervous poignancy of anything that is said at the wrong time and place. If it is the function of the comic strip to make extreme activity take the place of—and not merely disguise the lack of—genuine content, the function of a play is to do precisely the opposite; once Mr. Shepard has exploited his POW!s and ZAP!s he is left with little but magical incantations to offer us, and they are not enough.

The tedium of the evening is much relieved by the slick production, which has been ably directed by Michael A. Schultz. Douglas W. Schmidt, who designed the settings, and John Gleason, who designed the lighting, have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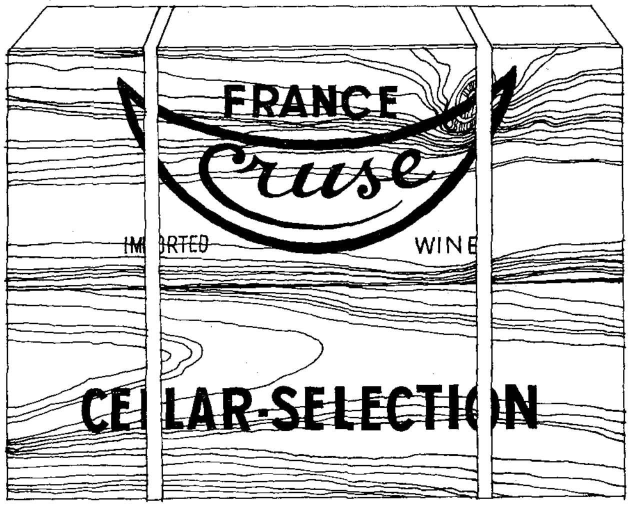

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turned the Vivian Beaumont into a quasi-Electric Circus, and a rock band called the Holy Modal Rounders fills the interstices between the twelve scenes of the play with raucous, jaunty song. The climax of the play is a sort of apocalypse of whirling lights and deafening sound, but, far from proving scary, it preserves the tone of the comic strip, and I was reminded not of a murderous holocaust but of a Fourth of July fireworks display at some suburban country club. If Mr. Shepard *will* indulge his talent and ignore his mind, he cannot be disappointed when his audiences fail to be moved by a Disney version of damnation. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Miss McNeil and Mr. Gunn

"CLAUDIA MCNEIL is starred. . . . Moses Gunn directed." Those sentences, quoted from the press release for "Contributions," would seem to be a guarantee of excellence, but the show—three one-acters by Ted Shine—is not excellent, because the plays, while entertaining, are not up to the performance. The first of them, "Shoes," is about a young black busboy who has been working at a country club near Dallas during his summer vacation and intends to spend every cent of his earnings on clothes to wear when he goes back to school. He has been giving the money each payday to an old waiter and family friend to hold for him, and now he wants it all back, and will not be dissuaded from spending it as he wishes. The best of the play is the boy's rapt description of the clothes he has ordered—the Nehru jacket, the Italian alligator shoes, the Cardin ties—and his passionate refusal to be deflected from his purpose. Although many of the incidental moments are lively and the characters and their feelings are sound enough, "Shoes" as a whole is too melodramatic and too broadly written to ring entirely true. As the boy, overpowered and shaken by the strength of his own emotions, Charles Grant does very well. At the end, he stands absolutely still, chewing his lip, with his pocket full of money and his heart full of despair. Joseph Attles, whom it is always a pleasure to see, and Donald Griffith also do well.

The joke of "Plantation," the second of the plays, is that the white characters are cartoons and the black ones are flesh and blood. The play is a farce with a concealed surprise (not concealed deeply enough), which ends with a couple of dead bodies on the

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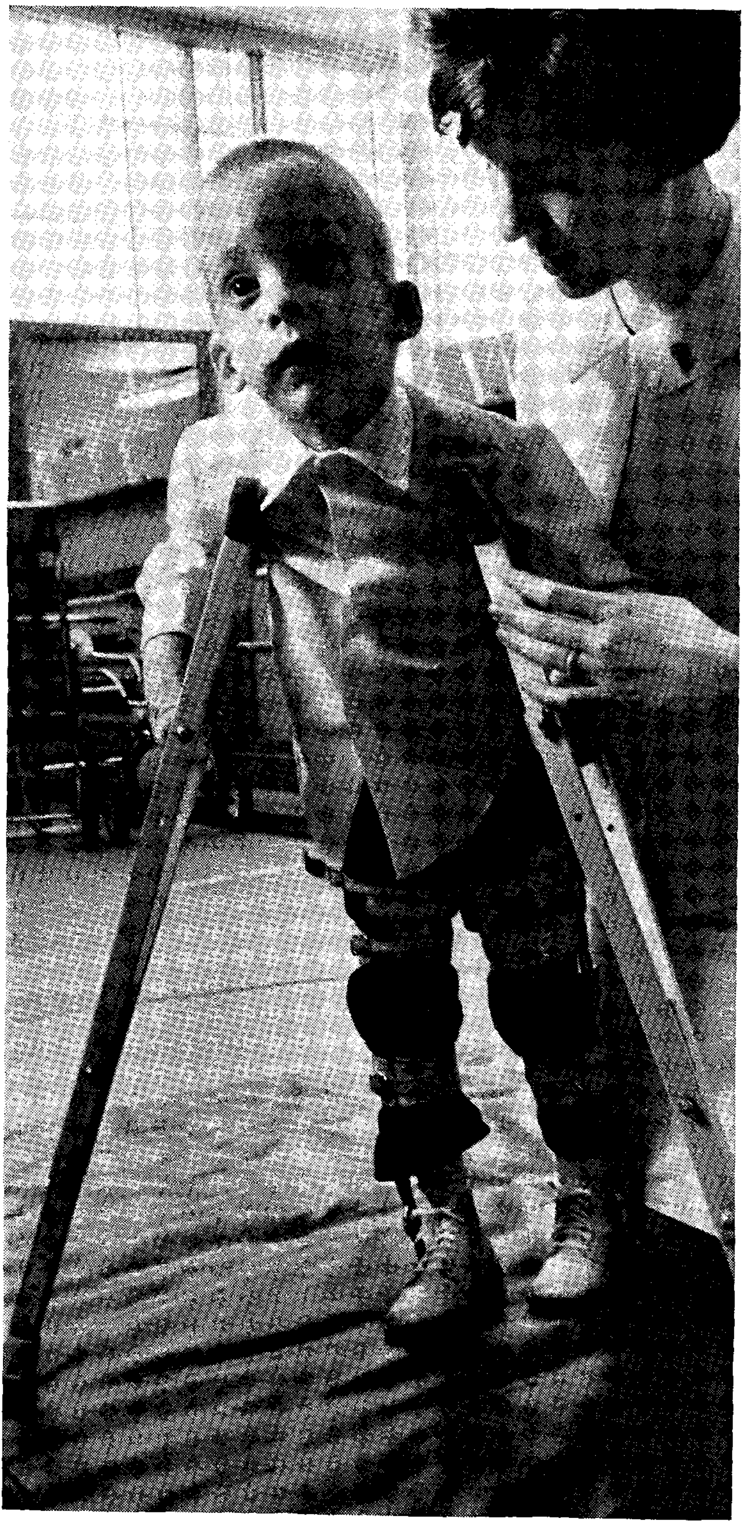
and you fall on the floor,
'cause your legs aren't working right

you're weary and teary
and mad and sad
from fighting the punishing fight

the floor gives a jump
and your bones come down *bump!*
when the Easter Seal Lady says, "Please"

but you keep on trying,
keep right on trying
to raise yourself up off your knees.

So it's snuffle the nose,
and knuckle the eye,
the battle is just begun;
then give it another bloody try—
you've got true grit, my son.



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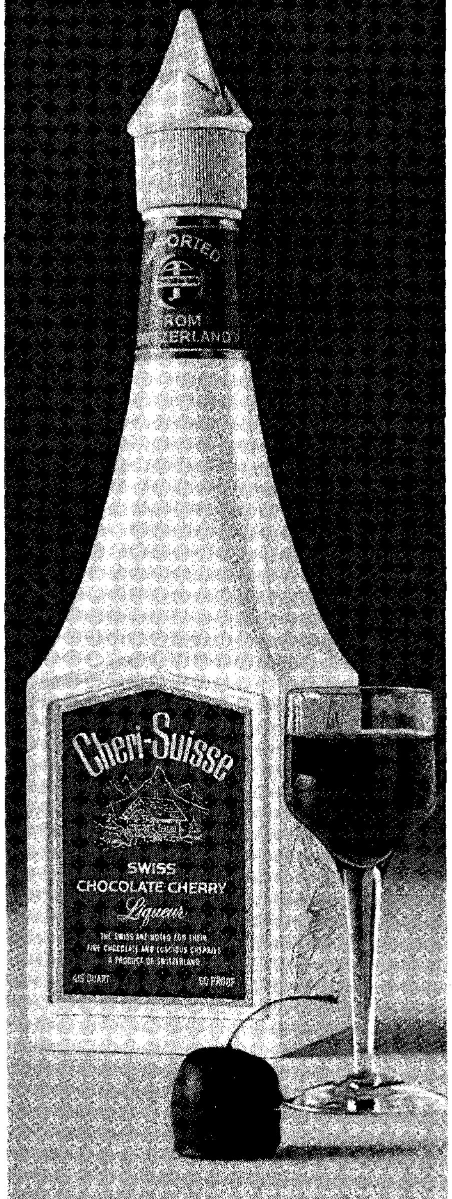

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stage but with considerable satisfaction among the living. Jay Garner (the Maddox of "Red, White, etc.," a year ago) appears as a bumbly, tyrannical redneck, and Miss McNeil, to great comic effect, plays his tough-minded, put-upon, and thoroughly fed-up servant. To comic effect, anyway. At one point, a silly, funny-paper priest sets her straight on his position, reminding her that she should not address him as "pastor," since he is a bishop. "Well, whatever," she replies, and goes right on talking. Her dry, throw-away delivery of those two words suddenly reminded me of the dry, sardonic Claudia McNeil of Langston Hughes' "Simply Heavenly," back in 1952. I know that this sophisticated high comedienne hasn't belonged in any shows I've seen since then ("A Raisin in the Sun" required a different kind of performance, and Miss McNeil gave a perfect one), but I do miss her. There are many valid or funny lines scattered through the play which indicate that Mr. Shine can write much better—more precisely and more subtly—than he does. Stanley Greene as Miss McNeil's husband, Yvonne Sherwell as Mr. Garner's wife, and Leonard Elliott as the bishop are extremely helpful.

The third play, "Contribution," opened last spring with the Negro Ensemble Company, to enthusiastic reviews. I dissented, and wrote that it seemed to me just a piece of wishful fakery, in spite of its comic moments. I still dissent. I still don't think much of the script. Nevertheless, Miss McNeil is funny and touching and, within the limitations of a hokey role, believable as a sturdy old black woman in a Southern town who has been serving the white folks all her working life and who, in her own subtle way, is fighting and winning her own battle for civil rights. Donald Griffith is good as her fiery, edgy nephew who has come down from New York to take part in a sit-in, and so is Louise Stubbs as a timorous neighbor. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Ghosts have long been a part of the American literary heritage. The famed Moulton House in Hampton, N.H., inspired Whittier to write his horrid poem, "The New Wife and the Old."—*Waterville (Maine) Sentinel.*

That's John Greenbane Whittier.

•

The eastern part of the nation is unreasonably mild this morning.—*Lansing (Mich.) State Journal.*

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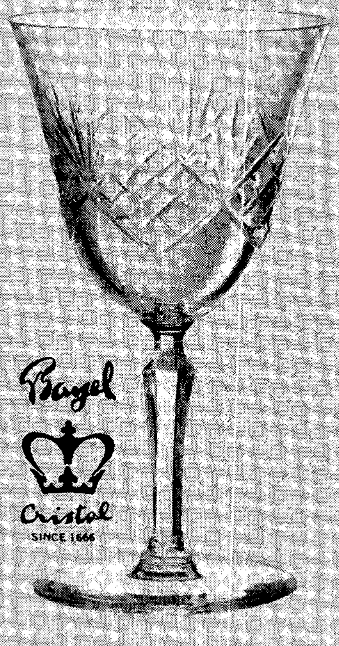

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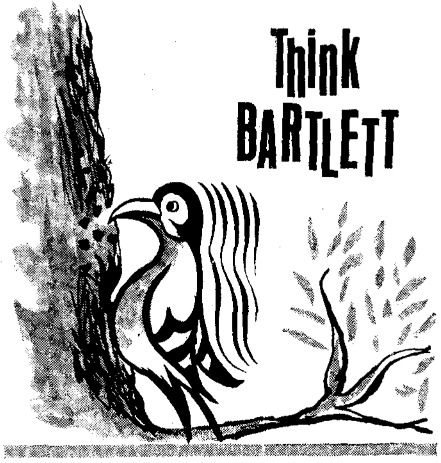

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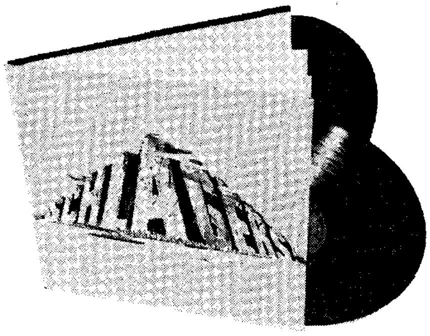

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U.S. JOURNAL: PROVO, UTAH

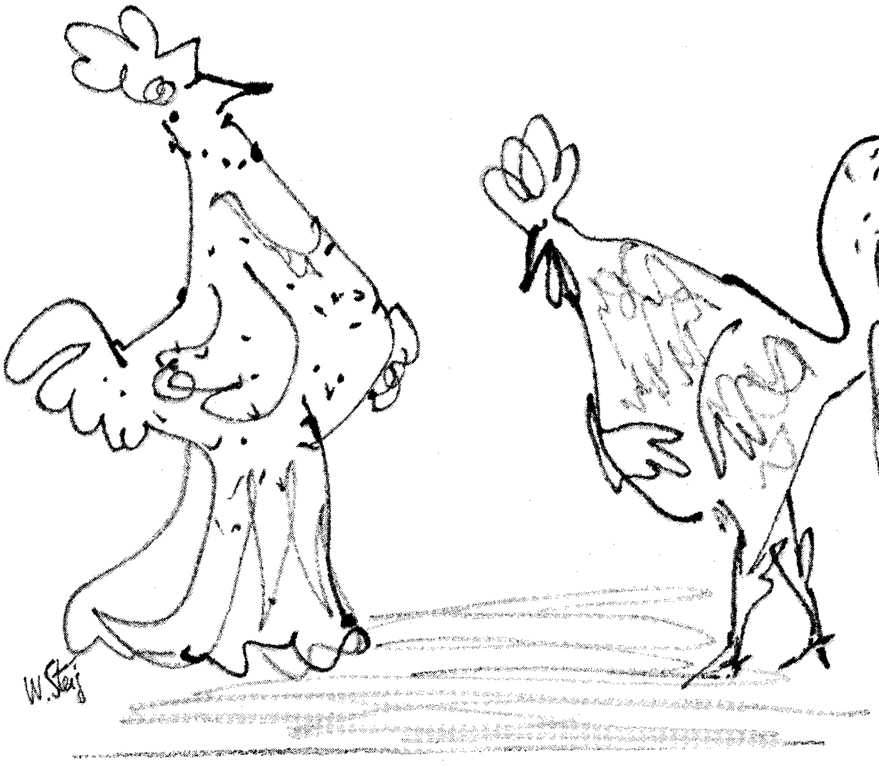
CATEGORIES

The position of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints affecting those of the Negro race who choose to join the Church falls wholly within the category of religion. It has no bearing upon matters of civil rights.—*The First Presidency, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. December, 1969.*

MOST Americans believe that a moral issue can be contained within a category, and they often find themselves astonished or irritated by those Americans who do not. A lot of university trustees can't imagine why students who are receiving a perfectly peaceful liberal education should concern themselves with the fact that some other department of the same institution happens to do research for the Department of Defense. Most Americans do not hold a Rockefeller in New York accountable for what kind of regime his family's bank helps support in South Africa. But a lot of young people and black people insist on considering everything connected. Because Brigham Young University, which is operated by the Mormon Church, happens to be one of the few places in the country where even the students believe in the sanctity of categories, it is difficult for nearly everyone there to understand how objection to a Mormon religious belief could be translated into rudeness to the B.Y.U. basketball team. In reaffirming that priesthood orders, which every male Mormon must hold in order to participate fully in the Church, would remain closed to Negroes, the First Presidency clearly stated not only that the matter was wholly within the category of religion but also that in the civil category the Church specifically teaches that all of God's children should have equal constitutional rights. Furthermore, the University's president has pointed out, the Church has nothing to do with arranging athletic events; and, furthermore, the coaches often say, some of the players are not even Mormons, and the athletic field would obviously not be the place to argue politics or religion even if they were. Yet B.Y.U. basketball players can hardly appear anywhere without being hooted at as racists, and Stanford University announced last fall that it would no longer meet B.Y.U. in athletic contests. Keeping the argument within its original category, Ernest L. Wilkinson, the president of B.Y.U., called Stanford's action "flagrant religious discrimination."

Since the demonstrators obviously have no interest in joining the Mormon Church, it follows to any strict categorizer that they are insincere troublemakers who have merely chosen B.Y.U. athletics as a shortcut to national publicity. B.Y.U. distributes an article from the N.C.A.A. newspaper in which the editors, in their first venture into political undercover work, report being reliably informed that revolutionaries were laying their plans against B.Y.U. last summer. B.Y.U. also makes available reprints of an anti-Mormon article from a Communist newspaper—a get-the-Mormons signal to the Communist Conspiracy, according to an accompanying analysis by W. Cleon Skousen, a former Salt Lake City police chief who is a member of the B.Y.U. religious-instruction department. It is assumed by nearly everyone at B.Y.U. that even if the Communists are not behind the demonstrations the people who are behind them have chosen an innocent party for their abuse, and the result is often described around B.Y.U. as "persecution." Mormons have been persecuted for their religious beliefs before, of course, and some Mormons explain the current difficulties almost completely as more of the same—an unpleasant and unfair but not unexpected attack from the Gentiles. What strikes the B.Y.U. administration as particularly unjust about dragging the B.Y.U. basketball team into the argument from four or five categories away is that B.Y.U. students are not merely innocent but demonstrably more innocent than any other students. "The students are hurt and angry," I was told by a University public-relations man. "There's probably not a higher-type student body in the United States. Look at that campus! Not a drop of paper on it. No cigarette butts. When the flag goes up, the students come to attention. On other campuses, the students burn the flag. Our students are patriotic and they're well dressed, and these are the people who are being persecuted. The kooks, the hippies, the filthy people—*they're* not persecuted."

If a B.Y.U. student acknowledges that any of the black students demonstrating against the basketball team are sincere, he usually explains their actions as a failure to understand. It is said they fail to understand that Mormons have nothing to say about Church doctrine, since a belief central to the religion is that doctrine comes, through a process of continuing revelation, from God to the president of the Church and from the president to the membership. There is a feeling among students and administrators that the press has not fairly presented the University's position that the restriction on Negroes holding the priesthood is purely a religious matter and has no connection with the University's policies on race—the complete whiteness of every basketball team ever fielded by B.Y.U. having been explained at length within a separate category. I often asked B.Y.U. students about the possibility that a black student at Arizona or Colorado State



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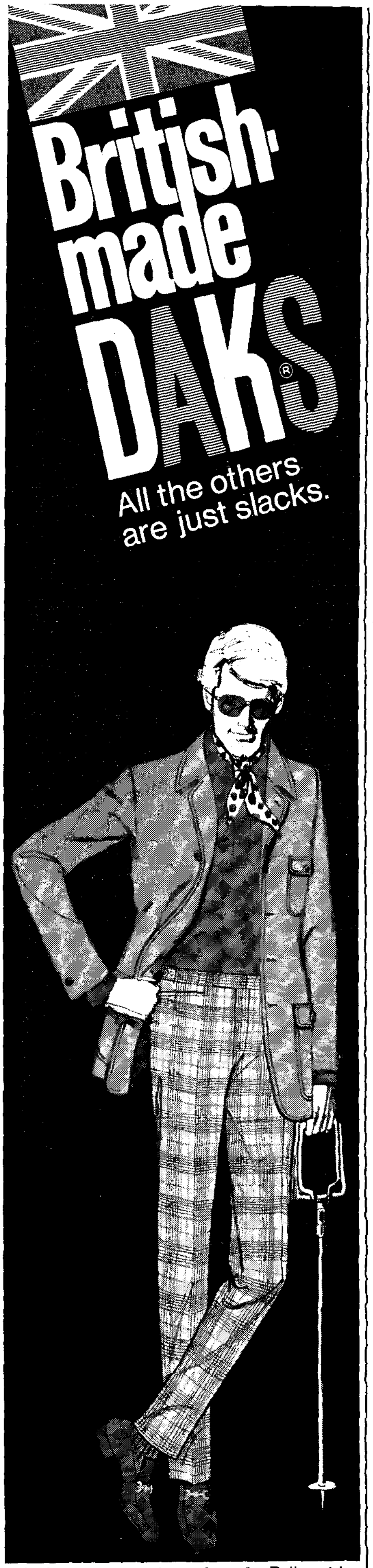

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might not believe that such distinctions were important compared to the presence of yet another institutionalized implication of his inferiority. Most of the B.Y.U. students I asked would pause for a few moments, as if they had never considered that possibility, and then acknowledge that a sincere black student might understand everything perfectly well and decide to demonstrate against the B.Y.U. basketball team anyway—even though the result would be persecution of an innocent party.

THE Mormon Church leaves little room for loyal dissent, and Brigham Young University leaves practically no room at all. Mormonism has not only a strong belief in revelation as the only source of doctrinal change but also an authoritarian structure and a tight sense of community and a history of outside pressure that sometimes makes disagreement seem the equivalent of ammunition for the Gentile enemy. Yet there are Mormons who manage to express disagreement about the denial of priesthood to Negroes—to argue about its origins and point out its contradictions—and still stay within the Church. At B.Y.U.—where ninety-five per cent of the students and virtually all of the faculty are Mormons, and mostly churchgoing, orthodox Mormons—there are few people who hold such views, and fewer still who might want to express them publicly, and no one at all who does. The student newspaper, which reports on the demonstrations and has devoted a lot of space to the University's protestations of innocence, has been instructed to print no discussion of the Church doctrine that is presumably causing all the trouble, and most students agree that there is no reason to argue about something they have no control over. Although the man-in-the-street interviews in the student paper's special issue on the Stanford decision included one or two with students who thought there might be some prejudice at B.Y.U., the rest of the issue was virtually identical to a special issue of the alumni paper on the same subject—a collection of official statements about the absence of discrimination at B.Y.U., a series of answers to such commonly asked questions as why there are only three or four Negroes among the University's twenty-five thousand students ("their decision, not our policy"), and a supportive column by Max Rafferty. B.Y.U. faculty members have always had difficulty distinguishing the positions of the University administration from the positions of the Church—the Church's General Authorities also serve as B.Y.U.'s board of trustees—and normally express no disagreement with either. At B.Y.U., no one on the faculty has tenure.

Although the young men who serve tours as missionaries for the Church are known for wearing ties and neat white shirts, a Mormon with long hair and a beard could be married in the Salt Lake City temple—unless, of course, one of his great-grandfathers was a Negro. At B.Y.U., someone with long hair and a beard would not be allowed to register for classes. Although Mormons undoubtedly tend to be politically conservative, there are liberals as well as conservatives in the Church leadership. At B.Y.U., Wilkinson regularly lectures student assemblies on the federal government's having become a Socialistic monster, and a few years ago it was revealed that there was a network of student spies reporting to the administration on what was said in the classroom by a few professors suspected of holding liberal political views. At B.Y.U., peaceful picketing is not permitted, the Young Democrats are the most left-wing political group allowed on campus, and the two political bumper stickers available at the bookstore of the Ernest L. Wilkinson student center say "I'm Proud to Be an American" and "I'm a Member of the Silent Majority." The strain of political conservatism is sufficiently strong in the Church that under Wilkinson's emphasis it becomes practically Church doctrine to B.Y.U. students. Among the Mormon religious pamphlets displayed at the bookstore is one called "Civil Rights—Tool of Communist Deception," by Ezra Taft Benson, one of the twelve apostles of the Church. Not long ago, when the campus Young Americans for Freedom were criticized for displaying the Book of Mormon among such books as Skousen's "The Naked Communist," someone sent a letter to the student paper pointing out that David O. McKay, who was president of the Church until his death, in January, had recommended "The Naked Communist" to the faithful as an "excellent book." The most politically conservative department at B.Y.U. is the religion department, some members of which are said to have quit worrying about the Communist Conspiracy

and switched their concern to something called The Illuminati, an ancient cabal that supposedly still looms S.M.E.R.S.H.-like above even the Red Menace.

The University does permit a weekly free forum during the lunch hour in one of the lounges of the student union, although there have been some complaints that it amounts to no more than the handful of campus radicals (Young Democrats) talking to each other. The day I saw it, all but a few people in the lounge just happened to be studying or chatting there when the forum started. The radicals were arguing that the Mormon tradition included an intellectual search for the truth and that people should be judged for themselves rather than by the length of their hair; the only applause was for speakers who praised the University or defended its dress regulations. During the discussion of dress, one young man in the audience said that the reason for strict control of student appearance was obviously not religious—the prophets of the Church, after all, wore beards—but economic, the realities of the marketplace having led the University to use the uniquely respectable dress and behavior of its students to raise money. He wasn't objecting; he thought it was obviously worth shaving his beard if shaving helped build a new field house. The largest single gift to the University—a thousand-acre ranch in San Clemente said to be worth several million dollars—was presented in 1967 by Ray Reeves, the inventor of the air-wedge sole, and his wife, Nellie. The University invited the couple to Provo for the official presentation, and students were given "Thanks, Ray and Nellie" lapel stickers to wear for the ceremonies. "Some time ago my wife, Nellie, and I read a syndicated newspaper article describing Brigham Young University as a place where youngsters still had ideals, still cut their hair, still believed in God," Ray Reeves said. "We had to see it, so we drove to Provo, Utah. The young people at B.Y.U. were all clean-cut, good-looking. We didn't see any miniskirts. There was no beatnik atmosphere. Those students had their feet on the ground. Instead of finding fault, they were accepting leadership. In short, we liked the way the University was being run. Our association with the people at B.Y.U. has been marvellous. To show our support, we've given the University our ranch."

The reaction of B.Y.U. to the continuing demonstrations is not likely to

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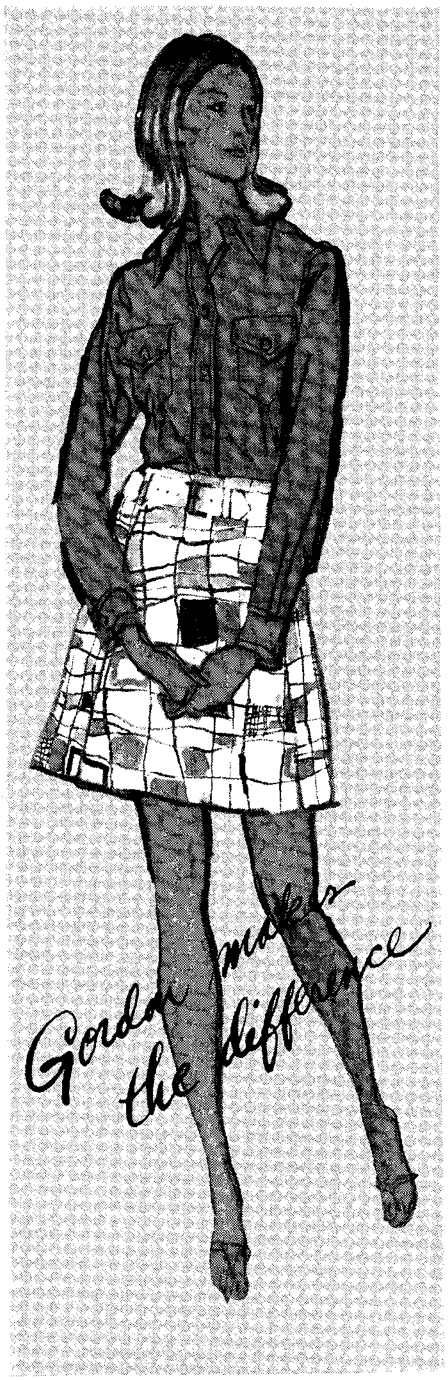

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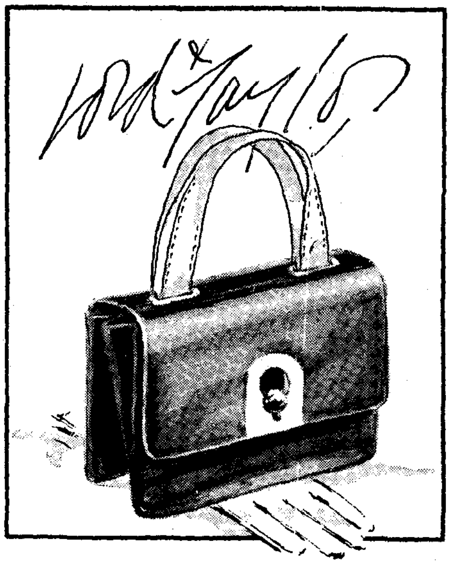
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

diminish the reputation it has acquired among those who are pleased to find one university that stands up to Minority Pressure Groups. The football coach has recruited B.Y.U.'s first black football player, after making it clear to him that interracial dating is not allowed. But according to the Provo paper the coach recently told a local Chamber of Commerce breakfast, "A lot of people are mad at me right now because they feel we are giving in." There are a few people at B.Y.U. who are considering suggesting to the administration that the University prove the sincerity of its statements about the civil category by recruiting Negro students for the same kind of special-help program that B.Y.U. runs for American Indians, but Wilkinson says that limitations on the University's space preclude recruiting of any kind. At the strong urging of the administration, students who organized a nighttime, non-credit Student Academy at B.Y.U. this semester reduced their proposed courses in Afro-American history and literature to one composite course; until the planned curriculum was made public, the faculty members involved were under pressure from the administration to teach no course at all on the subject.

INTELLECTUALS who try to remain within the Church have always had to face the tension between their faith and their intellectual curiosity, and the few students at B.Y.U. who have such problems find them more acute these days. Wilkinson talks of the priesthood restriction on Negroes as if it were some isolated religious practice like total immersion among the Baptists; he often says that Stanford's decision was the equivalent of B.Y.U. refusing to play Notre Dame because of different ideas on divorce. But the B.Y.U. students who tend to approach official statements questioningly know that those students who have been on missions in the South proselyte only among white people, that the traditional attempts by Mormons to explain the restriction on Negroes all contain some implication of inferiority, that the Church is noted for giving its official support to right-to-work laws rather than civil-rights legislation, that the elderly men who preside over Mormonism have sometimes made remarks that would cause the least conspiratorial Negro to shout at B.Y.U. basketball players. (The current president of the Church, who completed his college education in the nineteenth century, was quoted a few years ago as



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saying that "darkies are wonderful people.") A Mormon social scientist has done an attitude study in which he concludes that Mormons in California are no more prejudiced against Negroes than other whites are, but neither side of the argument is heard at B.Y.U.

The vast majority of B.Y.U. students accept the official statements of the University administration as unquestioningly as they accept official statements of the Church authorities. It has never occurred to most of them to compare the statement of the University that black athletes are recruited "under exactly the same terms as any other athletes" and the public acknowledgment by coaches that they have warned Negro prospects that a black athlete may not be happy at B.Y.U. because of the lack of "social life." B.Y.U. has never appeared to place the stimulation of intellectual curiosity high on its list of priorities. The lack of tenure and of a faculty senate have meant some problems with accreditation and the loss of the kind of professors who obviously wouldn't teach in a university that didn't take those institutions for granted, but there has been an accompanying absence of faculty dissent. In the tension between faith and intellect, the University has been a strong supporter of faith. Although the Mormons—people who have placed great value on education—have created what they often call the largest privately operated university in the United States, it is not really the intellectual center of the Church. The center of serious discussions about the race situation and the Church is the state-supported University of Utah. The principal forum for Mormon intellectuals—a fascinating quarterly called *Dialogue*—is published in California rather than Provo, and includes hardly anyone from B.Y.U. on its board of editors. B.Y.U. has presumably chosen to make its reputation on instilling its students with religious faith and patriotism and high standards of personal morality. As far as "building character" is concerned, Wilkinson said in a speech not long ago that universities such as Harvard and Yale—and, of course, Stanford—have "passed their zenith." In its own terms, B.Y.U. has assumed leadership in the field.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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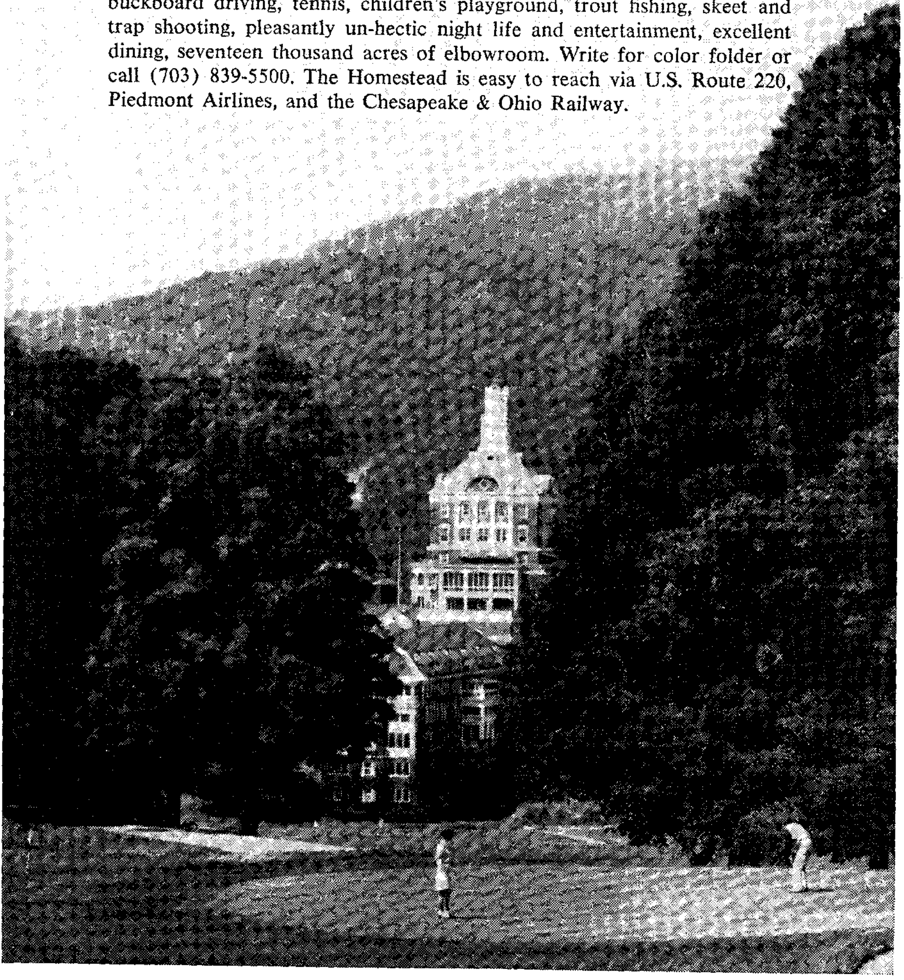

THE SPORTING SCENE

READING THE RIVER

UNTIL recently, the word "canoe" put an image in my mind of a light water craft with upturned ends, open as a pod, and pointing symmetrically in two directions. I once knew every part of a canoe—ribs, half ribs, planking, bang plates, open gunwales, center thwart, stern thwart, stern quarter-thwart, and so on, until the whole boat was verbally disassembled and rebuilt. I more or less grew up in canoes—in summers, anyway—and slept under them, and capsized them for pleasure, rolling in still water and breathing the air that is trapped in them when they are upside down. There was an insurance factor in these games. I once turned over in wild water in a gorge on Otter Creek, in Vermont; one of my legs was caught by a thwart, and I survived by pulling my head up into the air space and riding out the rapid. The canoes I knew were E. M. Whites and Old Towns, keeled and keel-less, covered with canvas, and alive with a timbre of their own. Among them—hanging from rafters in a place called Keewaydin, and almost never used, because of its fragility and symbolic value—was a canoe covered with birch bark which had once belonged to a clan of a nation of the Iroquois. This was the ingenious original from which the generations of Whites and Old Towns had come, and, in more recent times, despite hollow reverberations and general yarelessness, the Grumman aluminums as well. I had been long out of touch with developments in canoeing, and, with the exception of a few descents in rented Grummans, had completely lost touch with white water. Meanwhile, that Iroquois birch remained for me the template, the standard, the prototype canoe, with its apparently inevitable design, conceived in the wilderness who knows how many hundreds of years ago and valid into the technological present. I thought of it as a basic shape, like a cone or a cube, immutable, inviolable, and I would never have thought to, or tried to, alter it, not even with written permission from Hiawatha. I go into this only to suggest the extent to which the rafters of my mind were shaken, although the birch-bark canoe still hangs there, when I went to the mountains of West Virginia last spring with a friend of mine from the National Park Service to observe the Potomac Highland and Middle States Wildwater canoeing championships.

Beginnings of the Potomac come off the slopes of Spruce Knob, just under five thousand feet high, and then the river descends northward, eventually flowing almost to the Pennsylvania line before turning south toward Washington, which is two hundred and eighty-five miles downriver from the source. Near the headwaters, between Mouth of Seneca and Smoke Hole Cavern (two West Virginia hamlets), run fourteen miles of white water of varying degrees of difficulty, and in one stretch these rapids drop through a narrow cut called Hopeville Canyon, the climactic segment of the racecourse. As we looked over the river on the day before the races began, small vessels came shooting out of the lower end of this defile, so snug to the water that the men paddling them appeared to be kneeling in the river, and I asked my friend what they were. "Canoes," he said. "Modern canoes. That's what they look like now."

Canoes? They were small, Fiberglas, modified cigars, streamline-rounded at the gunwales and almost completely closed over, the only opening, in the singles category, being a small hole amidships in which the canoeman knelt. They were virtually watertight. A plastic spray skirt—drawn firm with rubber cords to the canoeman's waist and the cockpit combing—enabled the canoe to roll over without taking in water. When a canoeman became overheated from the vigor of the canyon, he would stop, in slow water, and lean over into the river until the entire upper half of his body was submerged and the canoe was all but upside down. Then he would flip upright again, soaking-cool, and move on downstream. When he got out of the river, he picked up his canoe in one hand, put it on his shoulder like a ski, and walked away.

I learned soon enough that these canoemen were pretty sensitive if someone suggested that what they were really paddling were kayaks. Kayaks were something else again, by their standards, and, in fact, there would be a complete and separate range of kayak races among the championship events. As for the antique canoes of my own experience, they would not even be permitted on the river in the major races. The rules required that all canoes be completely decked over.

The new canoes were developed in Europe—principally in Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia—and only within the past seven years have they been brought to American rivers to replace the canoes the Indians invented here. Organized white-water racing is fairly new in the world. The first international championships were held just twenty years ago, in Czechoslovakia, and the first American championships came in 1958—in open canoes that were decked over with sheets of plastic. Unencumbered by Indian lore, the Europeans modified the canoe in the direction of the kayak to the point where the differences now are subtle and come in the form of regulated measurements. Ca-

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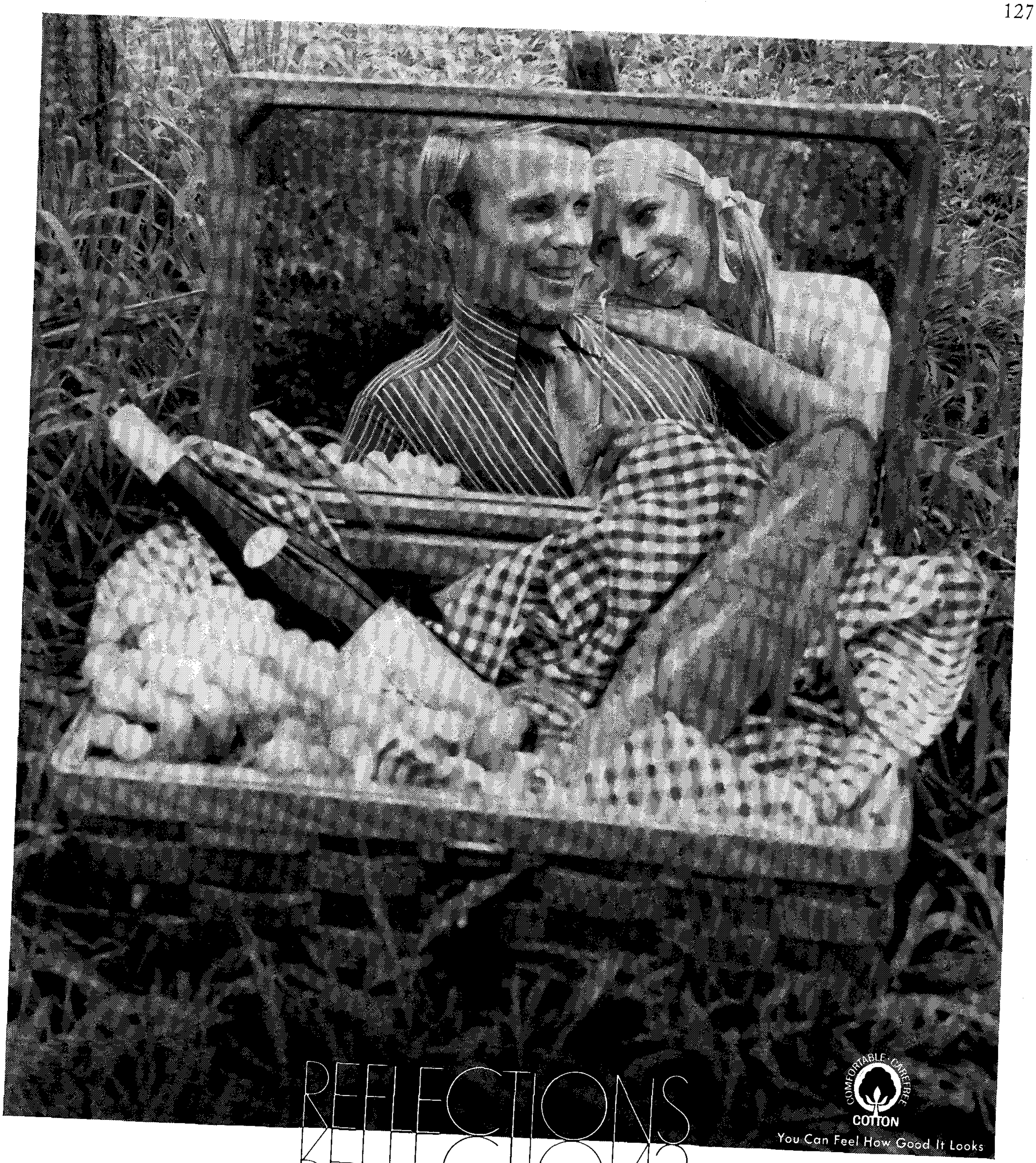
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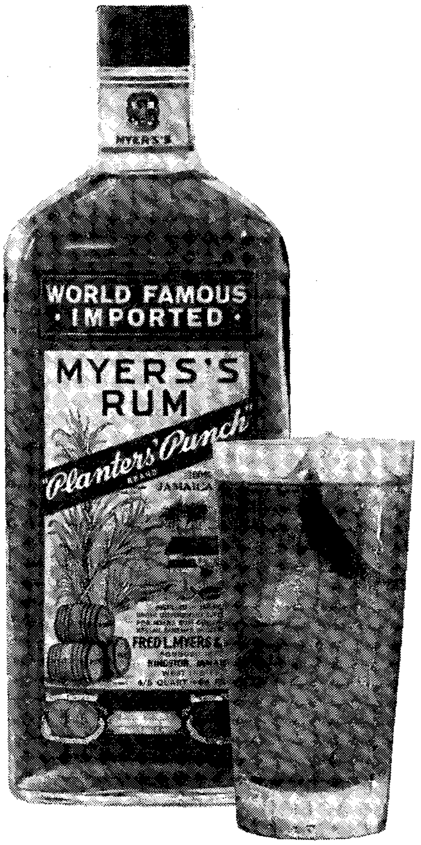

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noes are a few inches shorter and a few inches wider, and, however unemphatically, the ends of canoes must be higher than the middles. But the real differences are these: a single-bladed paddle is used with a canoe, double with a kayak; paddlers sit with their legs forward in kayaks, but kneel in canoes. These differences do retain the essence of traditional American canoeing. The basic moves are much the same, but the craft—in both senses—is novel.

I once had a vision of an early canoeman that went with my vision of the archetypal canoe. He was a sinewy man with clear eyes, and he smoked a pipe as he sat in the stern of a twenty-foot canoe that was bulging with beaver skins and pemmican under lashed-down canvas. He wore checked wool, and he worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, leaning hard on his long Canadian paddle as he steered his canoe down foaming white rapids where the spray curled up like smoke. Never mind that what he really wanted was a desk job at Company headquarters in Montreal. He was my man, and he was a far, far cry from these canoemen, in their little fourteen-foot tubes, in West Virginia. These little canoes wouldn't hold a beaver's sideburns. The men who paddle them wear plastic crash helmets, like hockey players or motorcyclists. When they flip over and inconveniently crack their heads on submerged rocks, they come right back up. They are, nonetheless, serious canoemen. They wear wet-suits and go out and break ice on pools at the edge of the river to get into the fast water in winter. They read the journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation. To them, a lake is not a lake but "flat water." They make their own canoes. First they fashion a wooden plug, as they call it, and from this model cast Fiberglas molds—a deck mold and a hull mold. Bolts of Fiberglas—whose manufacturers thought they were making draperies—are then spread into the molds, layer upon layer, with liquid resin painted between. The result, conjoined, is ordinarily a "Czech" or a "Yugo"—referring to the wellspring *nationalities* of the two basic designs, which differ only slightly and have experienced so much crossbreeding that varieties are micromillimetrically infinite. In much the way that wallet cards can be sealed between layers of plastic, paper or fabric designs are often included between the deck laminations of the canoes, and one that I saw had a deck of beer-can

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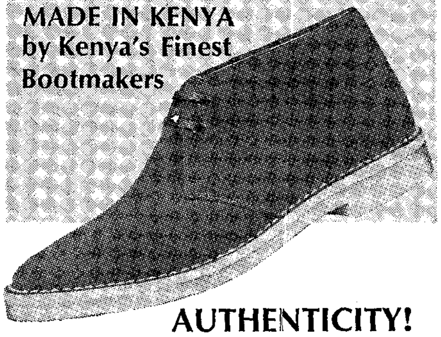

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labels, another appeared to be made of bricks, another was a garden of permanent blossoming flowers, and still another had a deck of red-and-yellow Paisley print, so that its owner appeared to be paddling a wet necktie. A man within one of these canoes is so fused with the river—in the compactness of the craft around him—that he almost appears to be standing waist-deep in the water rather than kneeling in a boat. An observer expects the canoeman to come walking out of the river with the canoe around his waist and thus to reveal it for what it really is, an epic codpiece, ventral and dorsal.

As many as five modern canoes will fit on top of a car, even a bug Volkswagen—singles canoes, doubles canoes, slalom canoes. All along a road that winds in and out of sight of the river, canoe- and kayak-covered vehicles clustered. They were so predominant in the traffic in the area that cars without boats on them attracted attention. License plates were from all over the East, South, and Middle West, from Wisconsin and Connecticut to Georgia. One Ford Econoline van had come, with three canoes on it, from California. Rigged up for sleeping and cooking, it was occupied by a nineteen-year-old with clear-rimmed, dark-brown eyeglasses and a full beard in two shades of brown. His name was John Evans. The word was that the C-1 (singles canoe) Middle States Wildwater championship race would be a question of beating John Evans, and that his principal competitor would be a hippily long-haired fellow, aged twenty-six, named Bob Waldrop, who learned his first strokes in Vermont, has been down the Canoe River in British Columbia, and works in the District of Columbia as a representative of the Sierra Club. The canoemen, for the most part, were lean and not particularly tall, lightness and wiry strength being advantages in the sport. They spread in age from the teens to the forties, and they were not a forceful-looking group, but on the eve of the races they collected in a large schoolroom and watched with obvious pleasure movies of frail craft pounding across standing waves and smacking through walls of water, sometimes plunging into souse holes and cartwheeling end over end.

In a corridor outside the schoolroom, a man who makes and sells whitewater canoes and equipment had set up a display of his wares. One of the doubles canoes he had had been built on order for my Park Service friend, John Kauffmann, who had come to West

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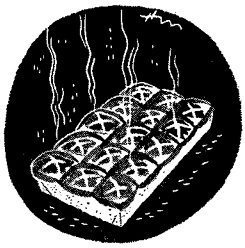
Virginia to pick it up. While Kauffmann was looking over his new boat, or C-2, Waldrop walked up and said to the salesman, "I need a new sixty-four/eight." Waldrop soon had in his hand a paddle in a style I had not seen before that day. Made of latticed and laminated Canadian spruce, it had a T-shaped grip and a blade that was square-tipped, like an oar. Its over-all length was sixty-four inches. The blade was enormous—eight inches wide and some two feet long. There is so much air in white water that a big blade is needed to find sufficient traction. The square tip gets a maximum bite in low water. Waldrop, rangy and loose, his hair flopping, walked away with his new paddle. Kauffmann's new canoe—which bore the trade name Berrigan—was not strictly a racer, having been designed to combine the streamlined advantages of the modern wild-water canoe with some storage space for tripping duffel, but Kauffmann had noticed that something called the Potomac Highland Wildwater C-2 championship race was in a non-expert category, open to all, so we had figured what the hell, and decided to enter. Trying to look rangy and loose, I asked the salesman if he happened to have a sixty/eight. "Fourteen dollars and twenty cents," he said, and I walked away with my first white-water paddle.

The canoemen sleep in motels, private houses, tents, their own cars, and, in some cases, in cabins and farmhouses they rent by the year so they can spend weekends and vacations on the river. (Incidentally, they refer to themselves as canoeists, but I may be unreformable on that one. From the age of eight, I was told that a *canoeman* was someone who knew how to handle a canoe anywhere, while a canoeist, typically, was someone flopping around ineptly in a sponson canoe on a lake in Central Park.) The canoemen, in their rooms and tents and farmhouses, after the movies, talked about the places they go to, their white-water circuit: Esopus Creek, at Phoenicia, New York; the Youghiogheny (*yok-a-gainy*) River at Ohiopyle, Pennsylvania; the Loyalsock, also in Pennsylvania ("If you flip, you might have to wash down a long way"); the Shenandoah Staircase, at Harper's Ferry (five miles of ledges); and, nearby in the West Virginia mountains, the Dry Fork of the Cheat ("When it's up, it just goes lickety-split. It was named that because men drowned and were cheated out of their lives running logs down the river").

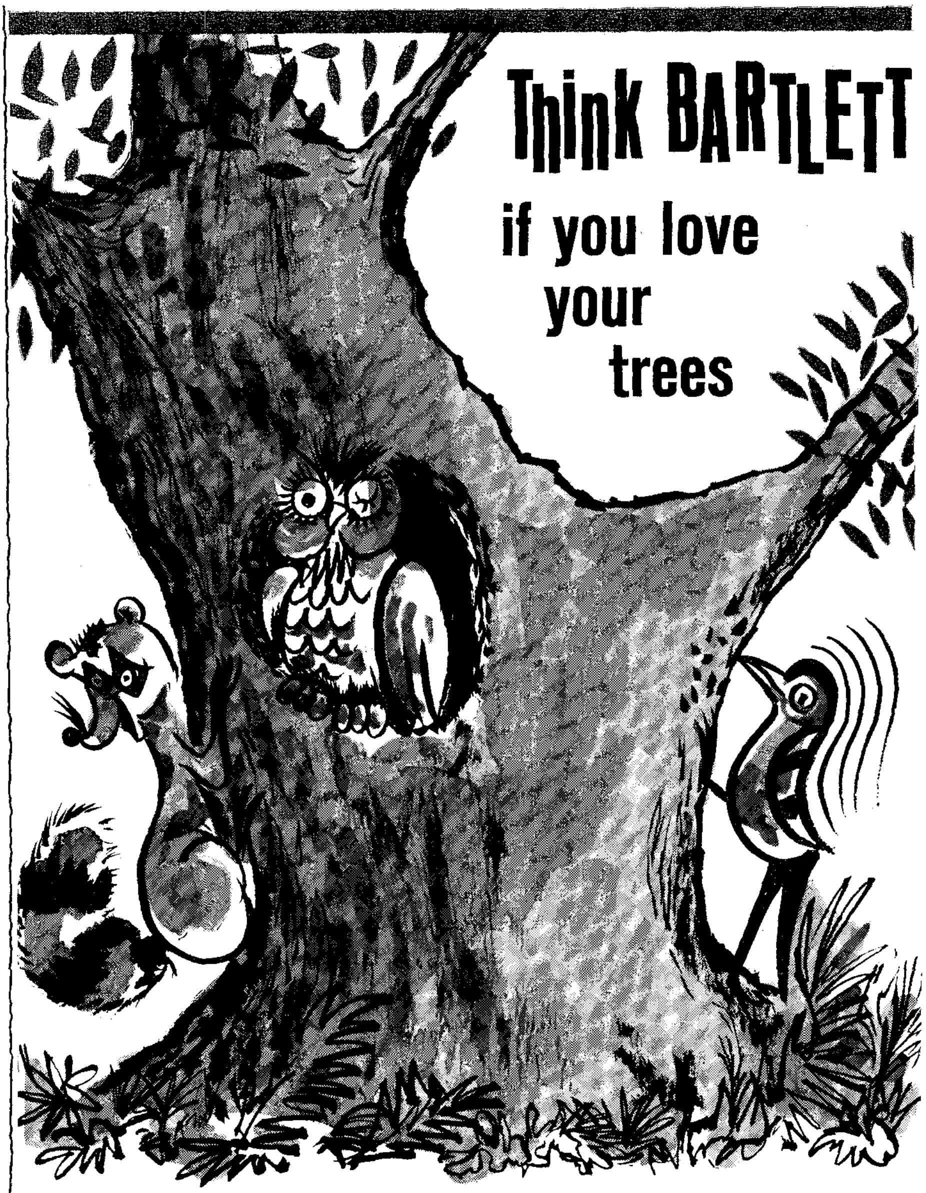
Kauffmann and I stayed in a farmhouse owned by a man named Eston Yokum and accessible only by a cable-suspension footbridge that swayed and humped as you walked over the river. We were the guests of four canoemen, Yokum's tenants. From them I learned that white water is now classified in six categories on an International Scale, based on drop, water velocity, characteristics of the stream. Class I and Class II water are easily negotiable. Classes III ("small falls, numerous rapids," in the language of the International Scale) and IV ("high irregular waves with boulders directly in current, difficult broken water, eddies, and abrupt bends") call for experience and high skill. Class V has "long rocky rapids with difficult and completely irregular broken water which must be run head on;" and Class VI has "all previously mentioned difficulties increased to the limit, cannot be attempted without risk of life." The upper Hudson, not long after it pours out of Lake Tear of the Clouds, is in places a Class VI river, and segments of the Colorado are off the scale. The Potomac between Mouth of Seneca and Smoke Hole Cavern is a Class III and Class IV river, just right for general competition, being tough but not too tough. The West River in Vermont, where the national championships have often been held, was described as having less dramatic surroundings than the upper Potomac—going through farmland instead of through West Virginia's high sedimentary mountains—but having, as its most attractive feature, an absolute reliability of water level. Three miles up the West River from the canoe course is Bald Mountain Dam. In close communication with the Army engineers at the dam, canoemen have the river turned up just so, until it is flowing at a steady Class IV. While slalom gates are being set, the river is turned off.



That is as nothing to the story of the Nanahela, a river in North Carolina, where canoemen gather and stare fondly from its banks at its homicidal gradient. One inconvenience is that there is normally no water whatsoever in the riverbed. Upstream is a mammoth aluminum plant that impounds the water in a reservoir and lets it out once a day. The canoemen wait for that moment. They know it is coming because the water is cold from the depths of the reservoir, and in the warm North Carolina air it creates a cloud that hurtles and roils along with it and can be seen long before the sound is heard of the roar of the white water. Into the instant river the canoemen fly. They say that it is like going down the New Jersey Turnpike in a fog. Shooting downriver and around bends, they desperately call out one another's names, trying to keep contact in the mists.

The man who told us about the Nanahela was Robert Harrigan, from Bethesda, Maryland, who, with a friend named John Berry, designed and first built the Berrigan canoe. Harrigan—tall and impressive, with gray edges on a shock of brown hair—also told about the time he took Secretary Udall down the upper Hudson. He implied that he was scared out of his mind by the rampaging, irregular broken water, while Udall sat upright in the bow like a taxidermal hawk, looking left and right, and saying, "Beautiful river, Bob. Beautiful river." Harrigan, in the stern, was desperately heaving himself flat out over the water in various directions against the conflicting currents, but Udall appeared not to notice and to be absolutely serene in the confidence that no canoe carrying the Secretary of the Interior was likely to flip.

When modern canoemen go down a river in a wild-water race, covering distance against a clock, the amplitude of what they can do is not so immediately apparent as it is when, at a time of leisure, they stop to enjoy a rapid. They can, for example, go zipping down a braided white torrent and suddenly stop dead in the middle of it, turn around, and hover, like trout in a stream. Facing the current, they will nose down behind a ledge and let the full force of the river pour upon their bows while they sit there contemplating. They will come schussing through a rip, crash through an eddy wall, rest a moment, poised and quiet, then peel off through the far line of the eddy and drop so fast that soon only their heads are visible from the place where they paused to rest. Darting into an eddy on one side of the river, they will sit steady, facing in the direction from which they came, then slice the canoe decisively into the main current, paddling hard upstream. The result of this maneuver, called a ferry, is that they go skidding sidewise directly across the river, despite its velocity, without moving six inches downstream. To them, the white water is not a chaos of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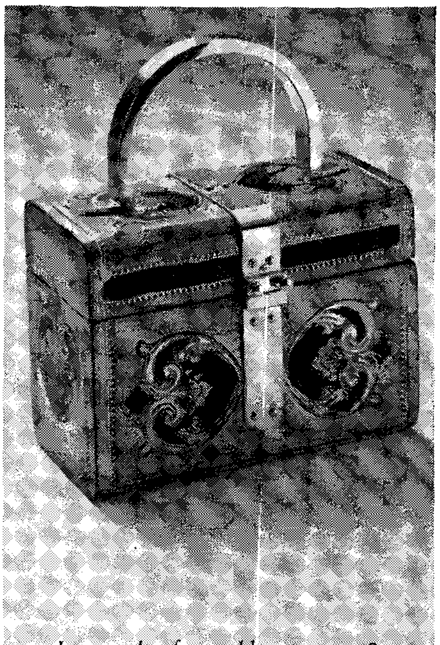
flow and spray but a legible language, and they know how to read it. Its currents don't all flow in the same direction. Some tumble like barrels. Others, in eddies, flow gently upstream. Look for the tongue of water. Pick it. You pick the river. Lean away from the current. The fastest and deepest water is on the outside of a curve. Sometimes it's too vicious there; hug the inside. Don't go for quiet spots in the middle of turbulence—satin-water pillows are stuffed with rock. Watch yourself. Don't eddy out if you don't want to. Standing waves—haystacks—mark deep water. The man from the Hudson's Bay Company steered to the side of standing waves, but these men go right through them. His entire goal, like mine as a boy, was to get safely to the bottom of the rapid. These modern canoemen want to stop and play. They roll like Eskimos. Their slalom courses loop. Some gates are actually upriver from previous ones. I was taught the J stroke as the absolute denominator of canoemanship, but they almost never use it. It's inefficient. I was taught never to pry the bow of a moving canoe. They pry, and jump, like skiers, laterally, keeping parallel with the current. They may call themselves canoeists, but they are really fabulous.

John Evans, short, strong, and soft-spoken, had come from Los Angeles and was the son of a Hollywood assistant director. He learned and developed many of his techniques in swimming pools, and practiced morning after morning in Ballona Creek—the outer reaches of the Los Angeles storm sewers—which has high concrete banks, and saline water where it approaches the sea. For white water, he had to make long trips to the Sierra, where he was sometimes discouraged because he was always dumping over, cutting his hands, and fighting shy of standing waves. After his graduation from high school, in 1968, he became a full-time canoeman. He made his own canoes, as nearly everyone does, and he worked for a while in a Fiberglas factory. Like Waldrop, he built a C-1 in something of a delta shape, but his delta was far more pronounced, and the canoe could have been a wind-tunnel model for a supersonic airplane. An advantage in this, Evans felt, is that he *minimized* width around the cockpit and could put the paddle straight down into the water. The delta, as it widened out behind him, gave stability and also conformed to the regulations on minimal width (thirty-one and a half inches). Evans had beaten the man who was



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acknowledged to be the best wild-water boater in southern California, and, encouraged by that, he had come East to win all he could.

Crowds formed by all the important rapids in Hopeville Canyon—the Tree Rapid, the Cave Rapid, Table Rock Rapid—to see the C-1s go down the river. Starts were at one-minute intervals. Evans, in a field of twenty, was the seventh to begin, and Waldrop was the last. Using a fast, European, staccato stroke, between fifty and sixty per minute, Evans danced down through the rock gardens of the low river with a light and absolute touch, barely skirting eddy walls, finding the fast water, reading and absorbing the river. One after another, he caught and passed his predecessors—a Pittsburgh canoeman, one from Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, one from Morgantown, West Virginia—and when he crossed the finish line he had covered five miles in just under forty-nine minutes. Waldrop took second place, as expected. What was remarkable, though, was that Evans had beaten him by almost four minutes.

During the White Water Weekend, as all the events agglomerately were called, Kauffmann and I had the luck to take a run with Bob Harrigan, who taught us all he could, except how to get out of the trough we capsized in, a humiliating development that gave us an ice-cold soaking. However, in the wild-water race for eager hacks, we found that the new Berrigan seemed to know the river almost as well as its designer and to feel vertebrate beneath us and our paddles. We went the distance, nine miles, in an hour and thirty-one minutes. Forever after that trip, I'm here to tell you, an open, conventional canoe—aluminum, canvas, or birch-bark—will feel to me about as riverworthy as a rickshaw. We placed third, and were given engraved and ribboned medals. I couldn't care less whether Hiawatha would sanction all this. I, for one, will. —JOHN MCPHEE

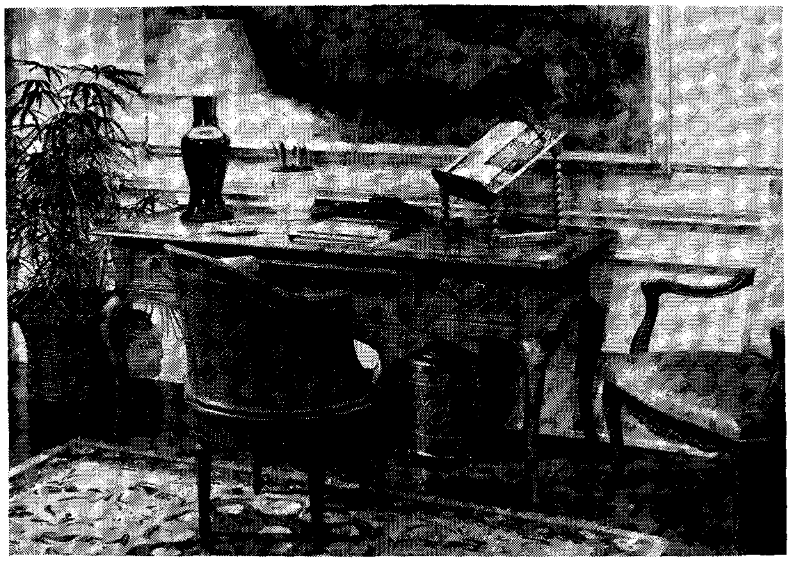
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle*]

LONDON (AP)—Latest reports say the tide of battle is turning in St. Kilda, thanks to a secret weapon—Chewing gum.

For a time it looked as if the British army at St. Kilda, 100 miles out in the Atlantic off Scotland's western coast, might be defeated by a pack of giant mice.



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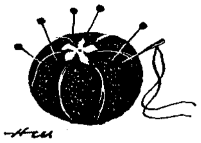
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

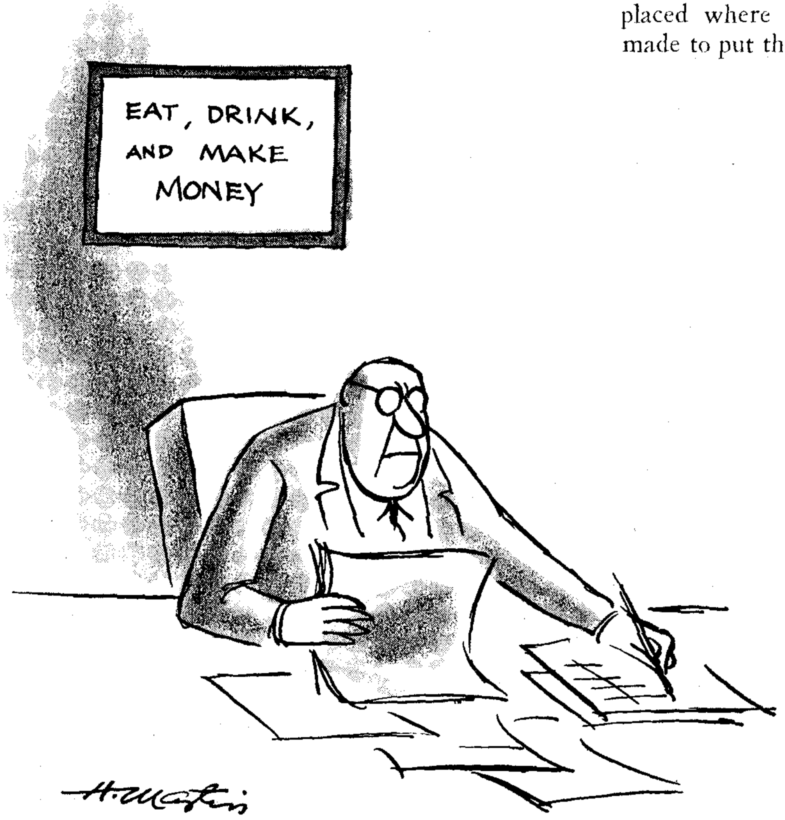


THE fashionable woman has long legs and aristocratic ankles but no knees. She has thin, veiled arms and fluttering hands but no elbows. Her chest is rather flat; so are her hips. She has a tiny waist and lots of ribs. She wears her skirt around the calf. She welcomes the return of the dress and is happy to find clothes that look new and that are not, perforce, some kind of trouser suit, pajama suit, or jumpsuit. She wants soft fabrics—light wool, jersey, crêpe, chiffon, and crêpe de Chine—in tranquil colors, such as brown, smoky blue, mauve, gray, and deep, dull pink. She likes beige and black but never chooses royal blue, or white, or red. She wants no linings and no stiffening. She takes fresh pleasure in the elegant detail of pleats and tucks and smocking. She wears few underclothes. She prizes practicality and comfort but does not fear experiment. Most of all, she wants to have fun. She is in genteel revolt against all clothes kinetic, psychedelic, geometric. She is wearied by cutouts, by zips that end in curtain rings, by vinyl, and by paramilitary buttons. She is tired of looking like an upside-down ice-cream cone with arms and legs. She rejected this uniform shape, and the above-knee length, some time ago, and she toys with mid-calf coats and maxicoats and trousers. She wraps herself in wayside blossoms, or dresses up in mock Schiaparelli and revels in a display of real or spurious decadence. She is unperturbed by occasional vulgarities and is never boring.

This woman could be any age. It is possible that there are no fashions that age the wearer but simply more or less fashionable clothes. I saw a woman at a party who must have been a stylish girl in 1910. She would have looked no younger in a dress above her knees. With a mid-calf cocktail dress of black cut velvet—rediscovered or never relinquished—she wore the face of twinkling satisfaction that is a frequent accessory to very fashionable clothes. (A new face is probably a necessary adjunct to the longer lengths. Those who do not wish to change their makeup might sport a new expression—raised brows, perhaps, or drooping lids; with the peasant look, a smile could scarcely go amiss.)

It would indeed be startling if women were suddenly to add three feet to their skirts. In fact, those who have worn the miniskirt have long been exploring other trends. Tidy, chiselled shapes appropriate to the computer age, and the revolutionary designs of Cardin, Courrèges, and Quant, were intended for the young. Their mothers, finding that the stiff, bright triangles flatter a less than perfect figure, adopted them. The young shortened the designers' skirts and began to turn elsewhere. They rummaged in another generation's cast-off clothes, and sought out ruffles, shawls, and fringe. They took emancipation and the space age quite for granted, and preferred the costume of romance, and jokes, and drama.

Before embarking on this game of fashion, you might determine the ages that are ripe for sartorial parody. To blindly ape the fifties could lead to serious blunders. That decade is being closely studied by a coterie of specialists, and normal people should not meddle with Monroe evening gowns and Elvis waistcoats before the dust of innovation settles. Dior's "New Look" might also be a pitfall. Some of the prints and fabrics of the twenties and thirties are an inspiration to today's designers, but none of the cut, the padding, and the interfacing of the postwar years. Since the last time we saw calf-length skirts, fitted waists, and peplums, a new sense of the body has developed. A generation of women has grown up with bodies of significantly different shape. And over the past few years, with the mini, the midi, the maxi, and trousers, women have probably known, simultaneously, more radically different silhouettes than at any other time. With each look, they have learned additional ways of walking, sitting, and gesticulating. It is too late to return in earnest to the fashions of the fifties and too soon to mock them. To return to the straight, square skirts of the early sixties or to lengthen the A-line skirt of a year ago would be humorless regression. Those who come to the calf-length skirt unfettered by a memory of earlier versions are its most enthusiastic exponents.



EAT, DRINK, AND MAKE MONEY

THE real parent of the new, easy dresses should be the slim trouser suit. Halston's clothes, which are firmly rooted in the present, are to be found at Bloomingdale's. They are lean, young, and natural. For day, there are narrow midicoats and dresses, or waistcoats and tunics with trousers. Quiet blues and pinks and grays appear in unlined jersey and jersey jacquard. For evening, brighter colors splash on tie-dyed velvet and chiffon. On long cardigan jackets, rounded pockets are placed where the hands fall and are made to put things in. Most of the outfits have a natural waistline or are intended to be belted. The daytime clothes do not need much underwear, and the evening suits preclude it. A dusty-pink mid-calf shirtdress with cuffed sleeves and a tab front goes under a collarless sashed coat of angora jersey with a pattern of blurred diamonds in foggy mauve and weedy green. Crêpe-de-Chine and silk pajama suits can be packed like handkerchiefs. A collarless silk jacket that has gathered wrists and appears in a red-and-white poppy print on brown is worn with a classic beige silk shirt

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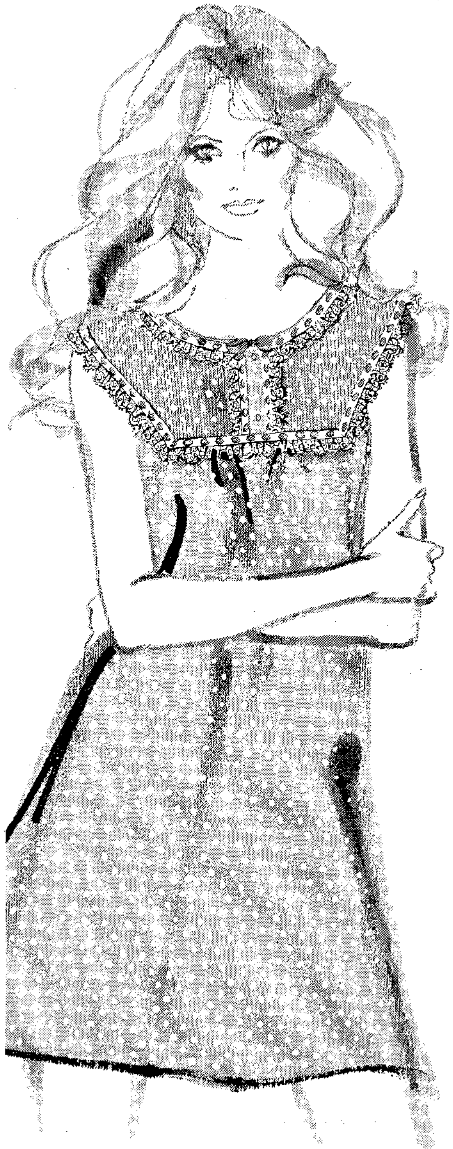

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and red jersey trousers. A mid-calf sarong skirt of black jersey will reveal a hint of leg in the course of the life of nervous languor for which all Halston clothes are made.

The Halston tie-dye prints—pink on peach velvet, and either round, burnt-brown splotches or huge red flowers on black chiffon—are fine examples of the art, which may in general have had its day. Like the maxicoat, it fulfilled an urgent need this winter, and the stars of both may fade together. In a world of mechanical cut and chemical colors, tie-dye upheld the handmade and the singular. The process looks good only on the softness of velvet and chiffon; however bold the color, the effect is gentle and the outline blurred. Softness is inherent in a longer skirt, in clinging cloth and unobtrusive hue. The forerunners are vindicated, and we may jettison the daubings of tie-dye, the clumsiness of maxicoats, and crochet's dreary shapelessness.

THE longer lengths of Sonia Rykiel and Chloé—the lively French ready-to-wear houses whose clothes are at Henri Bendel—have echoes of between-the-wars, but the ironies are intentional and they stop far short of reproduction. In her calf-length dresses, Rykiel sets the waist low, on the hips. But, rather than imitate the sad, pillow-slip shapes of the late twenties, she harks to her own tradition of sweaters and trousers and molds close to the body. The sleeves of an off-white slubbed-silk afternoon dress fit the upper arms, then balloon gently down to gathered wrists. Four wide pleats on the front of the dress are stitched flat down to the low waist level and released in the skirt. A mid-calf dress in unlined blue-gray jersey has flat pleats below a plain, low-waisted bodice, and three buttons on one shoulder. While you might wear boots with a mid-calf A-shaped skirt in suède, these ladylike dresses firmly call for high-heeled shoes. Chloé makes a midiskirt in brown wool crêpe, self-belted and with groups of flattened tucks at hip level. It is paired with a long-sleeved blouse of flowered crêpe de Chine. Ankle-length chiffon in a print of budding green and fading nectarine on lemon has long sleeves, and there is a wide panel at the waist, below a bodice that is amply bloused. Beneath the whole, a beige crêpe underskirt. On an ankle-length dress of pink chiffon that is as vague as perfumed petals, the bodice and the upper arms are worked with silver snowflakes. Plain chiffon sleeves float off to the hands. The skirt has a beaded

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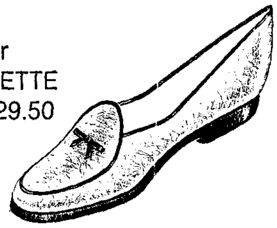

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SCOTT BARRIE'S enticing and funny mididresses of clinging matte jersey are in Sutton Place, an enclave within Bloomingdale's. They encourage dressing up for evening, and they almost call for the little hats and the feathers of the thirties. A stark black dress with a scooped neck and sleeveless like a vest is complemented by a filmy cardigan of black lace. A dress in mauve jersey is shirred over all the bodice, the hips, and the tops of the trumpet sleeves. The skirt of a surprisingly controlled handkerchief dress falls in pretty, tiered points; a low neckline ends in a blunted V, and points drip from the elbows.

LIKE all the prankish, tiger-printed raincoats in the shops, snakeskin-print satins and chiffons return to nature, and improve on it. Real snakeskin would be far too stiff to wear from head to foot. Jean Muir, whose clothes are found at Henri Bendel, uses snakeskin prints with drama and originality. She is one of the few young English designers to have withstood the withering winds of commerce and success, and she combines great elegance with a fine sense of playful theatricality. Purple—the color of the stage, and kings, and youthful extroverts—is used in her set of textural variations on a python-print theme: a satin midiskirt with flat-stitched pleats over the hips; a georgette blouse with long, high sleeves, a handful of pin tucks at the yoke, and lots of little buttons; and a tiny purple python waistcoat.

THE advent of the mini meant the demise of the Dior-pleated skirt. Now, once again, we are to see more flattering skirts. A change of shape and detail is inevitable in the longer length. More can be done with more material. Many of the new skirts are pleated, kilted, side-wrapped, or unbuttoned to the knee. The high waistband, which looked so trim on trousers, looks distinguished on a navy silk-linen skirt that is side-wrapped and buckled at one side of the four-inch waistband. It is paired with a Paisley voile blouse. By Malcolm Starr, in the Green Room, at Bloomingdale's.

SPORADICALLY, shipments arrive at Betsey, Bunky & Nini (237 East 53rd Street) of Ossie Clark's pretty and flimsy blouses, his less pretty ankle-length skirts in rayon jersey, and his

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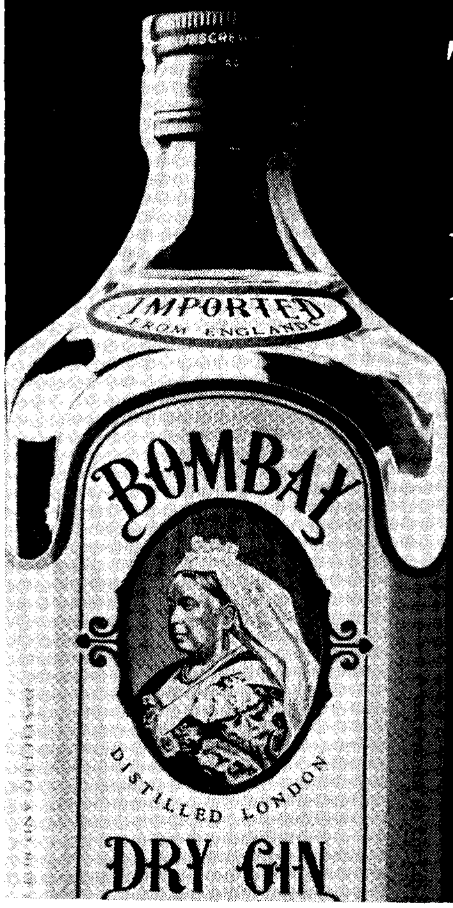

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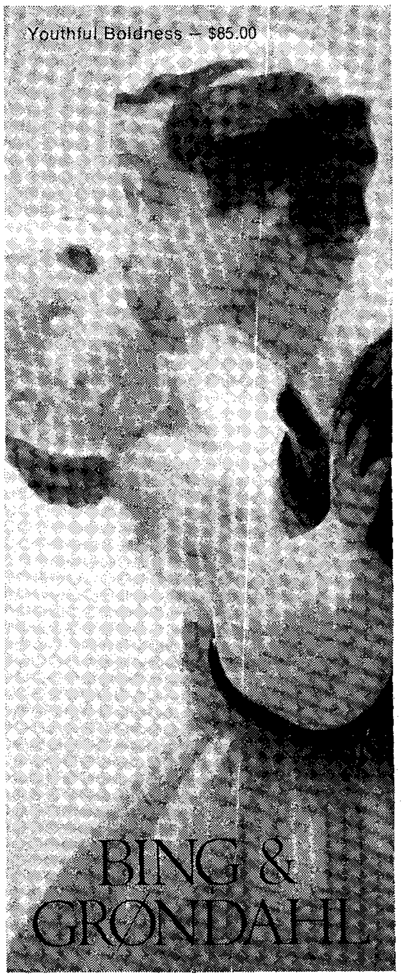
long, sweet, silly crêpe dresses. The blouses are in more or less transparent chiffon and voile. They have floating ties at the neck, long sleeves, and frills below shirred waists and wrists. They appear in characteristic prints by Celia Birtwell—fine checks of black on yellow, or brown on beige; dense flowers, like pictures on a seed packet; or a twenties print of wiggled lines and blooms like flying, flattened bedsprings.

SOME women are not exactly fashionable but like to look nice and avoid dowdiness. For their benefit, in these puzzling times, store presidents and their advertising agencies have issued bulletins; these intend to soothe the customer and interest her in present stock. Among these public protestations of faith in the individuality and taste of women are tight-lipped reprimands to those who hesitate to buy or are unable to find what they know they want. The stores inform us that we can—indeed, should—wear the longer lengths for autumn but imply that we are sheep if we demand them now. Persistence by the converted will, however, be rewarded. The new lengths are at hand, and soon there will be enough of them to allow us to select with proper care. It is easy, at the beginning of a fad, to allow enthusiasm for the principle to dim our judgment of the example. Many purchasers of maxicoats fell victim to that snare. The streets are swarming still with *gaffes*.

A flood of verbiage about the necessity for new and correct "proportions" in longer lengths might seem like further propaganda. By chance, this dogmatism has some basis, and women and designers may profitably take note. Indiscriminate lengthening of hems might be disastrous. And do not be tempted to shake the mothballs from a dress you never got round to taking up. Five years ago, clothes were cut more loosely, sleeves were wider, and waists baggier. Besides, the dress you didn't shorten was probably a dress you didn't like, and it will not look better after several years of darkness. A return to the kind of clothes we wore then would fail to take account of the elegant lightheartedness that, even more than length, line, cut, and fabric, characterizes this year's fashion.

—KENNEDY FRASER

EDITORS' NOTE: With this column, Kennedy Fraser becomes *The New Yorker's* fashion critic. She succeeds Lois Long, who wished to retire from that post in order to devote more of her time to other writing. Miss Long will, as well, become the magazine's fashion consultant.



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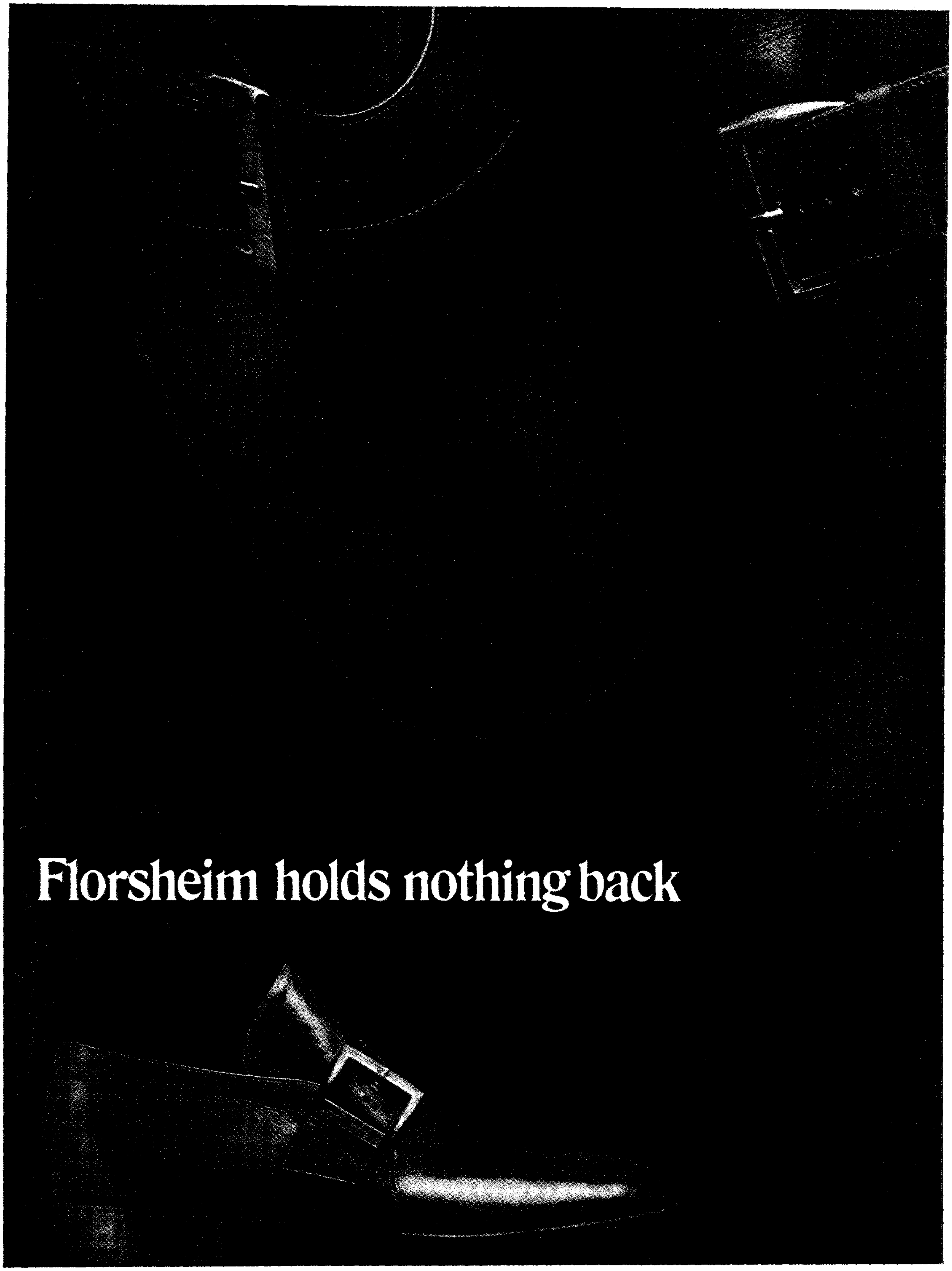
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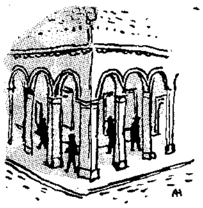
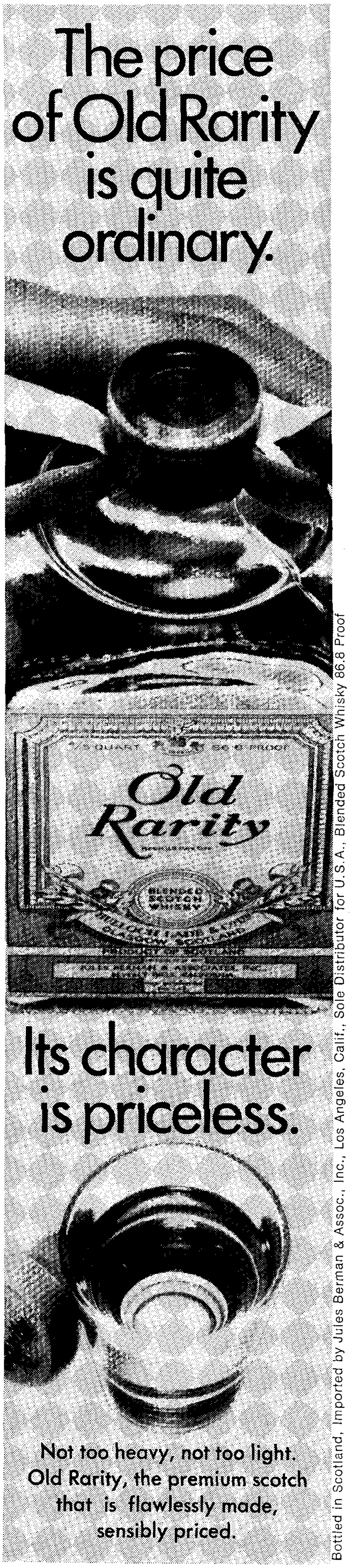
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 11

FOR the past fortnight, this capital city has oscillated between two sorts of press announcements, both unpleasant reading for adults. Almost every day, the news has dealt with snow, usually announcing more to come or else chronicling the results of the latest blizzard. Last week's prize blizzard result was a thirty-mile-long traffic jam on the Autoroute de l'Oueste, leading out of Paris. The jam was of such proportions that it included accumulating car accidents as well as the snow-blocked automobiles themselves, unequipped with snow tires, which are not part of the normal gadgetry of Paris motorists. Parisians are complaining that this has been the snowiest, longest, rainiest, and nastiest winter they have put up with for some time. This past week, the radio newscasts cheerfully mentioned the northbound flights of the wild ducks that have been wintering in the south—usually the harbingers of spring on the way. Parisians now suspect that either the newscasters or the ducks were out of touch.



The other disagreeable, even alarming, news to grownups concerns the continuing brutal student violence and fights at the suburban university at Nanterre, where the 1968 student riots had their inception. Student riots in France always have the same base. It is always the same fight the students' ancestors thought they settled in the French Revolution—the struggle between rightists and leftists. As near as one can make out from the daily Paris press, this month's exacerbation sprang from the Nanterre classroom of Professor Paul Ricœur, dean of the faculty of literature and social science, in which latter department he expounded the Existentialist philosophy of Husserl and Jaspers. In 1968, he regarded the student revolt as a promising dream of greater social-scholastic reforms, and enthusiastically accepted the new "law of orientation," or free choice for the students in selecting their studies, as laid down by Edgar Faure when Minister of Education and accepted by the French government. After the 1968 riots, a certain indiscipline reigned in Ricœur's classes, but there was no real trouble until January of this year, when some of his students locked him in his classroom for two hours. Later, some inflammatory troublemakers stopped him in the corridor, spat in his face, and stuck a wastebasket, with its contents, on his head. Why his leftist students turned against this liberal professor has not been understood by or explained to the Paris public. In any case, Ricœur's dream has become a nightmare. Recognizing that Nanterre had become an armed camp for opposing leftists and rightists, the unhappy philosopher, as a dean, last week officially requested the Minister of the Interior, who in France is in charge of the police, "to consider the university grounds as property open to the public." This was tantamount to abrogating the inviolable privacy from municipal or paramilitary interference enjoyed by European universities since their founding in the Middle Ages. He also demanded "the elimination of violent university groups," because "at any moment a murder might be committed." How to eliminate violent young Frenchmen without closing the university and also encouraging homicide he did not explain. At the entry of the police onto the Nanterre campus last week, the violence automatically increased by one-third. The student leftists and rightists continued their ferocious fights against each other, and both sides fought the police—all students' hereditary enemies. The week's Paris headlines have included "VIOLENT INCIDENTS BETWEEN NANTERRE EXTREMIST STUDENTS," "VIOLENCE STILL DOMINATES NANTERRE," and then "FOUR HOURS OF SEVERE FIGHTING WITH POLICE," who used their rifle butts to club students, with sickening resulting photographs. Headlines also reported that sixty police had been injured by the students. In the hand-to-hand campus fighting, the students used rocks and tear-gas grenades, thrown down at the police, who were legally forbidden to enter the campus buildings, which the students fought from as if from fortresses. The destruction inside the buildings was awful and costly—books, chairs, tables, and everything big and movable were heaved onto the police outside or broken up to be used as clubs. On Saturday, Minister of Education Olivier Guichard announced that "the situation on the campus has not changed." In the midst of all the ruckus, some diehard professors clamored for the continuation of teaching, "with dignity and calm" on the part of the faculty. The Napoleonic tradition of professorial imperturbability—one of the attitudes that



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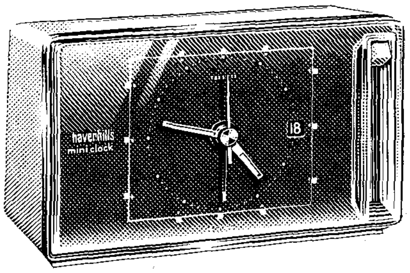

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the students were rebelling against two years ago, and one that was slated for some humanization—has been given nothing but a façade of change, the students declare. On Thursday of last week, *Figaro* announced that the day before some students had interfered with the *Figaro* photographer's "liberty to work," had taken his films away from him, and also his press badge, and had threatened to beat him up besides. Also on Thursday, Minister Guichard closed the Nanterre faculties of law and letters for two days. The crisis also aroused some French politicians to inquire into the validity of the university franchises, which under the old regimes have always included the idea of a university's being "an asylum of safety." Indeed, the decree of 1811 reaffirmed this for the modern universities, so as to "assure the intellectual independence of professors and students as regards political power"—meaning their right to think for themselves.

There was a very funny, apt newspaper cartoon that showed Minister Guichard in his office receiving two students, one a long-haired, bearded hippie, the other a militant type wearing a combat helmet, accompanied by three younger students with placards. One placard stated, "Study Is the Opium of the People." The second said, "*Vive Rien.*" The third said, "*À Bas l'Instruction.*" The caption of the drawing read, "And furthermore, we demand that tobacco shops be given to the veteran fighters of May-June," meaning the rioters of 1968. In France, the privilege of owning a tobacco shop—always a gold mine—is a perquisite given by the government to the widows or the immediate families of brave soldiers. To the adult French, the cartoon and commentary were slashingly comic, which is just the way they like them.

IT is not often that *Figaro's* illustrious music critic, who writes under the pseudonym of Clarendon, indulges in gaiety as a form of praise. This he did for Leonard Bernstein's first-night conducting here of Gustav Mahler's two-hour-long Third Symphony, which he repeated twice, the third time at ten o'clock Saturday morning at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. At the Saturday-morning performance, one saw the tiny little grilled boxes, tucked just under the theatre ceiling, filled for the first time, perhaps, since they used to be filled in the old days for Diaghilev's Russian Ballets. As *Le Monde's* critic said, with customary solemnity, in choosing that particular

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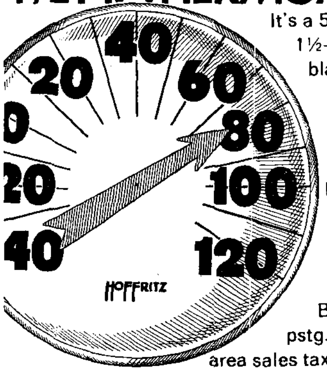

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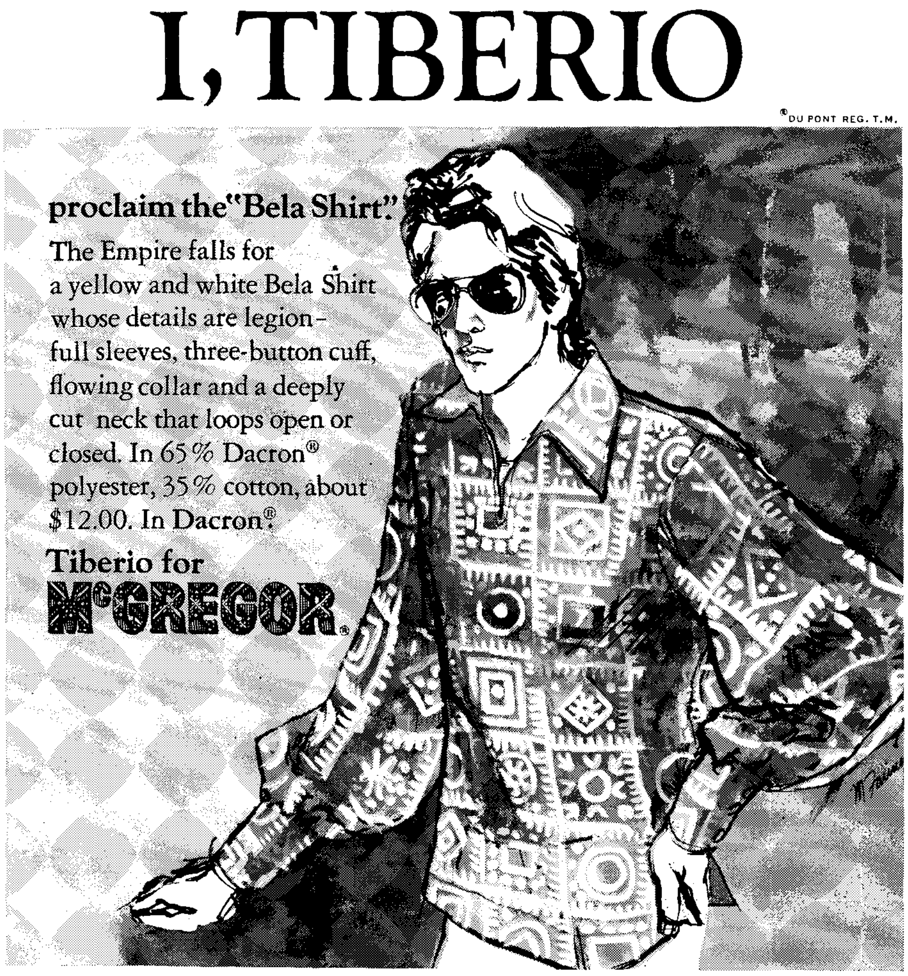
opus Bernstein was not offering himself an easy success, since it was practically unknown to the Orchestre de Paris, which he was leading, and to its public. But Clarendon, in his review, went all out with bright pleasure in teasing Bernstein for his antics. He wrote, "Leonard Bernstein danced the Third Symphony superbly. Certainly the Orchestre de Paris was also superb, transported, lyric, and even impassioned. In the language of the dance, Bernstein gave us everything—*jetés-battus*, the undulations of a dervish, the swoonings of an Egyptian dancing girl, the leaping flight of a bayadere, the strut of a boxer, the tilt of a pigeon's wing, vertical leaps into the air. You think I am joking? On the contrary, it took all that to animate that Cyclopean symphony. Bernstein was right to do too much in order to get enough. His interpretation was precisely irresistible." Rarely does one hear such unrestrained French enthusiasm as at that preprandial Saturday-morning concert—enthusiasm from the members of the orchestra itself, standing and whacking their violins on the back with their bows, then putting their violins on their chairs and clapping their hands, as if music were not their regular profession, as if they, too, had received the joy of listening like an audience. Bernstein warmly embraced and kissed the concertmaster, finally kissed the leader of the second violins, and waved in greeting to the four trumpeters close to the back row, who had so valiant a series of loud entries to play and never snuffled them once. The audience would have been pleased had he gone on to kiss handsome Josephine Veasey, who sang her alto solo excellently, on rich and perfect pitch. Used as Bernstein is to public appreciation, what he received that morning was like a great bouquet of French applause that kept on flowering and blooming.

It was fortunate that this correspondent went earlier in the week to hear the Opéra's revival of "Rigoletto," for to have seen that sparse audience after the bursting ranks of Bernstein's listeners would have made the evening even sadder. This "Rigoletto" was incredibly well sung for a regular-program production by the Opéra. It should be a popular bravura warhorse here, for Verdi adapted it from "Le Roi S'Amuse," by Victor Hugo. It has been given a new setting, which looks like fences made of gold pretzels, supposedly representing the ducal-palace walls. The new costumes are pleasant, the direction is remarkably dull, and Christiane Eda-Pierre, as Gilda, is the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A MOST unlikely new French film has attained popularity in midtown movie houses here, where the French queue up to see it. It is called "L'Enfant Sauvage," is directed by François Truffaut, and Truffaut himself plays in it. He has dedicated the film to Jean-Pierre Léaud, who played the runaway boy in Truffaut's first great success, "The 400 Blows." This new one is a film about a wild boy who was discovered (which is true) in the Aveyron district of France in the eighteenth century—a kind of alarming pre-Mowgli who was a mute and lived like a naked beast in the forests. Truffaut plays the part of a young scientist who, aided by his housekeeper, is determined to attempt the civilizing of this strange creature. The film is the story of their semi-successful effort. Step by step, it is fascinating to watch. The viewer becomes involved with the hope inherent in the whole humane project. It is flawlessly directed, without sentiment, by Truffaut, a handsome figure in his tall top hat; nor is there any sentimental nonsense in his relation with the housekeeper. The eighteenth-century house in which the experiment takes place is a model of fine sobriety. The film is one of human kindness, important enough to be of interest two centuries later. The savage child, at the end, can at least wear clothes, and becomes attached to the house where he is sheltered. It is like a Jean-Jacques Rousseau incident related on celluloid instead of in print. The savage boy is frighteningly well played by young Jean-Pierre Cargol, nephew of the Spanish guitarist Manitas de Plata. The film is worth seeing.

—GENÊT

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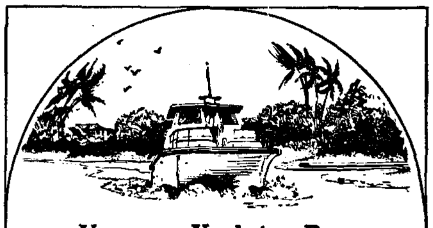

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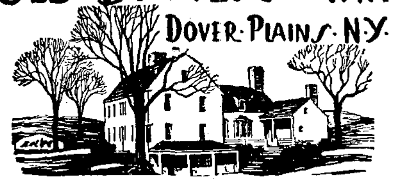

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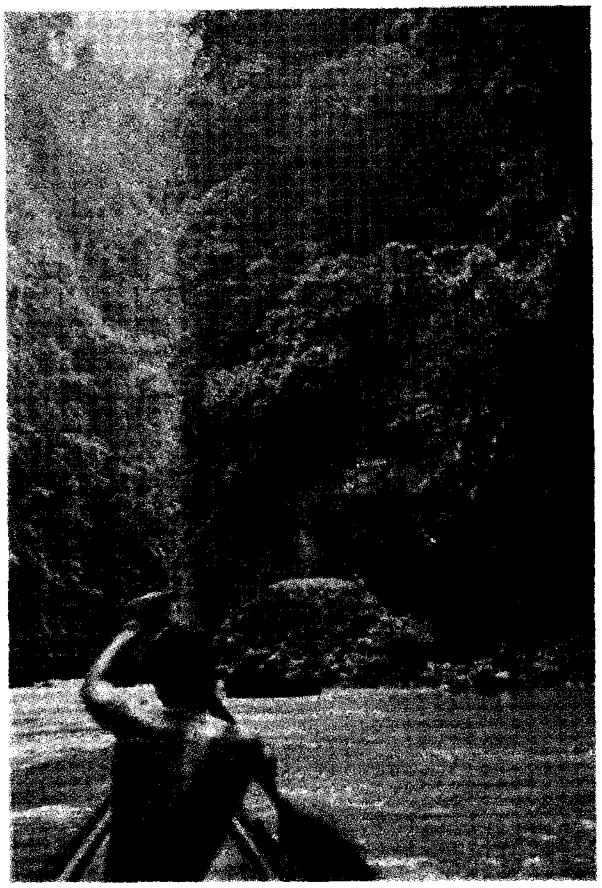

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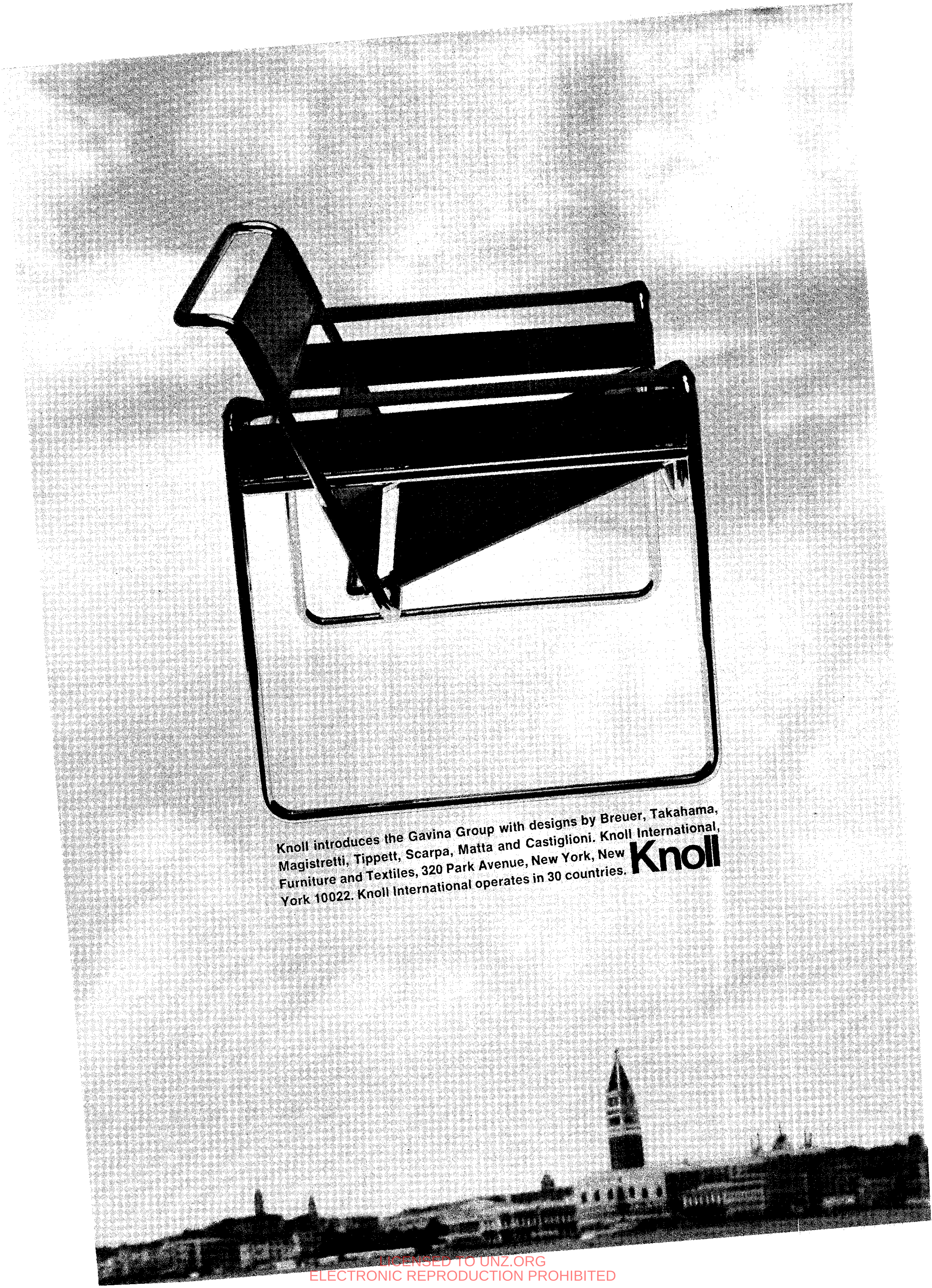

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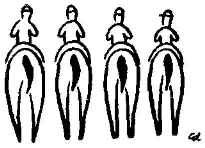
THE RACE TRACK

Back at the Big A

ANOTHER season—this one with two hundred and thirty-four days—began at Aqueduct last week. It's easy and sometimes entertaining to find fault with an opening and point out that it could have been a good deal better if the weather had been more clement and the horses more consistent. I'll settle for merely having what we used to call the sport back on Long Island again. And it was like old times to see the colors of Calumet Farm in front; its Sunny Tim won a division of the Swift Stakes on the opening day, and its Best Turn won the Paumonok Handicap last Saturday. If this sort of thing keeps up, the carriers of the Devil's red silks are going to have as large and faithful a following as they had in the stable's heyday, decades ago, with the likes of Citation, Whirlaway, Armed, Coaltown, and Twilight Tear.



Nine ran in the first section of the Swift, which is for three-year-olds at six furlongs, and Sunny Tim, who got away slowly and was last for a couple of furlongs, moved up smoothly on the outside to win by nearly five lengths from Words and Music, who was the pacemaker as far as the stretch. String Quartet was third, half a length behind. Sunny Tim is a bay colt by Tim Tam out of Sun Glint, she by Sun Again—pure Calumet breeding. Downey Bonsal, who trains Sunny Tim, has high hopes. Tom Nix, a 9–1 shot, won the second section of the Swift by eight lengths from Favorecidian, Estimator Dave, and half a dozen others. Hopeful Venture, the favorite, was fifth; he's no kin to the Queen of England's horse of the same name, who was a topnotcher over there several years ago.

Best Turn, fresh from his victory in the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie, added the Paumonok, which used to open the New York season at old Jamaica, to his list after a neck-and-neck finish with Gleaming Light. Distinctive was third, and Gaelic Dancer, the favorite, fourth. Like Sunny Tim, Best Turn wasn't hurried in the early running—in fact, with only two furlongs to go he was still six lengths behind the leader—but he came down the stretch the way Whirlaway used to. Though the track was muddy, Distinctive stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half mile in 0:45⅗, which is fast. Best Turn's time for the six furlongs was 1:10⅕. Gaelic Dancer, who carried 128 pounds and gave big weight to everything—ten pounds to Best Turn—was a close third as far as the stretch, then tired. Best Turn, who is by Turn-to out of Sweet Clementine, has size, power, and a tremendous stride. He's well worth remembering. It was cold and damp, and a high wind was blowing across Jamaica Bay into the stand at the Big A last Saturday, but 48,546 enthusiasts were on hand and they bet $4,976,702 in the tote—to keep warm, no doubt.

AN interesting item at Aqueduct last week was the appearance of Double Splash, an English colt who has been sent over specially for the Kentucky Derby. Starting in an overnight at seven furlongs, he began slowly, went well for about half the distance, then tired and finished seventh. Nevertheless, Bill Boland, who trains him, was not downhearted, since it was the colt's first effort in muddy going. Boland may run him in the Bay Shore this weekend if the track is fast. Owned by David Sandeman, who is in the wine-and-spirits business in London, Double Splash—and isn't that a perfect name for a horse owned by a man in the wine-and-spirits business?—is a well-made medium-sized gray colt by Double Jump out of Pelting. He raced in France last year, winning three of his five tries. Considering our Derby hopefuls, I'd say he had a chance.

WEST COAST three-year-olds were out in force last weekend for the San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita. In the first division, Cool Hand beat Plenty Old, winner of the San Jacinto, by a nose, and in the second Terlago won handily from George Lewis. Your shivering correspondent wishes it were still Santa Anita Handicap Day and he were sitting in the stands with the sun shining, as it was that afternoon, and the temperature in the seventies.

—AUDAX MINOR

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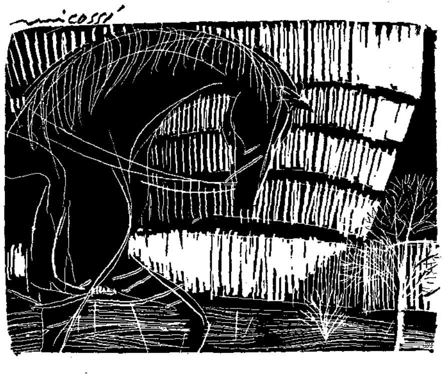
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 13

SENATOR FULBRIGHT, who generally fears the worst and is generally confirmed in his fears, now has it on the highest authority that the Central Intelligence Agency is involved in military affairs in Laos and that, substantiating one of the oldest of the Senator's misgivings, the military involvement is an aspect of our foreign-aid program. The director of the C.I.A., Richard Helms, testified before the Foreign Relations Committee today, and although the session was closed and no verbatim testimony was released, the Senator's office said that Helms had acknowledged that personnel under his command were working out of the Agency for International Development to train, equip, and finance Laotian loyalists and mercenaries to fight against indigenous Pathet Lao rebels and North Vietnamese regulars. No denials have been made. According to the Fulbright version of the director's testimony, a unit of AID known as the Rural Development Annex is—as some newspaper accounts have rumored—responsible for recruiting and training guerrillas, while another unit, known as the Special Requirements Office, has been meeting the anti-Communist combatants' requirements for matériel and money. None of today's revelations—or any other revelation during this recent period of preoccupation with Laos—was inconsistent with the President's report on Laos a week ago, in which it was stated that of the one thousand and forty Americans on the United States' payroll in Laos three hundred and twenty are engaged in "a military-advisory or military-training capacity" and that "logistics personnel number three hundred and twenty-three." While it is possible that the President did not tell the whole truth—it is even possible that he doesn't *know* the whole truth—these figures are roughly in line with the calculations of non-governmental observers. Though the President could hardly have been expected to explain to the world that the Rural Development Annex was a counter-insurgency school or that the Special Requirements Office specialized in logistics, most people who studied his statement with any care assumed that he was talking about the C.I.A., which is in the main a clandestine branch of the military, and which almost always works behind one false front or another. What is new is not only the C.I.A.'s avowal of the fact before the Foreign Relations Committee but the naming of some of the fronts.

In getting this avowal, Senator Fulbright scored a double personal triumph. He is opposed to military operations in Southeast Asia because he thinks them immoral and futile, and he is opposed to foreign aid not because he doesn't want to aid foreigners but because he has long looked upon it as a road to war. The Helms testimony is damaging to both our military operations and our aid programs, though its direct impact on either is not likely to be great. Support for foreign aid is already so low that little could weaken it further, and the preoccupation with Laos has less to do with our recent or present role there than with Hanoi's plans for the future of the place and with our response to those plans. It may be, of course, that Hanoi has no plans beyond the obvious one of continuing to use the Ho Chi Minh Trail as a means of access to South Vietnam. In territorial terms, more than half of Laos has been under Communist control for years, and military experts here and in other capitals are generally agreed that the rest could be taken with ease at any time Hanoi decided to do so. It hasn't happened, and from this it has commonly been inferred that Hanoi has weighed the advantages of a takeover against the disadvantages and found the latter to be heavier. As a country (and there are those who balk at calling it a "country" at all, on the ground that it has hardly any elements of nationhood), Laos is practically without resources other than acreage for growing rice and opium. It has the strategic value of a crossroads, but this is already being exploited by North Vietnam in its war against the United States and South Vietnam, and the only military point of total occupation would be the opportunity it would provide to engage Thailand in a war on its eastern and northern frontiers. If the Laotian government were overthrown or were forced to take an anti-American position, the Rural Development Annex and the Special Requirements Office could be closed down, but the counter-insurgents being trained by the C.I.A. don't appear to be putting their training to much use, and it isn't likely that we would stop bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail because of any change in Laotian administrations. If economic and military considerations prevail in Hanoi, the case for full-scale war in Laos must be as unimpressive there as it appears to be here.



There is always the possibility, though, that economic and military considerations are not the dominant ones, and that there may be sound political and ideological reasons for doing what otherwise seems unreasonable. There are reports of a North Vietnamese buildup in Laos, and not all of them are from suspect sources, though some assuredly are. The President says that in the last four months thirteen thousand "additional" troops have entered Laos from North Vietnam, this bringing the "total" to over sixty-seven thousand. But he did not say—presumably because he could not be sure—what they were doing or where they were going. The count is the work of Air Force reconnaissance, and it is well known that the Air Force, having been relieved of the opportunity to serve us by bombing North Vietnam, has been directing its attention to Laos. If there are now more North Vietnamese troops travelling the Ho Chi Minh Trail than before, it may be simply because our bombs are falling in far greater profusion, causing more loss of life along the trail and more damage to it—thereby leading Hanoi to have greater numbers of troops in transit and a larger labor force to repair the damage. The fact that Communists recently recaptured the Plain of Jars may or may not be militarily significant; that combat area has changed hands every few months for years—as a rule, with very little combat. Yet it may well be that the President's figures are substantially accurate and that the North Vietnamese are getting into position for a broad offensive in Laos. Hanoi may see a victory there as a morale builder at home. It may see Communist domination of Laos—or just the threat of Communist domination—as an asset to its diplomacy in Paris and elsewhere. It may see an opportunity to confront this Administration with disagreeable political choices and to expose the contradictions in American policy. The fact that our client, Premier Souvanna Phouma, has suddenly become very eager to negotiate with the Communists and bring them back into his Cabinet has to be read as evidence of fairly well-grounded anxiety.

The view here, except in the closing months of the Eisenhower Administration, has always been that we had no national interest in Laos and that it would be downright idiotic if we allowed ourselves to develop one. Some of the Eisenhower geopoliticians considered Laos a kind of keystone in Southeast Asia and held it to be more important, strategically, than South Vietnam, primarily because it had common boundaries with six other countries, whereas South Vietnam bordered only three. This view was pressed on the Kennedy Administration, which in time rejected it. The rejection was made easier by the fact that no one else seemed to care much about Laos, either. John Kennedy's opinion that Laos was not a country "worthy of engaging the attention of great powers" was shared in Moscow, Peking, and elsewhere, and it was possible in 1962 to "neutralize" Laos by the simple device of declaring it to be neutral at a conference in Geneva. Since then, to be sure, we have poured into it many millions of dollars in handouts and in programs like those of the C.I.A., but these were payoffs to the local oligarchs, on the one hand, and, on the other, to our not so secret operatives, who, it seems, have to be kept busy at something. But throughout the last decade not even those who would have had us obliterate North Vietnam thought Laos worth serious intervention. We have bombed the Ho Chi Minh Trail, but we have not attempted to deny it to its users by ground action, nor has doing so ever been seriously proposed. In recent years, the non-intervention policy, originally based on strategic considerations, has been reinforced by domestic political ones. It has simply been taken for granted that no government that was moving away from one miserable war would consider getting bogged down in another. This general assessment still holds. Senators Fulbright, Mansfield, and McGovern may point ominously to the similarities between our early engagement in South Vietnam and our present engagement in Laos, and, indeed, the similarities are striking and well worth noting. But the dissimilarities are important, too. The United States that inched toward war in the early sixties and plunged in in the middle of the decade is today not at all the same nation. Vietnam has been very hard on innocence and on ignorance. It has taught all but the most obdurate that political problems rarely yield to

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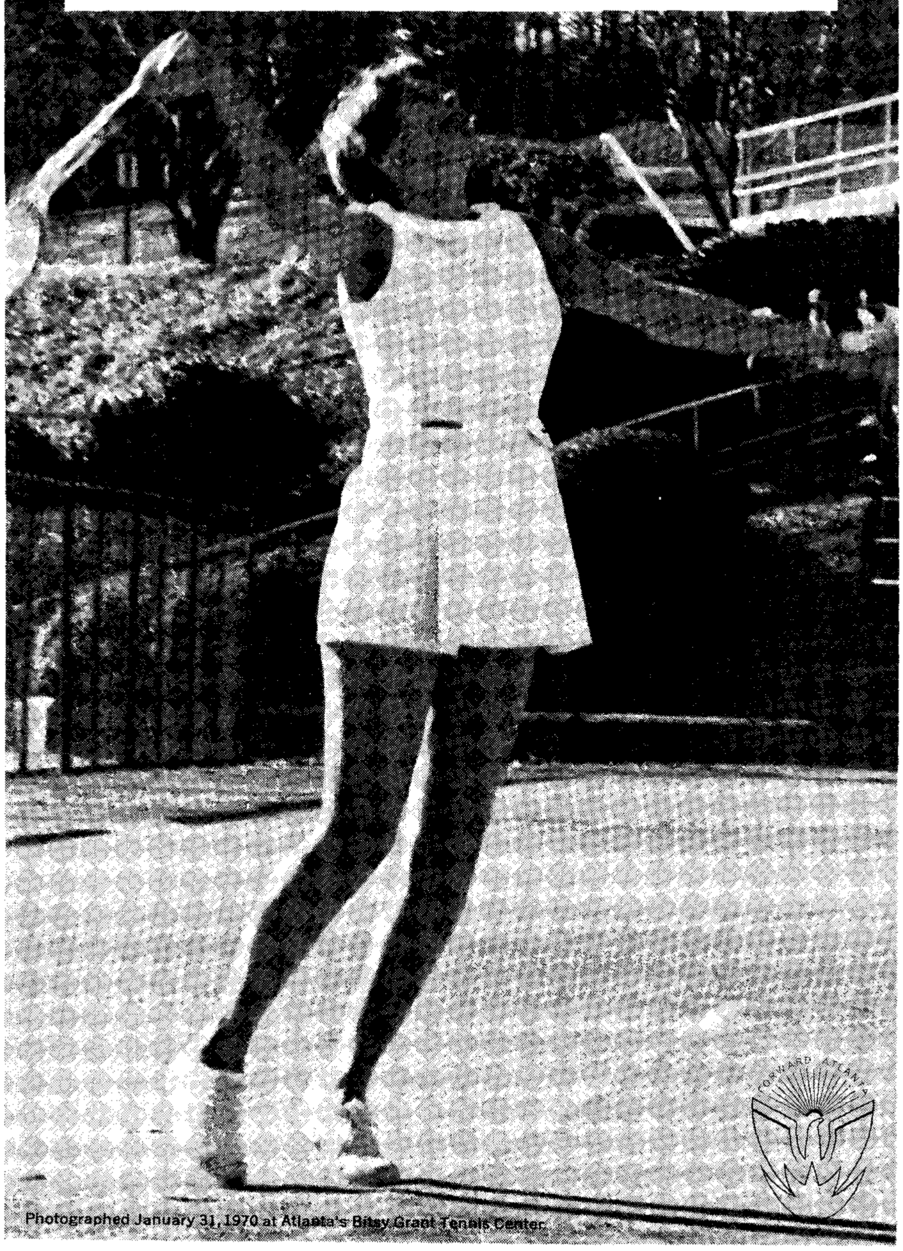

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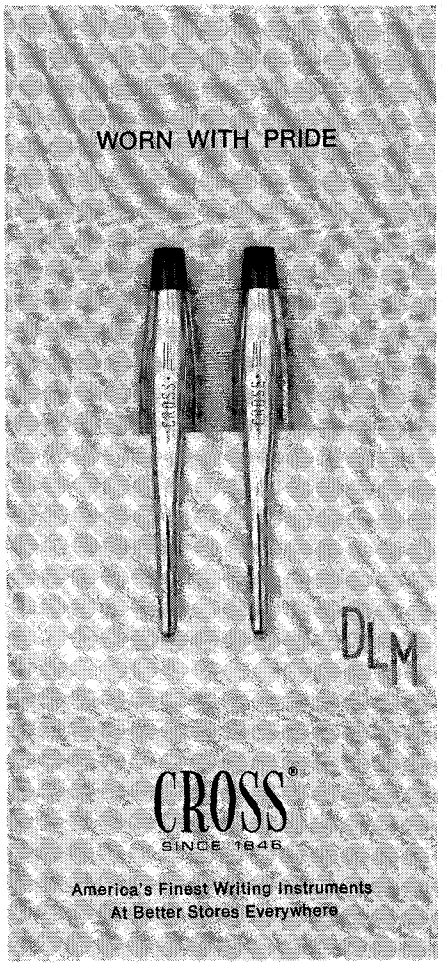
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military solutions and that the resort to military solutions can tear apart the society seeking them.

Yet the sense of alarm among the anti-war senators is genuine enough, and though history, logic, and the survival instinct of politicians all point to the utter folly of our becoming involved in an undertaking even more indefensible than our present one, the possibility of its happening cannot entirely be dismissed. We have no treaty obligations to Laos, but we have heavy commitments to Thailand, and if Communist troops were strung out along the Laos-Thailand border, our Thai allies, who panic easily, would demand increased assistance. Their demands could be ignored only at the cost of our losing our bases in Thailand, which are held to be indispensable to our conduct of the war in Vietnam. The Thai government may be a disreputable ally and not a very useful one, but we are as much its captive as we are of the government in Saigon. The Nixon Doctrine—calling on Southeast Asian nations to supply their own combat manpower on the ground—might come in handy in such a contingency, but, as we are seeing in Vietnam, "support" troops can be counted in the hundreds of thousands. The prospect of North Vietnam's mounting a war against Thailand while trying to win in South Vietnam and occupying Laos may be discounted here and in Hanoi, but it would not be discounted in Bangkok. Thus, the planners in the Pentagon might in time come to feel that the maintenance of Laos as a buffer was desirable not so much as a means of defending Thailand as of preventing Bangkok from making exorbitant demands on us and of keeping the government there in power. But whether or not Hanoi has any present designs on Thailand—or, as Prince Sihanouk now fears, on Cambodia—it might very well see an extension of its operations in Laos as a way of undermining our whole rationalization for our presence in Southeast Asia. We are fighting in Vietnam, we keep telling ourselves and the rest of the world, not only to honor past commitments but to combat aggression, to defend the principle of self-determination, and, in a phrase often used here, "to buy time" for the rest of Southeast Asia so that its governments and its peoples may attend to their own defenses. If we are serious about resisting aggression, why fight it at great cost in one small country and ignore it—or all but ignore it—in an adjacent small country? (Our interdiction bombing of

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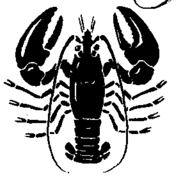

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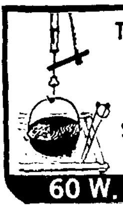

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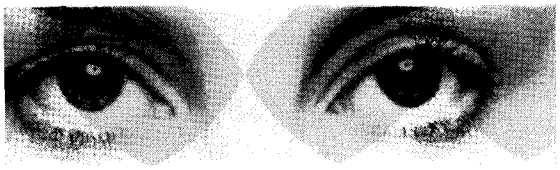
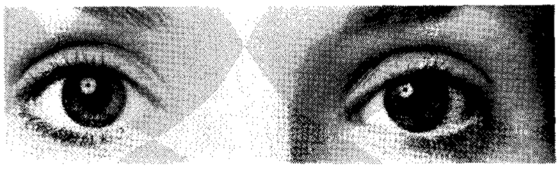
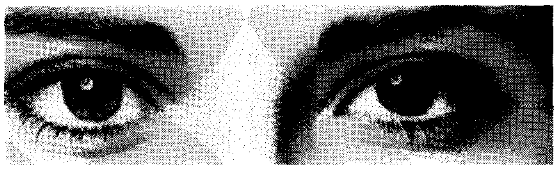

ALMOND-SHAPED?


ROUND?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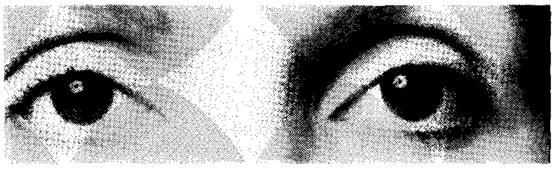
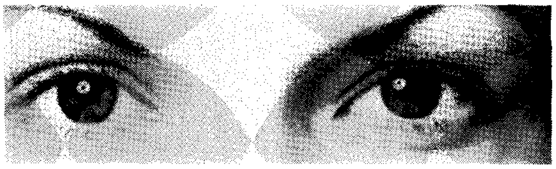
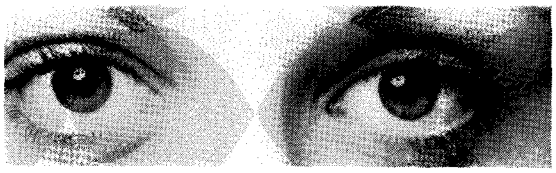
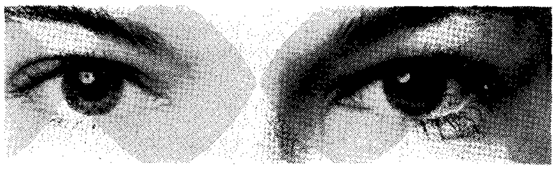
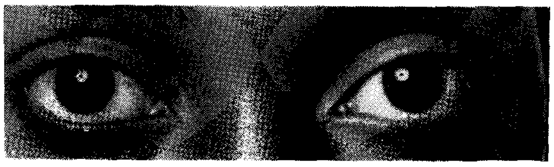
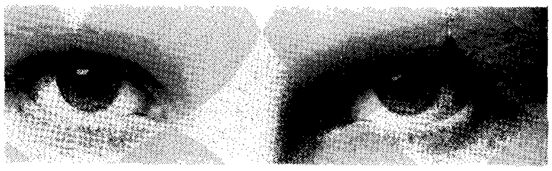

HALF-MOON?

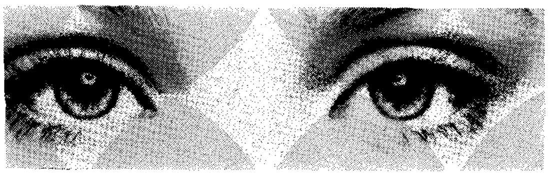

TURNED-DOWN?


BIG?


SMALL?


SHALLOW-SET?


DEEP-SET?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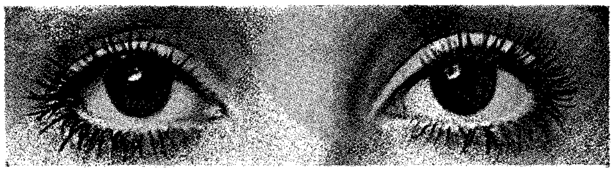
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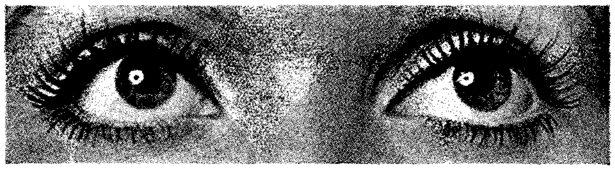
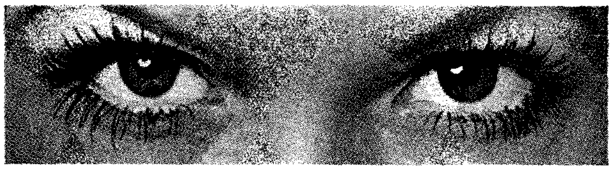
Wear 1-2-3 or STANDARD MEDIUM

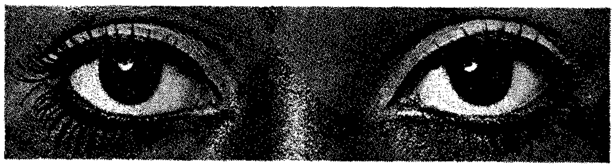
Wear HEAVY DEMI FLUTTERS or FLARED DEMI


Wear NATURAL SUNBURST or NATURAL HEAVY

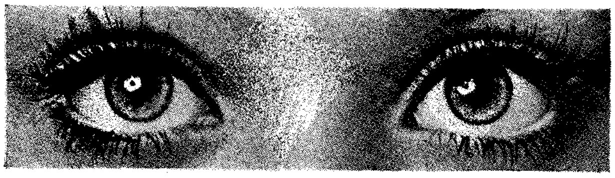

Wear NATURAL HEAVY FLUTTERS or STANDARD SUNBURST

Wear NATURAL STARLITE or NATURAL DELUXE

Wear MEDIUM DEMI FLUTTERS or NATURAL MEDIUM DEMI


Wear SULTRY FLUFFS or NATURAL DELUXE FLUTTERS

Wear DEMI STARLITE or NATURAL FINE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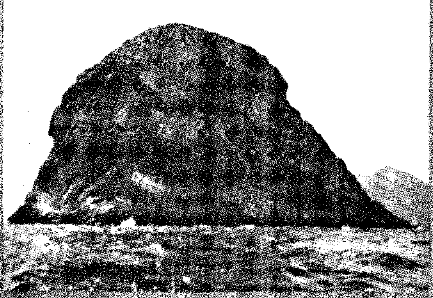
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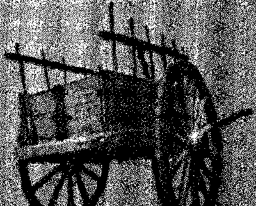
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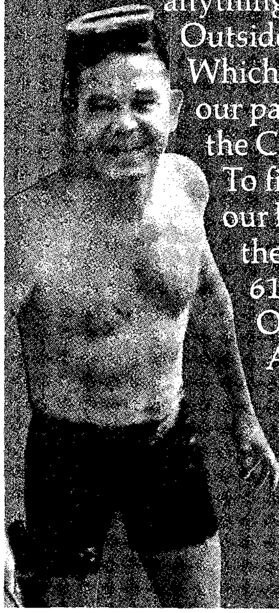
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the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which Hanoi professes to regard as American aggression in Laos, is undertaken in our own defense, and not in defense of Laotian sovereignty, which, in fact, it serves to undermine.) If we are serious about self-determination, why defend it on only one side of a border drawn for administrative purposes by some French bureaucrats in the last century? The people to the west of that border may be poorer and more disorganized than those to the east, but they are not on this account less deserving of the right to self-government.

If Hanoi were to widen its war in Laos and were to meet only such resistance as the Royal Laotian Army and the C.I.A. trainees could offer, the Administration here would have to find some way of supporting a fundamentally insupportable double standard. The fact is that while opposition to aggression and support of self-determination have always been the rhetorical mainstays of our foreign policy, we have for some time been honoring the principles mainly in the breach. Now we are on the verge of abandoning them even as ideological props. To many people, "Vietnamization" appears to be a devious means of continuing the war at a politically tolerable level of violence, and in a way—a way rather more obvious than devious—that is what it is. But no one except Administration leaders in some of their windier asseverations any longer pretends that the reason for continuing the war is to uphold moral principles of presumably universal validity. (It would have been unthinkable for earlier war Presidents to retain advisers who had urged them, as Daniel Patrick Moynihan urged Richard Nixon, to dissociate themselves from the nation's martial involvements.) The objective of policy is disengagement, and if Vietnamization is the word and the instrument for it, that is because the President lacks the imagination or the nerve or, as he may see it, the political strength to employ another means. That it almost certainly won't work—in the sense of bringing peace and freedom to South Vietnam—does not mean that it was designed to fail. Rather, it seems to have been designed to conceal failure and to put well into the future the awful day when failure will be apparent to all and be publicly acknowledged. Now, if Hanoi thinks it worthwhile, it may, by further deployments in Laos, force us to choose between putting up in that country or shutting up in South Vietnam. And it might just be that a desire on our part to avoid this cruel dilemma would lead us to yield a further point or two in

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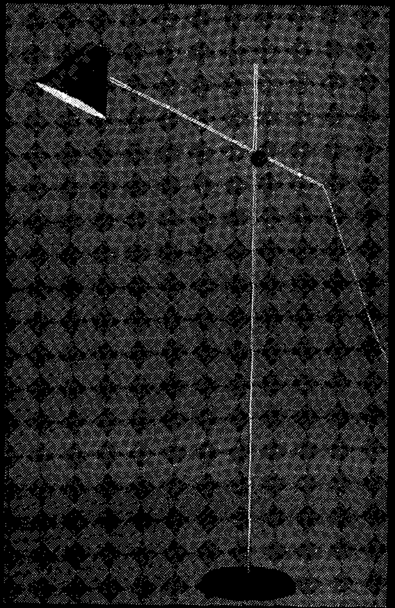

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our dealings with the North Vietnamese in Paris.

SOME forty-eight hours before he made public the disclosures about the C.I.A.'s role in Laos, Senator Fulbright proposed a "sense of the Senate" resolution deploring American activities in that country and asserting that the Constitution forbids this sort of thing without "affirmative action" by the legislative as well as the executive branch. Since the Senate had already registered this sentiment—in the so-called National Commitments Resolution last year—and since no resolution is binding on a President, the purpose of the maneuver seemed political rather than legal. It was a curious performance in any case. The resolution itself appeared to exempt from condemnation those activities intended to hinder "the interdiction of military supplies and forces destined for South Vietnam," which, if this is a proper interpretation, seemed rather odd, since the Senator has long thought we ought to get out of Southeast Asia altogether, and since, in his introductory speech on the Senate floor, he said, "Acquiescence now in even a limited use of air power in Laos will mean the Senate has surrendered one more legislative power to the executive." The Senate, of course, has never had any "power" to control the use of anything military, which may or may not be a terrible oversight in our legal system. The President is Commander-in-Chief, and he has always been able to do what he wished, the only restraint possible being a congressional refusal to provide him with the troops and supplies. However that may be, Senator Fulbright's resolution is before Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee, and if he chooses to press for its adoption, he will probably succeed, and someone will no doubt call it to the attention of the President, who may or may not be interested but certainly will not be surprised.

What is of considerable interest and of certain surprise is that Senator Fulbright, in this busy week in his life, received from the State Department a letter saying that it had no objection to the Senate's passing another resolution of negative import—one introduced last year by Senator Mathias, of Maryland, to *repeal* the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution of 1964 and three earlier resolutions assenting to a wide latitude of Presidential initiative in military affairs. If the Fulbright resolution on Laos is passed, it will be merely one more piece of formalized dissent. If the Mathias resolution is passed, it will be an event

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of some historic importance. Though congressional resolutions approving—generally in advance—Presidential military interventions have little Constitutional weight and merely ratify inherent powers, they have in the last fifteen years taken on a large importance in providing executive authority with a kind of extra-Constitutional legitimacy. This came about because President Truman intervened in Korea without consulting Congress and shortly found himself accused of usurping the congressional prerogative of declaring the existence of a state of war. It was a political mistake, as he came to recognize, and one that his successors were determined not to make. In 1955, when it seemed that there might be some unpleasantness between mainland China and Chiang Kai-shek's forces on Taiwan, President Eisenhower prudently asked Congress to authorize him to "employ the armed forces of the United States as he deems necessary" in that part of the world. Two years later, Congress obliged again when he asked its approval of any action he might take in the Middle East. In 1962, Congress passed a joint resolution encouraging President Kennedy to "prevent by whatever means may be necessary . . . the Marxist-Leninist regime in Cuba from extending, by force or the threat of force, its aggressive or subversive activities in any part of the hemisphere." Neither Eisenhower nor Kennedy availed himself of any of these documents, but in 1965 Lyndon Johnson, claiming the authority of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, began his vast escalations in Vietnam. He could have done as much without it, but he was unquestionably aided by it, for he had compromised a great many congressmen by persuading them to vote passage, and this fact unquestionably slowed the spread of dissent. In December, the State Department said that for the time being it opposed repeal of these resolutions but promised to give the matter further study. It has done so, and will not oppose declaring them all null and void. If the Congress goes ahead with repeal, the effect on Presidential power will be minimal. Legally, nothing will have been changed. But a probable consequence for as long as the experience of Vietnam is recalled will be that no President will ask for any kind of congressional license to make any kind of war. He will be compelled to run his own risks on his own authority and responsibility, and Congress will not suffer the embarrassment of advance complicity in deeds it never intended to approve.

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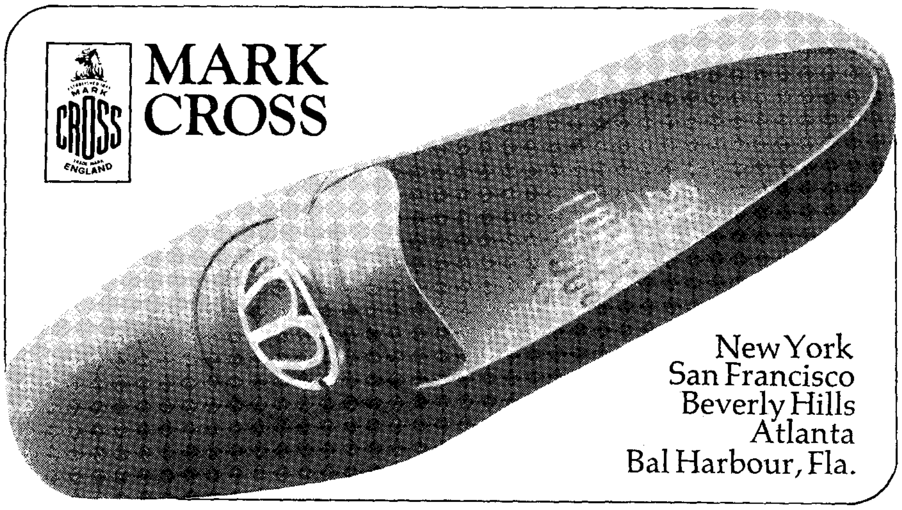

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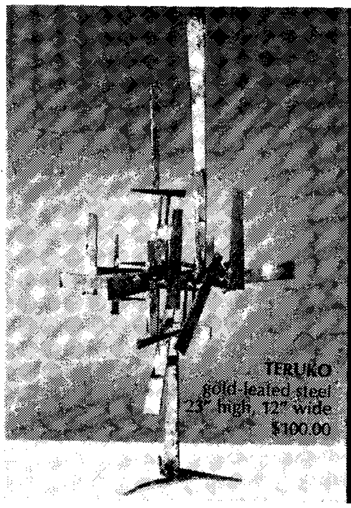

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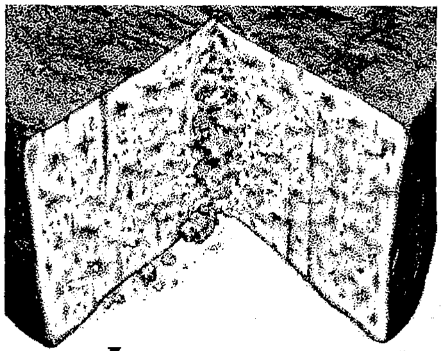

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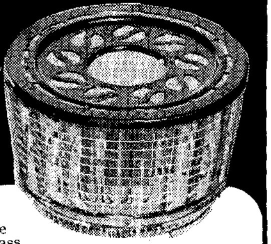

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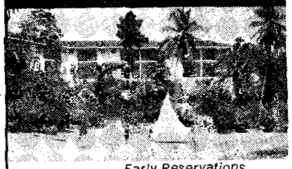

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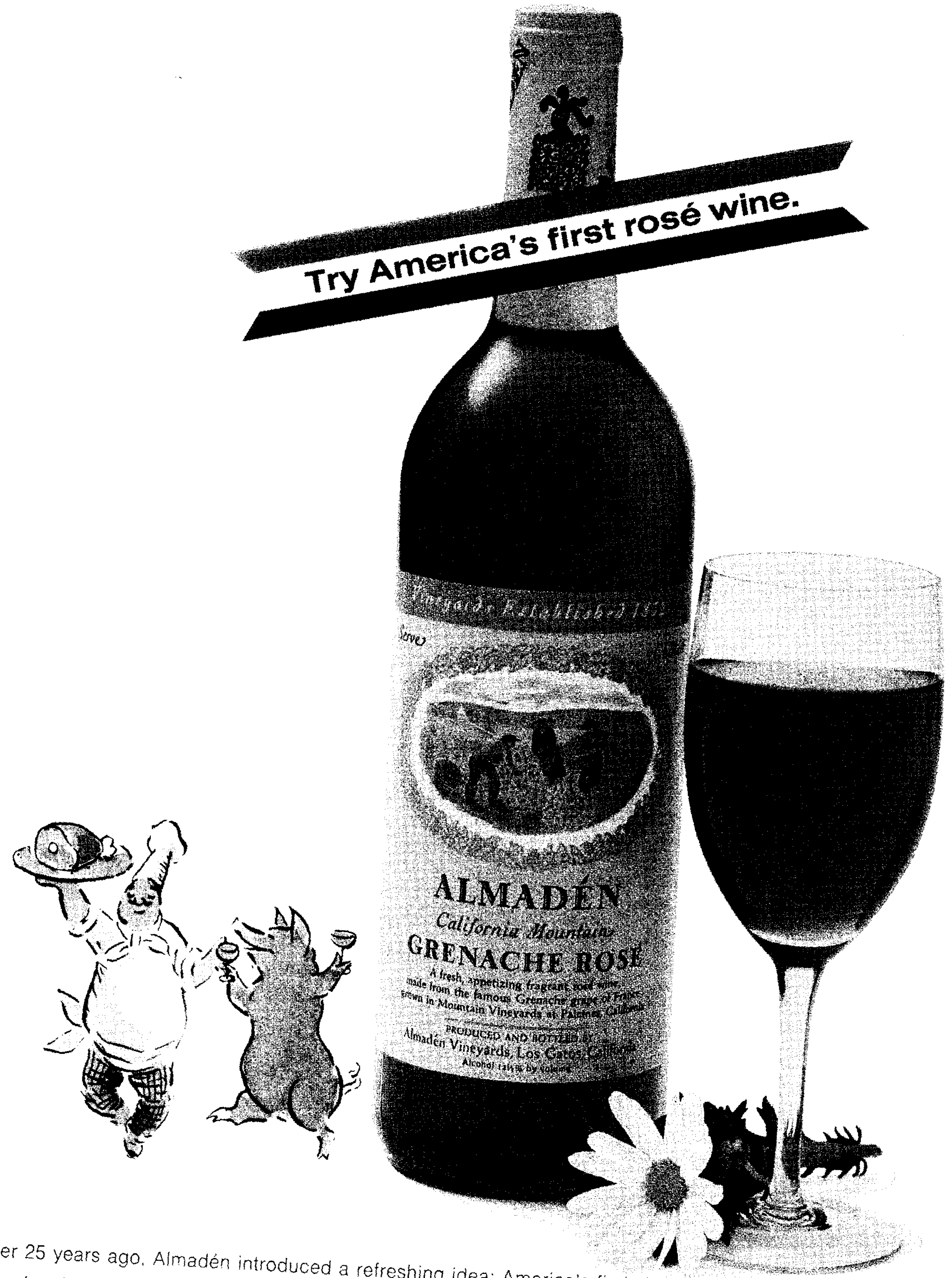
MUSICAL EVENTS

Forever Avant

I THINK it was Gore Vidal who remarked recently that "everything changes except the avant-garde." At any rate, it is remarkable how little avant-garde techniques in music have changed over the past fifty years or so. The main idea seems to have been to revolt against the tradition of music as it existed from Monteverdi to Mahler, with its subtly organized conceptions of consonance and dissonance and its reliance on diatonic melody and what, for the sake of simplicity, I would call the do-mi-sol chord. The fact is that a piece of music that is avant-garde remains avant-garde forever. The idea that this music is ahead of its time and that audiences will someday come to like it was long ago disproved. Arnold Schoenberg was the most thoroughgoing avant-gardist of the period between 1910 and 1930. His music from this period stays avant-garde—enigmatic to the listener and not very popular. Schoenberg got the idea that the tradition of chromaticism had been exhausted by Wagner, and that the only thing to do was create an entirely new musical language, based on the twelve tones of the piano keyboard, each tone being treated as the equal of the others, so that any feeling of a tonic, or a tonal center, was abolished. This idea was, to say the least, bizarre and totally unprecedented. No one had ever before had the arrogance to attempt the creation of a new musical language; great composers like Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner had used the standard musical language as it had been handed down to them, making a few alterations because of their expressive needs, but never presuming to cast aside its basic principles, which were as well understood by their audiences as by themselves. The whole idea of an avant-garde would have seemed preposterous to them. The term was used in Paris in relation to the arts in the nineteenth century, though it was not first applied to music. From there it spread to other arts and other localities. "*Épater le bourgeois*" became a rallying cry, artists cut themselves off from artistic meaning as it was understood at the time, and art began to take on the aspect of women's fashions: "This year, dissonances will be unresolved," "This year, electronics will be *in*," and so on. Actually, there was little change in the structure of the music. The works Schoenberg was writing in 1920 were not very different, in their effect, from the works of Penderecki or the electronic composers of today, though there has been much palaver over methods of construction.

All of them have scrupulously avoided tonality and diatonic melody (which means major and minor scales used melodically). Most of these works are soon forgotten because of lack of public interest in them. Some survive because they are the work of the heroes of the avant-garde, which continues to promote them with large amounts of publicity and with pressure on conductors and other musicians to perform them.

Let me say immediately that I am speaking of only one art—music; in the fields of painting and sculpture, avant-gardism seems to have enjoyed considerable success. And let me exempt from my argument certain works in which a composer has managed to express something in spite of the avant-garde materials he has used—Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," for instance. What I am objecting to is the almost universal use of avant-garde techniques by composers, the propagation of them in music schools and colleges, the prevalent idea that only avant-garde conceptions are useful in musical composition, and the systematic discouragement by style-setters of composers who do not make use of them. Involved in all this is a curious notion of the "progressive" character of musical history. Schoenberg himself thought that in discarding the language of Wagner and moving onward to something else he was fulfilling a historical destiny, and generations of composers since his time have adhered to the same theory. But Schoenberg's "history" was of the Marxist sort, based on the deterministic dialectic of Hegel and prophesying the future. History itself, of course, is entirely different. I need only point out that the most distinguished composers since Schoenberg's time have failed to follow his idea of "history." Stravinsky, for example, had his atonal fling, with "Sacre du Printemps," but later on turned to more tonal idioms. Strauss wrote terribly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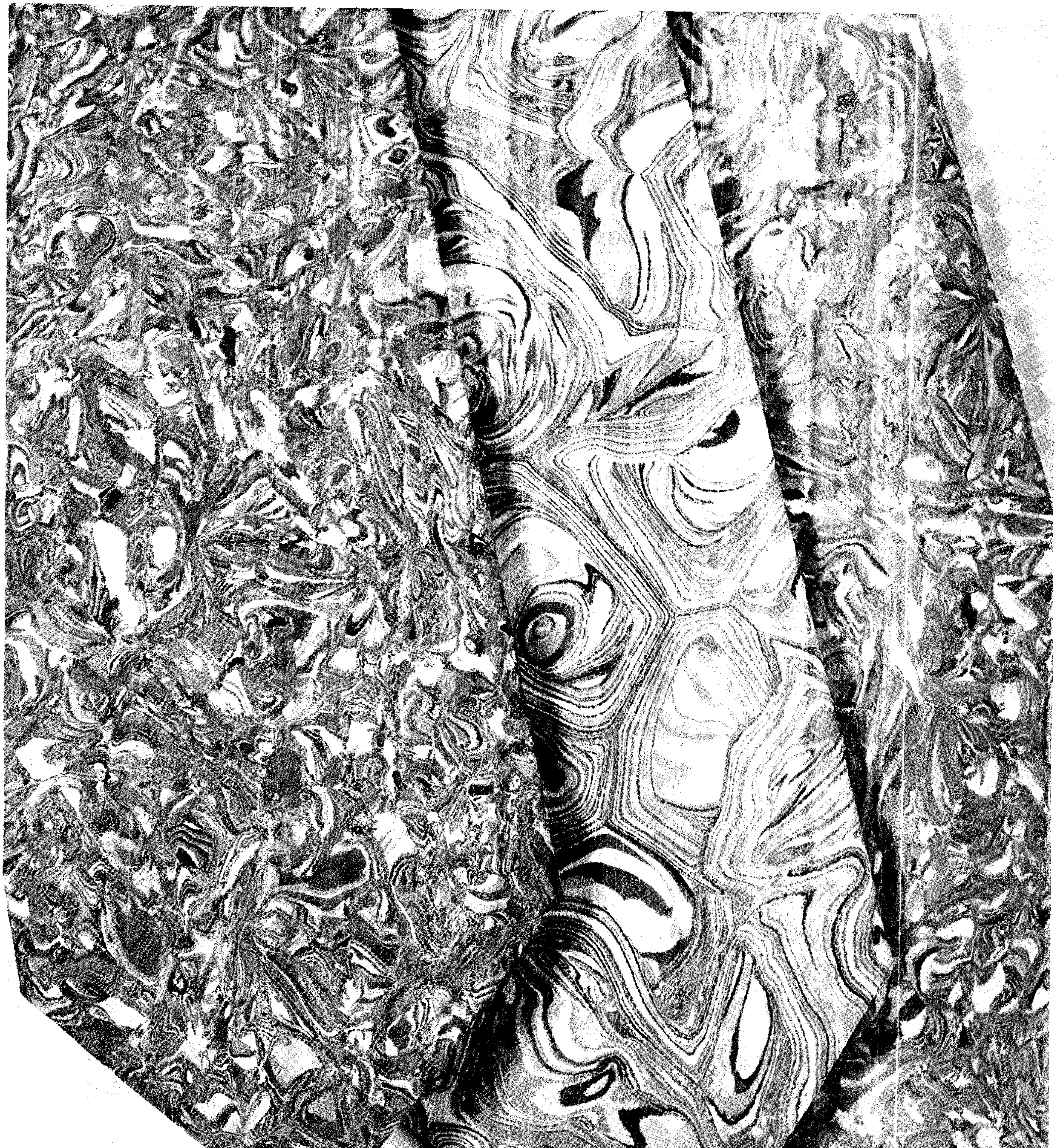

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chromatic operas in "Salome" and "Elektra." Later, he turned to the diatonic language that so delights us in "Der Rosenkavalier." Prokofieff had an atonal period, but the magnificent works for which he is best remembered today are things like the ballet "Romeo and Juliet," which is conservative and entirely tonal. The American composers Samuel Barber, Gian Carlo Menotti, Alan Hovhaness, and Elie Siegmeister have never even been tempted to follow this imaginary "history," and their work has consequently been successful with audiences. But most of the younger composers are as dedicated to the Hegelian hypothesis as ever. And most of them are in a blind alley. You can hardly tell one from the other except by the names in the program.

What is happening at the moment to the music that purports to be history? Well, the Schoenberg twelve-tone system seems lately to have gone out of fashion. But electronic tapes, played alone or with orchestra and soloists, are very much in vogue. Then there is the divided-strings-playing-in-close-dissonant-intervals school, represented by Penderecki and some other Poles. And there is aleatory music—the "chance," or "play-anything-you-like," school advocated by John Cage. Yet I cannot help pointing out that the most interesting and moving aleatoric music that ever existed was jazz, which followed its own tradition, and that the most interesting and moving electronic music of today is rock, in which the electronic-beat organ has a very important role.

IF I am pestering you with another lecture on contemporary music, my excuse is that I have spent the whole week listening to music of the twentieth century. I started off by attending a concert last Monday night in Carnegie Hall by the American Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Hans Werner Henze. The principal item on the program was Luigi Nono's "Per Bastiana Tai-Yang Cheng," for magnetic tape and instruments. The tape for this composition, which dates from 1967, is devoted to clanging, pounding, hissing, and other percussive noises, and the orchestra is asked to play mostly with those close, dissonant intervals that Penderecki is addicted to. There is no rhythm. I got the impression of one long moan, accompanied by crashing and banging. To be sure, there are degrees of expertness among atonal composers. Mr. Nono's composition is skillful for a work of its type. But after

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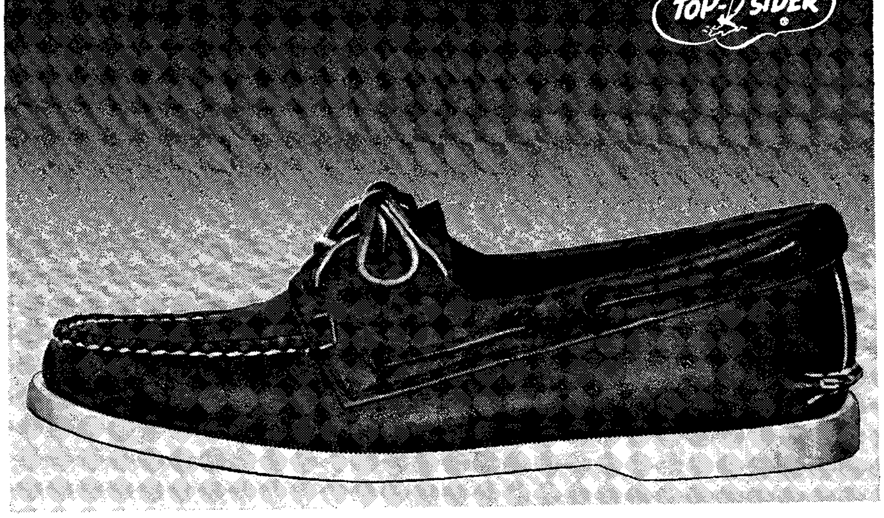


the first minute of what turned out to be a fifteen-minute composition, I had got the idea, and the rest turned out to be a bore. Mr. Henze continued, after the intermission, with his own Symphony No. 6. I have heard that Mr. Henze is a rather gifted opera composer and that he is capable of actual lyricism in that medium. You would never guess it from this symphony. It had much more contrast than the Nono work had; in fact, it was full of ideas—none of them, as far as I could make out, very good ones.

LAST Wednesday night, I returned to Carnegie Hall to hear the Buffalo Philharmonic, under Lukas Foss, in a program that included Carl Ruggles' "Men and Mountains" (1924, revised 1936), Schoenberg's "Erwartung" (1909), and Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" (1913). The Ruggles work is a lot of shouting and elbowing, and "Erwartung" was written just after Schoenberg jumped over the cliff—not yet into the systematic atonality of the twelve-tone system but into atonality, nonetheless. The "Sacre," for me, is beginning to take on the character of a Parisian Impressionist work of its period. I think that Stravinsky has written much greater compositions—the "Symphony of Psalms" and the opera "The Rake's Progress," to name two.

I FINISHED up the week's listening by attending Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (1912-16) last Thursday night at the Metropolitan. I have written before about this utterly charming work by a truly great composer. Its texture is completely tonal, and there are do-mi-sol chords all over the place. It was an unusually good performance, even though the cast was almost entirely new. Karl Böhm conducted. Leonie Rysanek, as Ariadne, was in good voice and sang the role well. James King had the proper trumpetlike *Heldentenor* quality for Bacchus. Reri Grist made an appealing, kittenish Zerbinetta, and handled her "Grossmächtige Prinzessin" aria with accuracy, though her tone quality was sometimes blurred. Among the others who stood out in the numerous cast were Evelyn Lear as the Composer, Morley Meredith as the Major-Domo, Walter Berry as the Music Master, and Theodor Uppman as Harlekin. I emphasize that this is a twentieth-century work, too, but one that I suspect will still be heard a couple of hundred years from now. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

THE CURRENT CINEMA

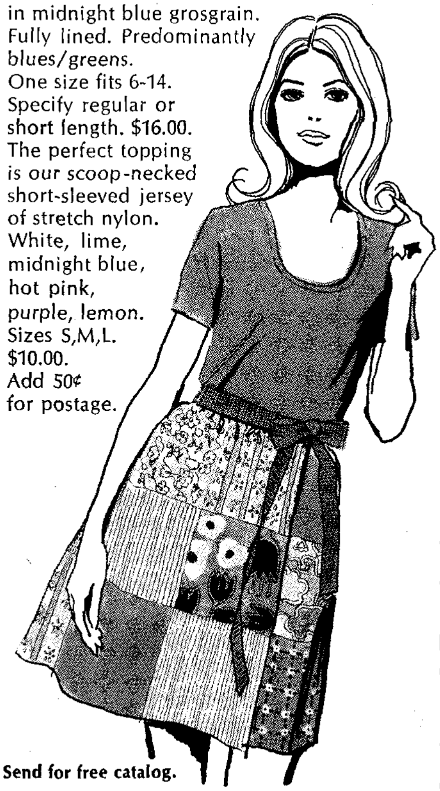
Scavengers with Computers

I Recommend "The Adventurers" only to the officials of the universities who have bestowed honorary degrees upon its producer, Joseph E. Levine. Mr. Levine and Paramount Pictures are said to be cutting a half hour from the version I saw; they should keep cutting until there's nothing left. The film is potentially profitable, but if the major motion-picture companies can survive only by making pictures like this, they don't deserve to survive. The question the businessmen ask is whether a picture will make money, and if it does they feel vindicated as well as richer; they regard themselves as heroes and arrange honors for themselves. The question they don't seem to ask is what the picture will mean to people throughout the world. A picture like "Airport" will, I think, mean nothing; it's too conventionally dull and stupid for anybody to be moved by it. "The Adventurers," however, is conceived in a way that coarsens one's perceptions, and it has been made on a scale that gives it the status of an event. We talk about how the old pictures live on, and the industry likes to sentimentalize the memories it has given us, but it doesn't accept the blame for the callousness and crudeness and the whore's thinking that have also affected us. James Agee once wrote of a movie called "I Walk Alone" that, except for a few scenes, "the picture deserves, like four out of five other movies, to walk alone, tinkle a little bell, and cry 'Unclean. Unclean.' " Harold Robbins' books tinkle for all to hear, but a little bell isn't enough now for "The Adventurers"—a hugely expensive movie with an international cast, a computerized production designed to blanket the globe and then circle it by satellite. It's an alarming case of global pollution, and sirens need to be sounded.

At the beginning of "The Adventurers," a boy gambols on the hills with his dog. Bang!—and the dog is a bloody corpse. The boy runs home, and in the next scenes he watches as soldiers attack his home and rape and kill his mother, along with the family servants. Right from the start, with the juicy pictures of the rapist-murderers among breasts, limbs, bloody knives, and so on, "The Adventurers" produces a queasy nervous apprehensiveness that is a clod's notion of suspense. The ominous anticipation of horror that affects us in the gut keeps the audience from being bored, but this nervous stomach is not the same as the pleasurable excitement of aesthetically devised suspense. Nor are the tensions resolved dramatically. The orgies of killing subside, but they start up again whenever the picture runs out of steam. The boy takes refuge in another village and watches while everyone *there* is murdered. The director, Lewis Gilbert, has almost no technique, and he stages one scene as indifferently as the next, but he knows what business he's in: there's carnage or a sex scene every fifteen minutes or so to keep you from losing interest in the slack story and Harold Robbins' philosophical gems.

The reason given for the violence in a number of recent pictures is that it's there to make you see that violence is bad. As things work out, the matter isn't all that simple. There are many of us who hate violence so much that we can't bear to see it, even on the screen, and there are others who go to violent movies because they don't mind the violence particularly (often they're quite sophisticated about the tricks and don't take the violence seriously) and they find violent movies exciting. And though the moviemakers claim to hate violence—and maybe some of them do—they *want* the audience to find it exciting. In "The Wild Bunch," Sam Peckinpah thought that by making violence realistically bloody and gruesome he would deglamourize warfare and enable the audience to see how horrible it is. This approach isn't new; almost every anti-war movie has tried to make the fighting and dying more "realistic," in order to shock people out of their illusions, and sometimes, as in "All Quiet on the Western Front," the movies have been relatively successful in this. But Peckinpah started his anti-violence movie in the framework of a Western, and he got in over his head. He pushed his violence theme so far that the Western structure could no longer contain his own, obviously complicated emotions or the statements he was trying to make about modern life. And he got so wound up in the aesthetics of violence that what had begun as a realistic treatment became instead an almost abstract fantasy on violence; the bloody deaths, repeated so often and so exquisitely, became numbingly remote. One no longer knew how to react, and stopped reacting. "The Wild Bunch" was a beautiful self-destroying machine; it got so intricately involved in the problems of violence that it tore itself apart. A brilliantly directed and photographed study in confusion, it played to audiences who apparently didn't take it as an attack on violence but simply enjoyed it as a violent Western. In a recent television talk show, there was evidence of how a director's convictions about what he's doing can be undermined by the genre he works in and by his own unresolved feelings; members of the audience told Peckinpah that they had liked "The Wild Bunch," and—as if they were justifying the movie against charges of excessive violence—that it hadn't bothered them at all.

I am conceding that "The Wild Bunch" was possibly enjoyed by some people for its violence, but I think there is still an important distinction between the violence in "The Wild Bunch" and the violence in "The Adventurers." The violence in "The Wild Bunch" was out of control, but for honest reasons: Peckinpah got caught in the trap of discovering that he was no longer sure what he was trying to do. When artists are dealing with basic, complex situations, we can respect failures, and sometimes an art form advances because of the problems the artist couldn't solve—Peckinpah, by getting into something bigger than the story he was telling, raised crucial issues for future artists working on action films. What we have a right to ask of those who treat such themes is that they have some awareness of what they're doing, that they care about what they're doing, that there be some fundamental intelligence and honesty at work. The men who made "The Adventurers" appear to have had no object in mind but to excite people in order to make money, and the "ideas" about violence, political revolution, childhood traumas, and the rest were merely exploitable material. These men are businessmen who use the idea of showing the horrors of violence the same way Robbins uses the lives of celebrities—as a convenience, for ready-made excitement. What's at issue isn't simply that a Peckinpah or an Arthur Penn is a man of taste and doesn't offend one aesthetically, while those who made "The Adventurers" aren't and do. Conceivably, a clumsy, "tasteless" man could still make an honest movie, in which he struggled to tell some kind of truth. But no one is struggling to get at anything in "The Adventurers," no one is trying to make anything beautiful; everyone is just do-



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ing a passable job. And the banal treatment of violence is sickening; men who are insensitive to pain are playing with it.

Lewis Gilbert's squareness about Harold Robbins' sleaziness makes you feel you're looking at dry rot. There was not one moment in "The Adventurers" when I felt that anyone in it *was trying to do a single honest thing.* And in the whole movie, a swinger's tour of primitivism and decadence which cuts back and forth between the massacres and upheavals of a mythical poor country in South America and the tortured sex lives of the international celebrity set in Europe and America, there are only a couple of amusing scenes—a nice moment when Thommy Berggren, as the gigolo Sergei, tips his doorman father, and a stylishly villainous moment or two by Alan Badel, as the Trujillo-style dictator. A star cast has been assembled for international box-office appeal, but movies that are made with contempt for the mass audience don't give actors a chance to act, so a good many of them must feel degraded by this whorehouse work, which they presumably took because of the money and "the exposure." They don't provide any leavening; even Claude Renoir's cinematography, which keeps the movie looking pretty good, doesn't hide the cold-hearted sluggishness. This picture can't be passed off as fun or Camp: some of it is unintentionally funny, because of the improbable dialogue and the unconvincing acting, but Lewis Gilbert doesn't have the crude dynamism that Edward Dmytryk brought to the Robbins material in "The Carpetbaggers" and that made it entertaining in a tawdry, bad-movie way. Gilbert plods along, depending totally on the intrinsic grossness of the material to carry the picture.

The dependence on brutality in "The Adventurers" is such an aesthetic offense because it is part of a computerized mass-medium package that makes everything, including life itself, cheap. The movie is based on Robbins' law of eternal human corruption. The message is that nothing changes. The poor suffer and die, the rich are sated and empty, revolutionaries will be as bad as the oppressors they overturn, and so on. Everything is done by deals and corruption at the top, and nobody works for anything or takes any joy in accomplishment. It is indicative of the dispiriting quality of "The Adventurers" that when Anna Moffo sings, those listening to her in the movie are bored, and so are we. *Everything* is made so cheap in this movie that one does not perceive

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any beauty even in an aria; we wait for the next shock. Although it was probably inevitable, the moviemakers were right to have the aria boring: artistic achievement of any kind would explode the thesis of this movie, and expose the way it was made.

I've seen a lot of rotten movies, but this is the most disgusting of them all, because there's so much of it and it's on such a spectacular scale—it cost over ten million dollars, and it's going to get a promotion commensurate with its budget. The violence is supposed to explain why the hero—Bekim Fehmiu, playing a character obviously modelled on Porfirio Rubirosa—"does not feel" when he makes love to women. A lot of people can thus be killed to explain a lot of lovemaking. The people who made this movie didn't feel, either, and maybe movies can't do violence of this kind to us for very long without our ceasing to feel. "The Adventurers," by the way, is not X-rated—no picture with a big budget has ever been X-rated—so you can take the kiddies. Here and abroad, all over the world, for generations to come, people can have the shared memory. Harold Robbins, via Levine and pals, is affecting the emotions of the world. That's obscenity.

BY contrast, the vacuity of the Ross Hunter-George Seaton ten-million-dollar "Airport" has the dull innocence of an accounting error. Arthur Hailey, the author of the novel on which "Airport" is based, has publicly explained his methods of work—the number of hours of research per character, the time spent on plotting, etc. There appears to be perfect harmony in the matching of his businessman's approach with that of Ross Hunter, the producer, who bought a No. 1 best-seller that sold over four million copies, assembled a cast with twenty-three Oscars among them, and played everything safe. But it doesn't work. The publicity lulls one into imagining that "Airport" might be slick and fun—the kind of movie of a book-that-one-wouldn't-ever-think-of-reading that can be relaxing in a dumb, enjoyable way. But "Airport" flops even on that "Hotel" or "The V.I.P.s" minimal-entertainment level. There's no electricity in it, no smart talk, no flair. The director and scriptwriter, George Seaton, who is a past president of the Motion Picture Academy, is reputed to be a very nice man, but he has never made a good movie. (The high points of his career are "Miracle on 34th Street," "Little Boy Lost," "The

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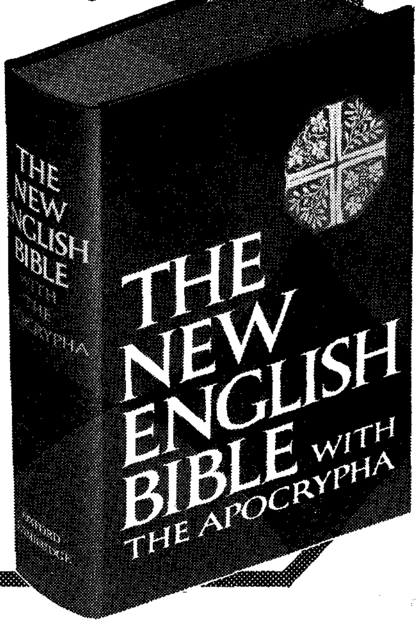
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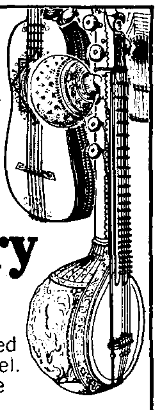

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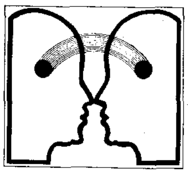

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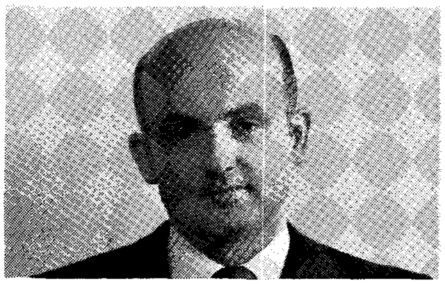
Country Girl," "The Counterfeit Traitor.") "Airport" is bland, predigested entertainment of the old school; every stereotyped action is followed by a stereotyped reaction—clichés commenting on clichés. The actors play such roles as responsible, harried executive (Burt Lancaster), understanding mistress (Jean Seberg), spoiled, selfish wife (Dana Wynter), man who needs to care for someone (Dean Martin), and the someone (Jacqueline Bisset), with Helen Hayes doing her lovable-old-trouper pixie act; the only person in it who suggests a human being is Maureen Stapleton, who manages to bring some intensity out of herself—it certainly isn't in the lines. This is the kind of movie in which Miss Hayes tries to get a laugh by saying that her late husband was so good a violinist he could play the "Minute Waltz" in fifty-eight seconds. Uggh.

"'The Boys in the Band' . . . is not a musical," say the ads. Next time around, it probably will be. In the theatre, "The Boys in the Band" was a conventional play about a "shocking" subject—a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. It was enlivened by giddy gay-bar humor and actors carrying on onstage as actors often do backstage, but it was also full of lachrymose seriousness about the miseries and heartbreaks of homosexuality. It was like "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on, and, in place of the bomber crew's possible homosexual, a possible heterosexual, who acted like great-lady Norma Shearer herself. They didn't want to be the way they were, the characters kept telling us. The gist of the play was "We homosexuals may talk like bitches, and give you a laugh by degrading ourselves, but we have feelings, too"—and those feelings turned out to be the same old need-to-be-understood and need-to-be-loved. On the screen, as on the stage, "The Boys in the Band" is full of exposition—that straight fellow from the Victorian era is there so he (and we) can get a crash course in homosexual problems—and of such venerable devices as the host of the party taking a swig of gin and turning from Jekyll to Hyde. Not an awful lot has been changed in the movie version—even the cast is the same—but it's a theatre piece that has lost its theatrically satisfying form, and what was bad is now worse, while what was passable because it "played well" doesn't play so well on



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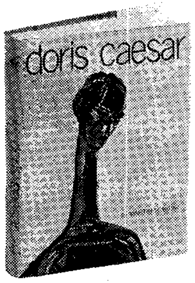

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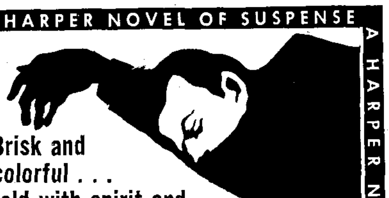

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the screen. Maybe because the author, Mart Crowley, is the producer, the text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless and pure gold (and they're delivered with knee-whacking emphasis), and the director, William Friedkin, brings out the worst of the play with guilt-ridden pauses and long see-the-suffering-in-the-face closeups. Every blink and lick of the lips has its rigidly scheduled meaning, and it's all so solemn—like Joan Crawford when she's thinking. The actors all sweat so freely that the movie seems to have moved the party to the baths. The fun of the faggot vernacular and the interaction of the troupe of actors onstage helped a little to conceal the play's mechanics, in which each reveals "the truth" about himself. But the actors are no longer fresh in their roles, and Friedkin, by limiting the number of actors in the frame to those directly involved in the dialogue and by the insistence of his closeups, forces our attention to the pity-of-it-all. When the camera slowly moves in for the emotional kill as Emory-Emily talks about how the kids at school made fun of him, one's thoughts drift back to "East Lynne" and other works of cool sophistication. —PAULINE KAEL

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Good luck! Better pack a light lunch.

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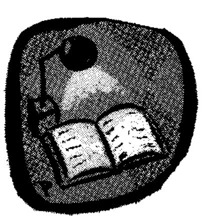
FICTION

MR. SERMON, by R. F. Delderfield (Simon & Schuster). This warmly fatuous tale of love on the open road in England centers on a runaway schoolmaster of forty-nine, Sebastian Sermon, whose perfectly justified decision to detach himself from the stuffy life imposed on him by his wife, Sybil, results in a neatly linked chain of safe adventures that is actually the guideline by which he finds his way home again. A silly book, but harmless.



NOTE: Knopf has published "The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles," a collection of stories by Robert Hemenway, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

I CHOSE PRISON, by James V. Bennett (Knopf). From 1937 to 1964, the author headed the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which came into being in 1930 as a result of Herbert Hoover's program of reform and modernization of the federal bureaucracy; indeed, it was partly because of Mr. Bennett's investigations and revelations as a young researcher for that program that the idea of a central bureau of prisons was adopted. Prison reform and reform of the penal codes, as well as a constant search for better and more humane ways of dealing with crime and criminals, have been the forces behind Mr. Bennett's long career, and out of his ripe experience has come the belief that the way to combat crime is through more research, science, humanity, and compassion, and less retribution, harsh treatment, and revenge. He reminisces about famous people he met on the other side of the bars (there is a long, agonized passage on the last hours of the Rosenbergs); about Alcatraz, which he established and then closed down; about the great escapes, and escape attempts, he was involved with; about the lot of women in prison; and about his experiences as a most reluctant administrator of the death penalty. Mr. Bennett has come into intimate contact with some of the most desperate men and women of our time—people totally rejected by society as irredeemable enemies of humankind—and it is interesting that at the end of his book, and his career, he can write, "I believe there is a treasure in the heart of every man if we can find it. . . . I believe this is the true way to fight crime."

SUPERIOR PERSON: A PORTRAIT OF CURZON AND HIS CIRCLE IN LATE VICTORIAN ENGLAND, by Kenneth Rose (Weybright & Talley). This absorbing biography is sympathetic, insofar as Mr. Rose reminds his readers of Lord Curzon's great abilities, his lifelong diligence, and his nearly lifelong pain and illness. One can understand why history may judge (as Curzon did) that he was cheated of his one chance to become Prime Minister, in 1923; certainly Stanley Baldwin, who got the job, had nothing like Curzon's achievements as Viceroy of India and Foreign Secretary. But Mr. Rose is not wholly on the side of his hero, for his portrayal of the ruling circle into which Curzon was born and by whose values he lived—of their assumptions about themselves and everybody else, of their self-assured ignorance of their own limitations—is anything but flattering, and the reader feels it is just as well that this particular bunch was unable to fulfill the grandiose imperial mission that some of them (Curzon especially) envisioned for themselves. Ten dollars.

EPHEMERAL FOLK FIGURES, by Avon Neal and Ann Parker (Potter). The authors, a husband-and-wife team, are students of the folk arts, and this is their joint study of such transient creations as scarecrows, harvest and Halloween figures, and snowmen. Mr. Neal wrote the text, and Miss Parker took the photographs, mainly in New England villages, as the figures changed with the shifting seasons. The photographs of the creatures themselves, some in color, are wonderful, but the text is somewhat too superficial for the subject. Ten dollars.

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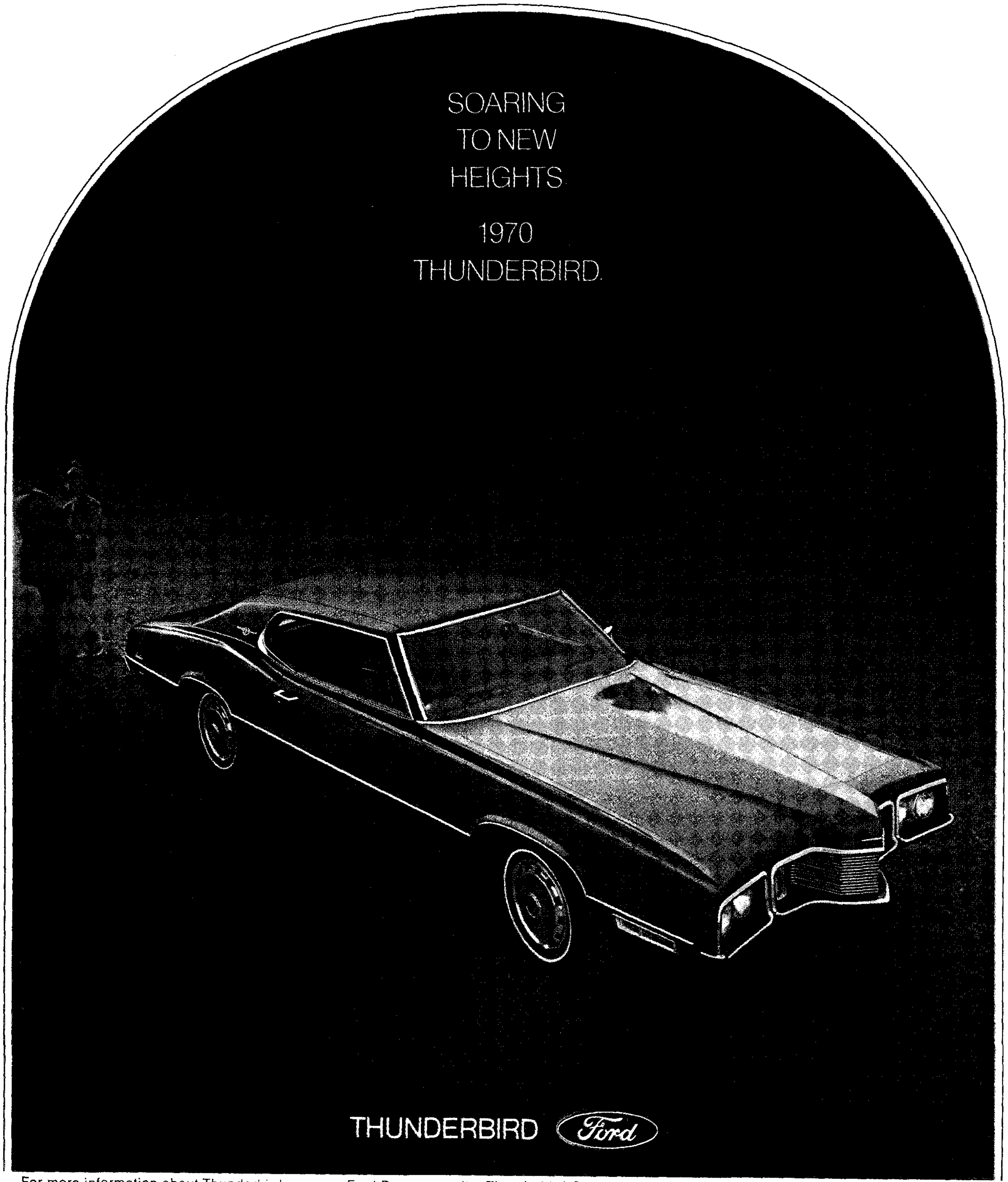

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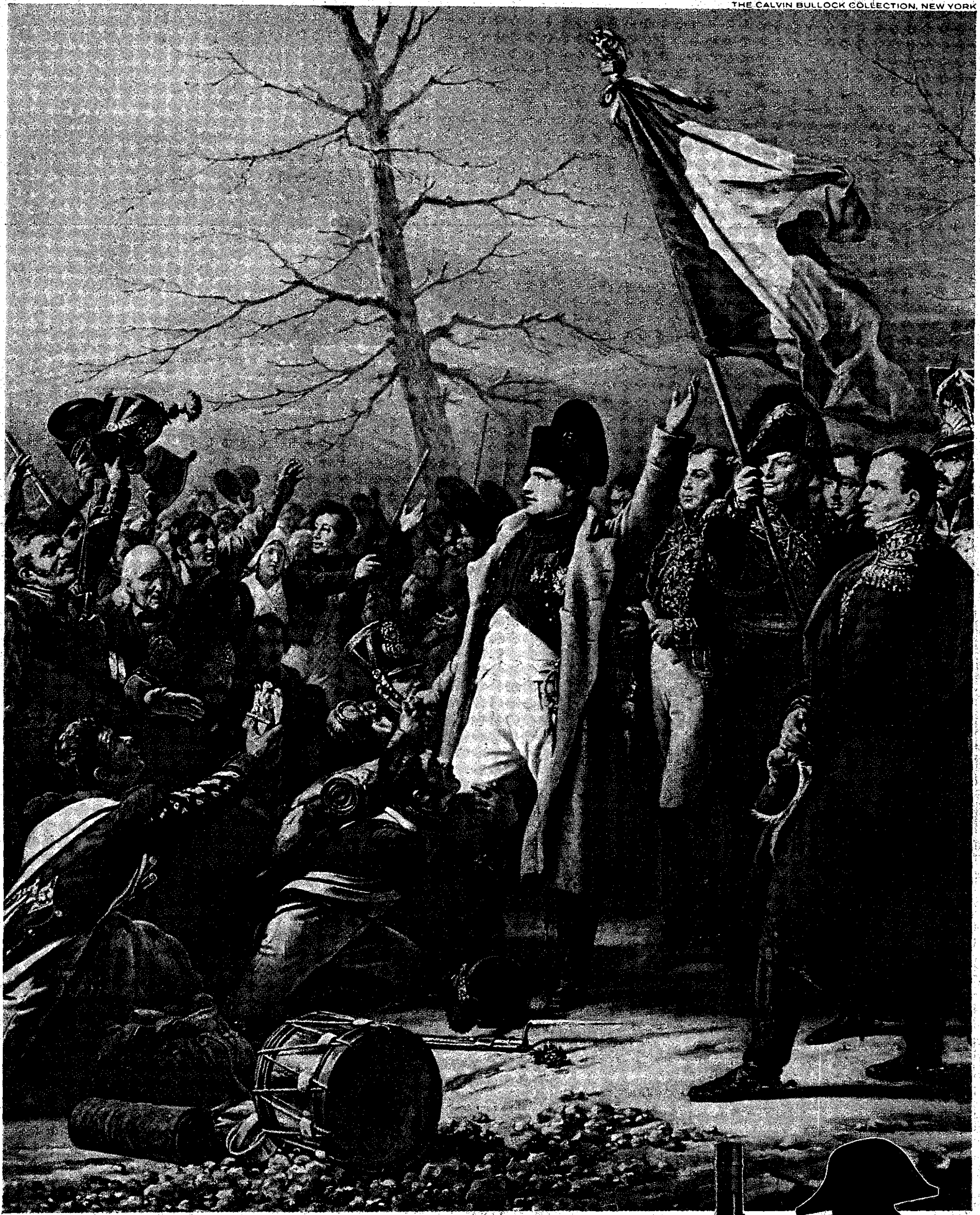

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